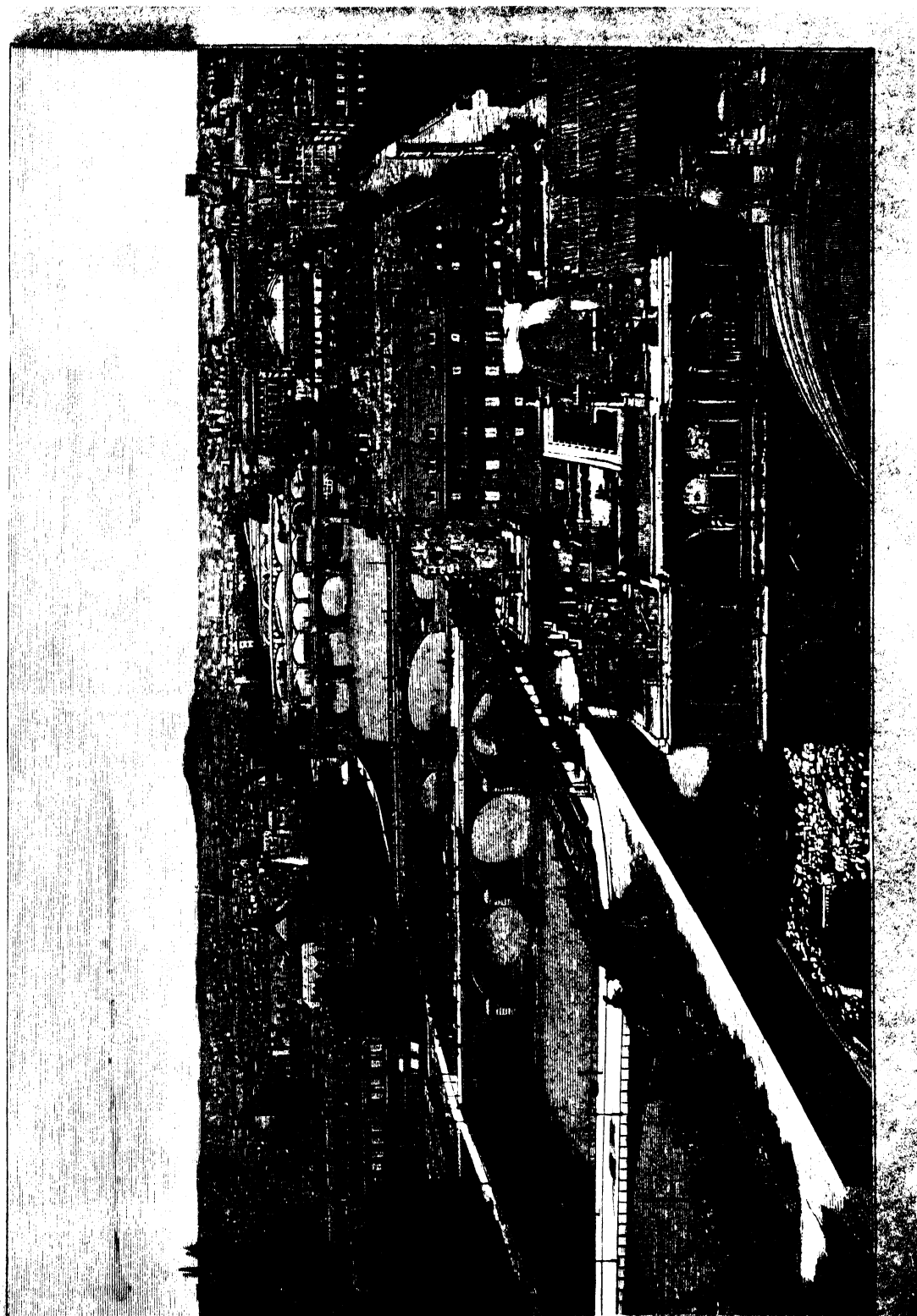










# CITIES OF THE WORLD:

*THEIR ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT ASPECT.*

BY

EDWIN HODDER,

AUTHOR OF "HEROES OF BRITAIN IN PEACE AND WAR," ETC.

*Illustrated.*

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1882.



## P R E F A C E.

ALTHOUGH few books have been published in which readers have been enabled to take, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the world's famous cities—and this may perhaps be regarded as the distinctive feature of the present work—it would of course be superfluous to lay claim to much originality in these pages. If, however, there be little novelty in the subject, it is hoped there will be found variety in the aspects and media through which it has been observed—old facts put in new lights, and new lights seen from old standpoints.

It has been the desire of the writer to tell the history of each great city in as concise a form as possible, and to connect the leading events of history with existing monuments in art and architecture and other memorials. To this end he has endeavoured to take his readers on “excursions of thought,” and help them to explore the chief Cities of the World as they were and as they are.

While recording, in most instances, the results of personal experiences, he has not hesitated to avail himself of the valuable assistance of writers of all times and all countries, and has laid under contribution whatever information he could collect which should be likely to make the city under review stand out with sharp distinctness before the mind's eye of the reader.

The chapters on those cities of the United States and Canada which have been selected for description are from the pen of Mr. M. F. SWEETSER, of Boston, Mass.





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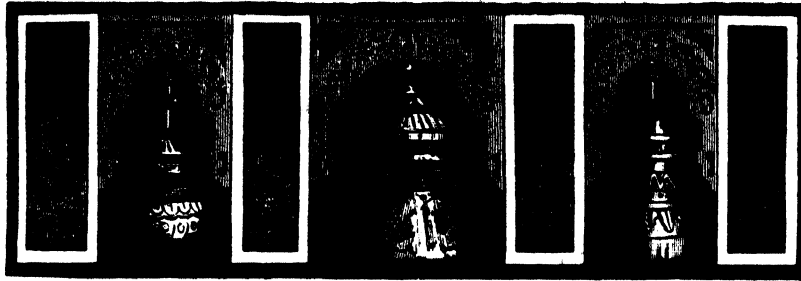
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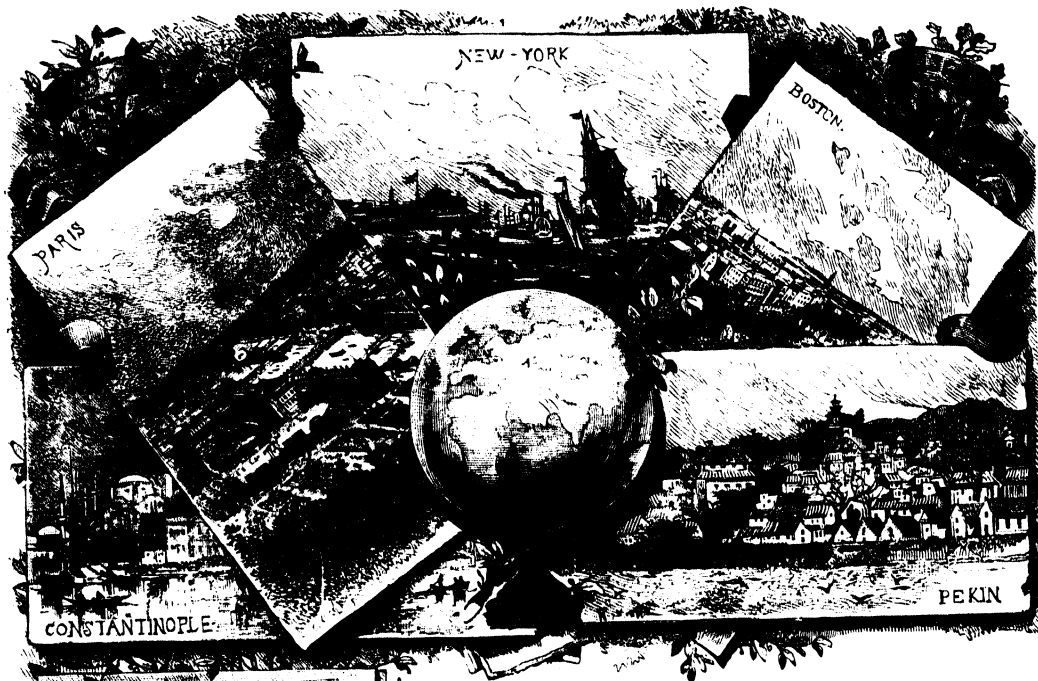


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# CITIES OF THE WORLD.

## INTRODUCTION.

OUR subject is a vast one; the field is the world, and from its great cities we shall gather in our harvest of information. Untrammelled by any given routes, unappalled by intervening distances, we shall roam from place to place as fancy or convenience may dictate, passing, it may be, from the hoary monuments of Egypt, or the classic memorials of Greece and Rome, to the cities of the New World or of our far-away colonies; turning from the contemplation of curious customs in cities like Damascus or Bagdad, to watch the stream of life in the Boulevards of Paris, the Puerta del Sol in Madrid, or under the lindens of Berlin.

We shall, as far as possible, try to tell the story of the birth, infancy, development, and struggles of each city as it comes under review; of the great men who have made or marred its progress; of the sources of its material strength or weakness; of its trade and manufactures, and its commercial relations with other cities and nations; its distinctive

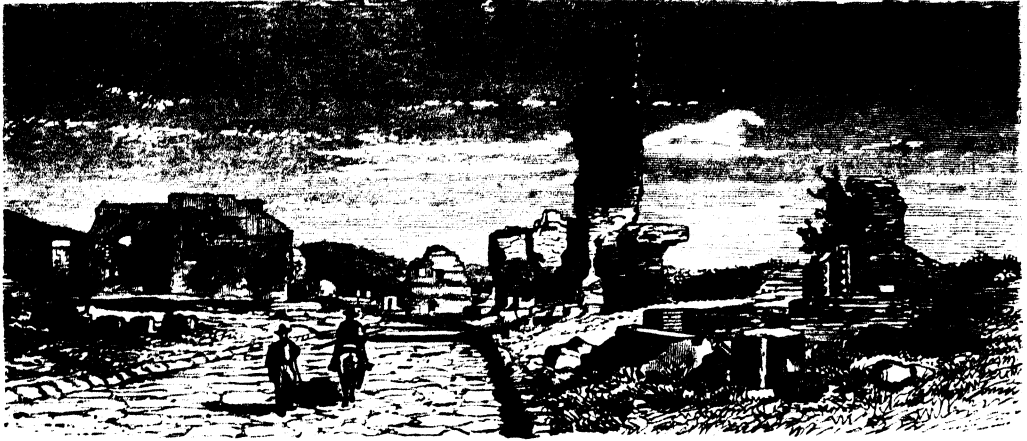
legends and traditions; its principal objects of interest, ancient and modern; its domain in science, literature, and art; its folk-lore, fêtes, festivals, and special characteristics. We shall place under contribution the personal experiences of many years of travel, and avail ourselves of the writings of all travellers of all countries and of all times, to throw light on the cities to be described. We shall draw largely, too, on the resources of art to depict scenes which the "clairvoyance of the imagination," as Lord Lytton calls it, would fail to picture.

It is not always desirable to let a reader see the foundations on which a writer intends to build his work, but in the present instance they are so simple, and we venture to think so sound, that we make no secret about them. We shall, then, as far as possible, take the existing monuments in a city as clues to guide us through the labyrinth of the past, and give us a deeper interest in the present. For example:—In Venice, that strange city, founded in the fifth century by a band of fugitives who fled from the devouring sword of Attila, King of the Huns, we hail a gondola and glide along the Grand Canal. There rises before us the magnificent Palace of the Doges, and we are introduced to the political history of Venice, with its strange stories of the Council of the Ten and the dreaded Tribunal of the Three. Close by is the Church of St. Mark, where, according to tradition, rests the body of the Evangelist, piously stolen in 829 by Venetian citizens from the Temple at Alexandria. Here we may trace without any difficulty the ecclesiastical history of the city. A little farther on, and we come to the Academy of Arts, around which clusters a host of tales concerning artists and art. At Salviati's, or any of the other tempting manufactories, we are reminded of the specialties of the city—Venetian glass, mosaics, and beads. Passing under the Rialto, "where merchants most do congregate," and where descendants of Shylock may still be found, we tarry to tell of the commercial history of Venice, how from small beginnings it grew to be the grand focus of the entire commerce of Europe; how the Queen of the Adriatic held "the gorgeous East in fee," and how her merchant-kings with their overflowing wealth were able to rear the costly monuments which even in their ruin grace the city and are the admiration of all the world.

On broad lines such as these we shall proceed, and on our way we shall be brought into contact with stories about Venice and the Crusades, the defeat of Barbarossa, the conquest of Constantinople, the acquisition of Candia, the sea-victories over Genoa and Pisa, the oft-told—and often incorrectly told—story of the treason of Marino Faliero, of the melancholy fates of Carrara, Carmagnola, and the two Foscari, the marriage of Catharine Cornaro, the acquisition of Cyprus, wars with the Turks, and the naval battle of Lepanto. We shall see Galileo introducing his telescope, Loyola organising the Order of Jesus, and Gian Bellini establishing portrait-painting. We shall overhear Titian talking with the notorious Pietro Aretino, and tell stories of their contemporaries, Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese. And then we shall look at Venice as it is, and describe the comparatively near past, when the ~~French~~ took possession of the city and the Austrians held sway; of the struggles for freedom from the hateful rule, during the presidency of Manin; of the great siege of fifteen months by the Austrians, during which time they lost 20,000 men; and of the union with Italy in 1866.

If the history of Venice can be traced by its monuments, much more so can that of Rome. There, as we stand upon some height, the panorama of two thousand five hundred years will pass before us. There, for instance, is the Palatine, the cradle of Rome, where Romulus, the shepherd-boy, watched his flight of birds of good augury; and there the Aventine, where Remus surveyed his own unsuccessful flight; there is the Forum, ringing still, to our ears, with the cheers of the crowd just loosed from the spell of Cicero's eloquence; we hear once more the tramp of the Roman legions as they come from their mighty conquests and bend their way along this same Via Sacra on which we stand, passing under yonder gates, familiar to our eyes as to theirs, to the Capitoline, crowned now with the towers of the Ara Cœli. Here Titus brought up and deposited the spoils of Jerusalem, and there is the arch commemorating the triumph. Turn which way we will, every spot is sacred with the memories of ages. Here great Cæsar fell; yonder is the Appian Way, where Paul, the prisoner from Jerusalem, walked with weary footsteps; there is the Colosseum, where the Christians were led forth to the lions; there the Campagna, hollowed into catacombs, in which they hid themselves in days of cruel persecution, and where they laid themselves down to die. Vestiges of Regal Rome, Republican Rome, Imperial Rome will be found scattered around on every hand, in palaces and baths, temples and ruined walls, basilicas and triumphal arches; while the splendours of St. Peter's and the Vatican, and hundreds of churches, yield ample records of Ecclesiastical Rome.

The modernness of modern Rome does not clash like a rude anachronism with other parts of the city: Somehow or other, in Rome the old and the new meet together naturally, and no great revulsion of feeling is experienced in passing from the Corso, or the Palace of the Quirinal, to the Via Sacra, or the Palace of the Cæsars. We can note by the way the sanitary improvements in the city since it became the capital of Italy, and then look at the Cloaca Maxima, that solidly-made sewer—one of the mammoth structures of Regal Rome—and find that it serves the city to-day, subject to modern scientific principles, as well as it served Rome hundreds of years ago. So it is as regards her art treasures. Passing from the palaces, where marvellous exhibitions of the world's choicest works excite our imagination to the very utmost, to the steps of the Trinità dé Monti, where modern artists' models congregate, we feel there is no inconsistency between ancient and modern subjects. That venerable patriarch with long white beard, clad in sheepskins and reposing on the steps, might have been the very model that Domenichino selected for his immortal picture in the Vatican, "The Last Communion of St. Jerome;" those brigands with blood-thirsty weapons in their girdles, yonder shepherds from the Campagna, those maidens weaving flowers, are as familiar to us as the faces of Beatrice Cenci or the men in the lower section of Raphael's divine "Transfiguration," for they have been models to all artists of all countries, and their faces are familiar to visitors in every art gallery in Europe. We shall witness some of the sumptuous ecclesiastical pageants and gorgeous ritual of Papal Rome, and not feel oppressed with a sense of incongruity, even though a procession of white-robed priests pass by temples where, in imagination, we have been beholding the great processions in honour of the gods.



ANCIENT ROME: THE VIA APPIA.

If we were, therefore, in the structure of our chapters on Rome, to fix upon the Forum and the Palatine as a text for a description of Ancient Rome; the Colosseum and the catacombs for early Christian Rome; St. Peter's and the Vatican for Ecclesiastical Rome, and the churches and palaces for Mediaeval and Modern Rome, we could trace the whole history of the Eternal City. And clues similar to these we shall find in Florence, Naples, Genoa, Milan, or any other city in Italy.

But enough as to the structure of the work. Let us now take a rapid glance at some of the countries and cities to be visited, just to whet our appetites for fuller details. We are going abroad, "anywhere, everywhere under the sun." Like Goldsmith's "Traveller," we may say—

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!"

We shall visit the principal cities of every continent. Europe, Asia, Africa, America,



MODERN ROME: GARDENS OF THE VILLA PAMPHILI-DORIA.

and Australasia shall be the directions in which we will now take our flight of imagination in this brief summary of our subject—exhaustless in the variety of interest that it involves.

Turning northward, we must of course visit Russia, and equally of course proceed first to St. Petersburg, the present capital, although it represents in a less degree than Moscow, the capital of the past, what we shall most seek in our journeyings—the chief corner-stones on which the fabric of a nation is built. There is a striking difference between the



GENERAL VIEW OF THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

stateliness of St. Petersburg and the picturesqueness of Moscow. The former is an unbroken level, with wide streets and handsome buildings, formal and a little monotonous; the latter is on undulating ground, with winding streets and an infinite number of surprises in the variety of styles of architecture. Still, there is a great deal to see and admire in St. Petersburg—the sumptuous Isaac's Church; the beautiful Cathedral of the Mother of God of Casan; the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, containing the tombs of the Imperial family; the Winter Palace, in which many strange events have happened, but none stranger than the escape of the late Emperor and his guests when the Nihilists were thwarted in their diabolical scheme to destroy them while at dinner. There are wonderful palaces and crown-buildings to examine, and many curious domestic and social habits to consider. It is strange, for example, to see spring burst suddenly

into summer, and the people, freed from their long hard winter, hasting to its enjoyment; and it is interesting to watch them indulging in their luxurious amusements during the winter, when all commercial intercourse with foreign countries is suspended. There are important manufactures and trade relations to observe, startling pages of history to chronicle, and telling anecdotes to narrate of Peter the Great—the founder of the city—and his successors.

At Moscow we shall ascend the antique battlements of the Kremlin, and see spread before us a magnificent view of the city of three hundred and seventy churches. At our feet the Moskva glistens silvery in the sun; beyond and on either hand stretches the great city, still beautiful and picturesque, despite all that has been dealt upon it by “the Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,” from the days of Tamerlane and the Tartars down to those of Napoleon and his Grand Army, whose disastrous Retreat from the city will long form one of the most appalling incidents in history. Within the Kremlin we seem to feel the beating of the heart of all Russia—at every step and stage we are brought into contact with notable incidents in her history, of joys and sorrows, successes and reverses. Wonderful as are the golden cupolas glittering in the sun above a white sea of house-tops, as seen in the wider view from the battlements, we find that still more wonderful is the collection of churches and palaces within the Kremlin, with their walls and domes coloured gold, silver, red, green, white, and blue, yet presenting no appearance of tawdry garishness even under the blaze of a mid-day sun. High above us rises the great tower of Ivan Veleki, built in successive tiers, in which are hung thirty-four bells, while below is the Czar Kolokol, the “Czar of Bells.” Near us and around is the lofty front of the palace, with its splendid halls of the Orders of St. Alexander, St. Andrew, and St. George; while among the churches close at hand are the Cathedral of St. Michael, crowned with nine gilded domes, and the Cathedral of the Annunciation, floored with agate and jasper. And still near to where we stand are the Sacristy, a museum of ecclesiastical treasures; the Miracle Monastery; the Ascension Convent; and the Arsenal, with cannon and other trophies captured by Russian armies.

The Church of the Assumption, one of the most famous churches in Russia, consecrated by associations of four hundred years—the scene of the coronation of the Czars, and the treasure-house of the most sacred relics—is almost covered with pictures; from every wall and gilt column, eyes of martyr and warrior saints are fixed upon the passer-by; the picture of the Holy Virgin of Vladimir on the altar-screen is set in a jewelled frame valued at nearly fifty thousand pounds. Here, too, may be seen the withered features of St. Philip, the holy Metropolitan, persecuted and murdered by Ivan the Terrible—a relic which every Czar of Russia honours with a kiss whenever he visits the cathedral. These and a hundred other places of interest in the city we shall carefully explore; nor must we neglect to pay a visit to the famous Monastery of Troitsa, “the most sacred and historical of Russian shrines,” containing the tomb of Holy Sergius, its founder and patron.

But not in palaces, churches, and monasteries alone shall we find the principal pleasure of a visit to Moscow. We shall meet with princes innumerable and nobles poor and rich, with priests and students and peasants, and hear strange stories of

superstition, of religion and irreligion, of literature and art, of serfdom and emancipation and its effects, of Nihilism, of prisons and law courts, of justice and injustice, and of men good and evil who have left their names indelibly written in the history of the country.

In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark there is a fine field for description; Old World life and legend may be met with to-day as we find them in no other countries in Europe. There is a family likeness in the history of the three countries, and selecting Sweden as a starting-point, we shall be able to weave in an account of her neighbours, pointing out instances of resemblance and difference as we proceed.

Sweden, formerly one of the greatest states in Europe, "in sinking from what some men call greatness, sank into what wise men call prosperity." Its early history was a history of piracy and of war; its later history one of quietness and peace. Military glory has given place to education, industry, and domestic happiness. It will be interesting to glance at that history right away to pagan times, made up of fables and legends and myths—"scraps of fact floating in seas of poetry;" to tell of Odin the strong, the brave, the wonderful—hero, saint, and god—the last god ever worshipped in Europe before the true God came to be known; of Olaf, the first Christian king, baptised by St. Siegfried; of the struggles between the Swedes and the Goths, lasting for three centuries; of Margaret, who had placed on her head the triple crown of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; of Gustavus Vasa, the daring hero and maker of his country; and of Gustavus Adolphus, who nobly fought for its greatness and the Protestant faith.

Stockholm, the Queen or Venice of the North, rising majestically from the bosom of the Mälar Lake, with its fourteen hundred islands and its one hundred and thirty châteaux, is a vision of beauty. Grim and tender, wild and subdued, gay and sombre by turns, it is an appropriate home for stirring associations and exciting legends. The roughly-paved streets, the noble palace, the obelisk and statues, the groups of Dalecarlian maidens, the picture gallery, the Riddarholm Church—used as a mausoleum for the Kings of Sweden, and containing the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus,—the Riddarhus, or Nobles' House of Assembly, where Gustavus Vasa received the thanks of his country; the University and other seats of learning; the curiosities of Gripsholm Castle, including the portraits of nearly every person celebrated in Swedish history—these will furnish ample materials for an interesting chapter.

In Copenhagen we will ascend to the Observatory in the curious tower of Trinity Church, walking up on inclined planes, as in the Campanile of San Marco in Venice. Whether Peter the Great really drove to the top of this tower in a carriage and four, or whether it was Charles V. who performed the feat, matters little; similar legends are told of half the great men and half the great towers in the world. At all events, the view is interesting and extensive; and we may see again in imagination Nelson leading his fleet towards the shore, and gaining his great victory over the Danes, the effect of which was to compel Denmark to abandon the alliance with Napoleon against England; or we may see Gambier six years later, gallantly, though perhaps unjustifiably, attacking and bombarding the city; or we may observe the position taken up by the British army under Cathcart and Wellington.



In the unrivalled collection of Scandinavian antiquities in the Museum there is much to instruct and amuse the traveller, while the Museum of Thorwaldsen, surrounded by hundreds of this immortal Danish artist's works, will delight him beyond expression. We shall not, however, confine ourselves to the sights of the city, but extend our inquiries to Elsinore, the supposed scene of incidents in the life of Hamlet; to Cronsberg Castle, with its sad story of Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England and wife of Denmark's imbecile king, Christian VII.; and to the many quaint old castles hereabouts, which have legends and traditions attaching to them not less interesting than those of the Rhine and the Moselle.

At Trondhjem, the ancient capital of Norway, we shall call up spirits from the vasty deep of history, and Harald Haarfagr, Ganger Rolf, Hakon, Olaf, and grim old Vikings without number will arise to tell us of battles on sea and land, and to relate strange old sagas and legends from the Edda. The cathedral in which the Kings of Norway are crowned; the spot which old Bernadotte could not pass except with uncovered head—the open space where the Thing (or local Parliament) used in olden times to be held, and where each new king was proclaimed; the island fortress of Munkholm, with volumes of stories of state prisoners clustering round it; the remains of the Old Palace, now converted into the Royal Arsenal: these, as well as a glimpse at the trade, habits, and educational institutions of the people, and the exquisite scenery in the midst of which they dwell, will well repay us for a visit to “Gamle Norge.”

All Holland is a “wonder-land.” Everywhere the traveller is brought into contact with the fact that each inch of ground he treads has been rescued from the waters, and is held together by the skill and ingenuity of man; everywhere he has evidence of the industry of the people in canals and dykes and dunes, in countless windmills, in gardens and summer-houses, in cleanliness and thrift; everywhere, too, there are brought to mind noble deeds of the past, when, to free the land from Spanish tyranny, the Dutch cut the dykes as their last desperate resource in defence of their native land.

Erasmus said of Amsterdam that it was a city whose inhabitants, like crows, lived on the tops of the trees, in allusion to the piles driven in the sand on which the city is built; while Butler said of the whole country that it

“— draws fifty feet of water,  
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,  
And when the sea does in upon them break  
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.”

The structure and history of Amsterdam, its trade and commerce, the rise and progress of art, the laws of the land, the diamond-cutting establishments, the cultivation of hyacinths and tulips—these will be topics of general information of an interesting character; while the hut in which Peter the Great worked as a common shipwright, the cottage of the heroic De Ruyter, the orphanage in which the gallant Van Speyk was brought up, will serve as pegs on which to hang some pleasant biographies.

The picture galleries and historical associations of the Hague; the University and the museums at Leyden; the grand organ in the great Church of St. Bavon at Haarlem; the house in which William, Prince of Orange, was assassinated at Delft; the Dutch



HOLLAND AND BELGIUM: "BITS" AT THE HAGUE, LEYDEN, HAARLEM, ANTWERP, AND GHENT.

cheeses of Brock: these and other things will furnish us with material when we take up the pen to write of days spent in Holland.

It will, we think, be patent to every reader—disguise our incapacity in whatever language we may—that we are at a loss to know where to commence a running description of the cities of France, Austria, Belgium, and Germany; and even if we did, that it would make this introductory chapter interminable to give the briefest outline of Paris, Rouen, Marseilles, and Lyons; of Vienna, Berlin, Cologne, Munich, and Nuremberg; of Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and Liège—cities old almost as the hills, original and picturesque, with memories intertwining themselves with all countries and all time. Let the reader who would estimate the difficulty think for a moment of Paris gay and mournful, flower-strewn and blood-stained, the home of peaceful arts and the scene of sanguinary revolutions, where every street has a history, and every history a moral, and say where he would select an incident, or fix upon a representative man, or even an age that should be typical of all the ages. We shrink from such responsibility here, but when the proper time comes we shall go fully into the history of the leading cities of these countries.

In Switzerland we shall come into contact with everything that goes to make up the perfection of scenery, with traces of a stirring history, and with an industrious and very interesting people. Let Geneva and its lake suffice as an illustration. It has a history without beginning of days or end of years, for if we commence with the Lake Dwellings and the mysterious tribes who inhabited them we are not even then at the starting-point. Yet, commencing there, we may examine in the museums strange memorials of the "Age of Stone," and passing on, we may find traces of the conquests of Helvetians and Allobroges, of Romans, and Burgundians, and Germans. Men of all ages and all creeds will accost us; traditions of persecutions and treacheries, and stories of love and war, will ring in our ears from ruined châteaux; and battles fought with carnal and spiritual weapons will inspirit us as we "fight them o'er again." An old Latin inscription found at Coppet says: "I, like thee, have lived; thou, like me, shalt die. So rolls the world. Traveller, go on thy way." And so we will; but not till we have spoken to Berthe la Fileuse, the ideal mediæval heroine, who still haunts the mountains with a winnowing-fan in her hand; not till we have heard the shouts of the flower of the Genevese youth as they burst the bars of the prison and let the patriot Bonnivard, the "Prisoner of Chillon," go free; not till we have heard old John Calvin preach his stern doctrines in the days of the Reformation; not till we have seen Rousseau wandering in the so-called "*Bosquet de Julie*," celebrated in his "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," and have talked with this "wild, self-torturing sophist;" not till we have been told again the chivalrous story of the De Blonays; not till we have broken the spell cast over us by sylphs and trolls, dwarfs and sprites in mountain solitudes, will we "pass on" from this charming city of a charming country—of which it may be said, as of Shakspeare's heroine:—

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety."

All roads in Spain lead to Madrid, as all roads in Europe lead to Rome; and

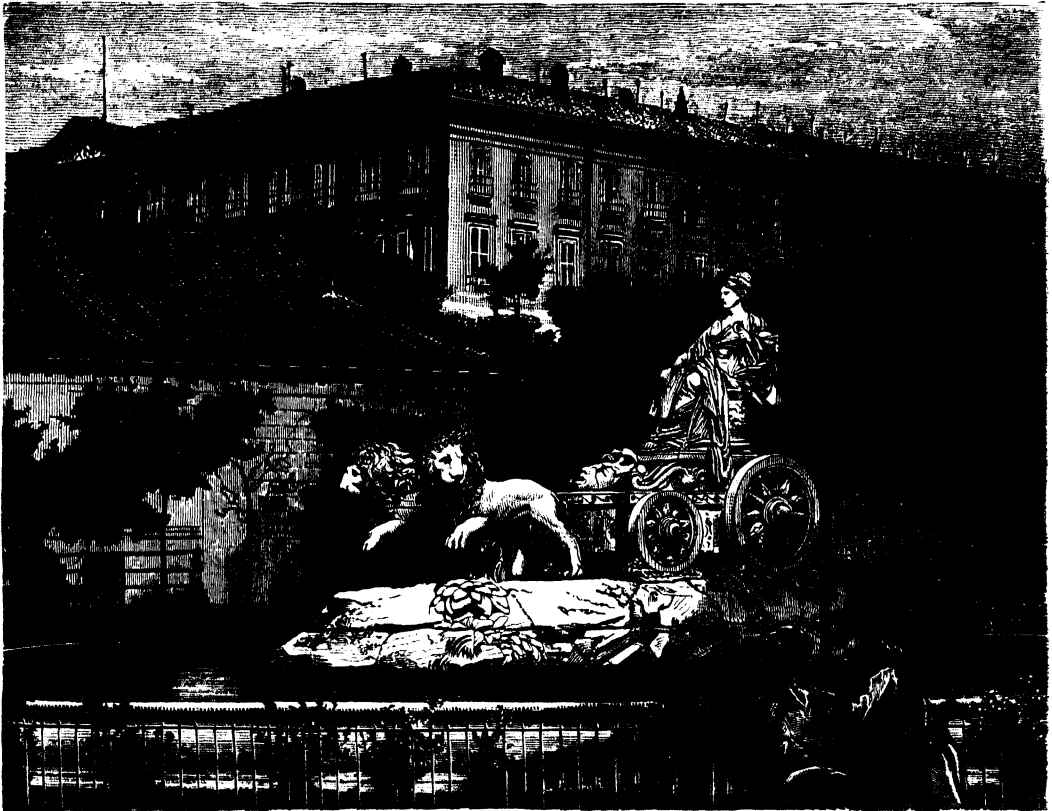
all roads in Madrid lead to the Puerta del Sol (Gate of the Sun), the heart of the city. Here may be seen, at all hours of the day, a motley crowd, dressed for the most part in bright colours, and all intent on doing nothing; mules are passing and re-passing, as if proud to show off their dangling tassels and bright worsted trappings; the curious dresses of the water-carriers, the picturesque uniform of the civil guards, the detachments of troops moving hither and thither, the numerous company of idlers—greater than is to be found in the Boulevards of Paris—all these assist to make up a never-to-be-forgotten effect. At first sight one is inclined to believe the old saying that the Madrileños “do nothing all the week, and go to the bull-fight on Sundays;” certain it is that the life of many consists in a morning lounge in the Puerta del Sol, an afternoon ride on the Prado, and an evening at the theatre. At Madrid we shall do as the Madrileños do. We shall mingle with the crowd as it moves towards the Plaza de Toros, and describe a bull-fight, the great national amusement, as seen on a high day; and we think that a faithful description will convince the most incredulous that, however much the exhibition may display marvels of skill and daring, it at the same time shows such an amount of barbarity as to make it a disgrace to the inhabitants of a Christian country. The museum contains some notable works of Murillo, disfigured, however, by patchings, plasterings, and restorings, but exhibited with the other art treasures of the country in a building and in a manner worthy of universal imitation. At the Escorial, the tomb of the Spanish kings, with its chapels, sacristy, oratories, and library, we shall find a text for history, while the shrine of the Lady of Atocha will open up a field of inquiry into legendary lore.

Cadiz dazzles us with its extreme brightness, and charms us with its splendid situation on an eminence washed on both sides by the sea. Through narrow but clean streets, beneath tall handsome houses, nearly all whitewashed and decorated with bright green shutters and coloured blinds and awnings, we make our way to the port, and find ourselves launched into an inquiry as to the commercial history of Spain. Or we can take a boat, and sail across the beautiful Bay of Cadiz to Santa Maria, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir—for Cadiz, like Genoa, Naples, and Constantinople, is best seen from the sea. And, as a matter worth “taking note of,” as our old friend Captain Cuttle would say, it may be added that those cities which look so well from the sea have generally a sea-view of surpassing beauty. As there is nothing in Genoa more enchanting than the view across the bay from Santa Maria in Carignano, or in Naples from the Castel Sant’ Elmo, or in Constantinople from the Tower of the Seraskiarat, so in Cadiz, from the Alameda, or the promenade of the fortifications, the view is exquisite.

If Cadiz is the Genoa of Spain, Granada is its Florence. Beautiful for situation, it is the joy of the whole land. From the heights looking down upon the city, or from the city looking towards the heights, the gentle undulations near at hand, or the distant snow-capped mountains of the Sierra Nevada, every spot is beautiful, and around every beautiful spot legends, histories, and works of art gather. Here artist, poet, archæologist, antiquary, philosopher, tourist may each find something to enchant him. Of course we shall visit the Alhambra, and endeavour to bear away an ineffaceable impression of the beauty and power of Moorish architecture, as exemplified in this wonderful building, where

delicacy blends with strength, and "simplicity, refinement, and truth" are its chief characteristics. The remains of the Old Seraglio, the bazaars, the costly Cartuja, will each receive their share of description; nor shall we omit to tell of the gipsy colony, or pass on without witnessing a gipsy dance and hearing a story or two told round the boiling cauldron.

"Fair Lusitania" abounds in romantic legends, in quaint characteristics, and in curious customs; its history is bound up with adventurous lives, its architecture and objects of



FOUNTAIN OF CYBELE, PRADO, MADRID.

interest are unique and varied; and, notwithstanding what many writers have said to the contrary, we shall do our best to prove that Lisbon and Oporto deserve to rank among the great cities of the world.

Let Athens be our next place of pilgrimage. Entering the port of the Piræus, where are still to be found some traces of the Long Walls of Themistocles stretching all along the four miles of dusty road leading to the city, we approach the "shining, violet-wreathed, most happy city," as Aristophanes calls it, and are struck with the marvellous beauty of the Temple of Theseus. It has a peristyle of a single row of thirty-six Doric columns, and a wonderful frieze celebrating the exploits of Hercules and Theseus; and this most exquisite example of a Greek temple—built, it is said, by Cimon about B.C. 470, to

commemorate the appearance of the tutelary hero in the Battle of Marathon—is in almost perfect preservation, and, next to the Acropolis, is the most conspicuous object in Athens. Near here we come upon ancient tombs only recently excavated, and read on monumental stores the story of ancient heroes; we stand upon the Sacred Way leading



GENERAL VIEW OF ATHENS.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co.)

to Eleusis; then turning into Hermes Street, we mingle with the gay crowd clad in the costumes of Greek, Albanian, Islander, Suliote, and nondescript, until we come to the large open space surrounded by handsome hotels and the palace of the King. But we are only on the threshold of the glories of Athens. Bending our footsteps southward from the palace, there rise before us the gigantic pillars of the Temple of Zeus Olympius, sixteen stately columns of dazzling white marble of Pentelicus standing out against

the sky—the solitary but magnificent remains of the finest building in Greece. Then we turn towards the Acropolis—the massive natural citadel, buttressed with great stays and bastions and crowned with glorious remains; and as we ascend the winding road leading to it we pause to enter the Theatre of Dionysus, and sit down on one of the marble seats which rise tier upon tier on the hill-side, and view the same stage which saw the production of the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and all the great masterpieces of the Attic drama. We shall behold, too, the same scenery at the back of the stage which met the gaze of the old play-going Athenians: the slopes of Hymettus, the Valley of the Ilissus, and the shining Saronic Gulf.

The Acropolis still remains the glory of Athens. There, beautiful in ruin, stands the Parthenon, “a deathless poem;” there the Erechtheium, there the ruined Propylæa, and there the Temple of the Wingless Victory. From the Acropolis it is but a stone’s-throw to Mars Hill, and we can ascend it by the very steps that Socrates trod as he went to face the dread tribunal, and by which St. Paul ascended when he went to declare the ignorantly worshipped “Unknown God.” There will be much to do and see in Athens, for we must visit the Pnyx, and stand at the bema, or rostrum, where Demosthenes and Pericles stood; visit the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, the Temple of the Winds, and the Stadium; ascend Lycabettus, drive to Eleusis and Marathon, and drink as deeply as may be into the spirit of the times when Athens was the head and heart of the world.

To many persons Constantinople will not be one whit less interesting than Athens. Attractions are there for every one. Stamboul, the old city, is full of mosques and bazaars, Galata is the business part of the place, and Pera is the modern and fashionable part, abounding in shops, hotels, cafés, and mansions. As we sail up the Bosphorus, we shall have opportunity to examine the sumptuous palaces of the Sultan and other handsome buildings on the European and Asiatic shores, at which we touch alternately half a dozen times in the hour; while the Seraglio, occupying the site of ancient Byzantium; the Treasury, flashing its splendours of jewels and precious stones; the Armoury; the Museum of Janissaries, and numberless other attractions, will afford interesting amusement.

Others will take a keener pleasure in studying the manners and customs of the people, their ignorance and superstition, the oppressive measures by which they are and have been governed, the absence of home-life, the baneful influences of a false religion, the strange vagaries of Howling and Dancing Dervishes, and other rites, ceremonies, fasts, and feasts of Islamism.

We think, however, that the majority of our readers will find the greatest interest in studying those monuments which stand out as great historical memorials, especially the Mosque of St. Sophia, with its wonderful columns from Baalbec and Ephesus, Egypt and Athens, and every heathen temple renowned in antiquity—a building so magnificent as to draw from Justinian the exclamation: “Thank God, I have been able to outdo Solomon!”—a temple worthy of the oratory of Chrysostom, the Golden-mouthed, and of the origin of Greek Christianity—

“When first the Faith was led in triumph home  
Like some high bride with banner and bright sign,  
And melody and flowers.”

Many mosques, tombs, and ruined monuments serve as connecting links to the history of the Great City of the East, and none more so than the brave old walls, the Seven Hills and Towers, and the Great Gates, from all of which we shall try to wrest some curious scraps of information.

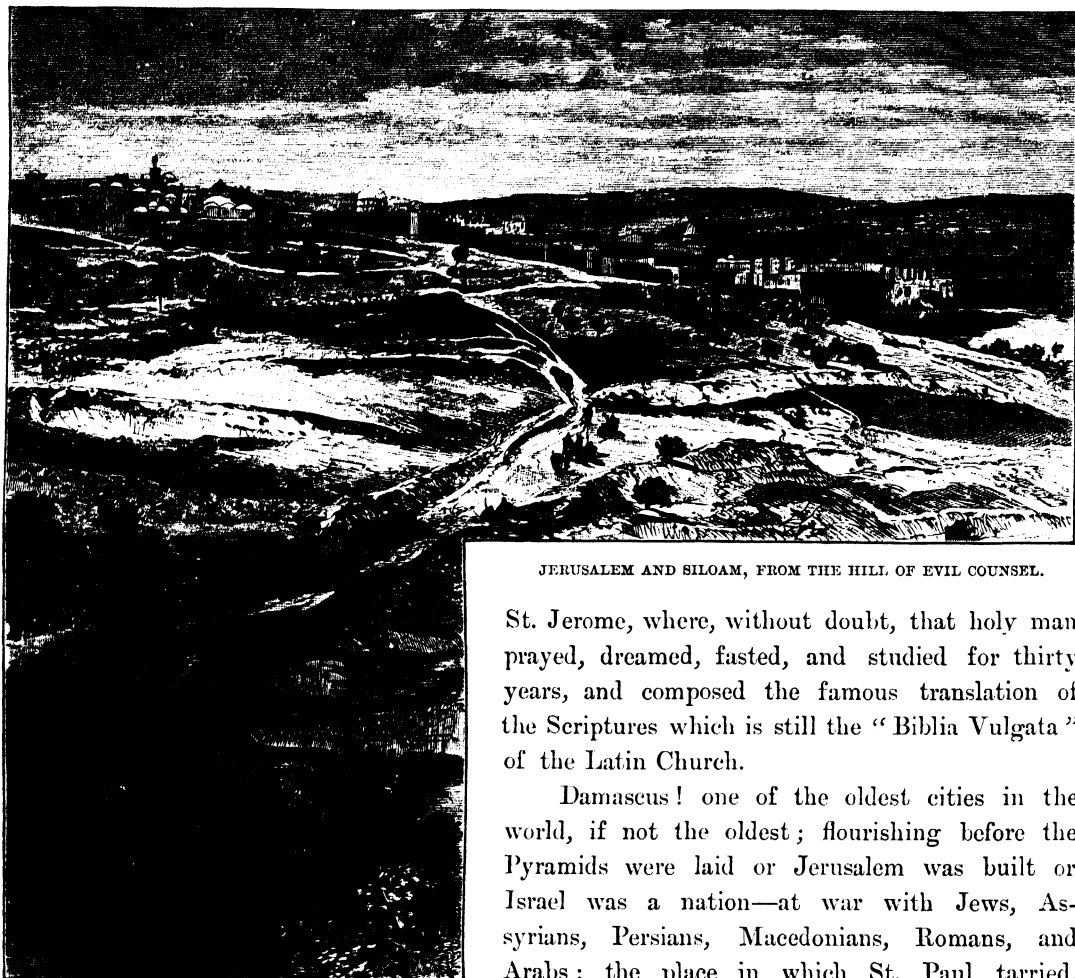
It will be a relief to us to leave the din and bustle of cities of pleasure, and turn towards

“———those holy fields  
Over whose acres walked those Blessed feet  
Which, [eighteen] hundred years ago, were nailed  
For our advantage on the bitter Cross.”

Every spot within and around Jerusalem is holy ground. The Tower of Hippicus; Mount Zion; the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, around which cluster a thousand associations and traditions of the Greek, Latin, Syrian, Coptic, Armenian, and other Churches; the Via Dolorosa and its stations of the Cross; the Temple on Mount Moriah, with its wonderful legends and strange memorials, Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan; the Jews' Wailing-place and its mournful gatherings; the leper village; the Cœnaculum; the tomb of David: these and a hundred other sacred sites will demand and receive careful examination. We shall also visit underground Jerusalem, entering the excavations made by Captains Wilson, Warren, and others, and, passing through the opening by the Damascus Gate, wander in those mammoth quarries from whence the masonry of the Holy Temple was brought. Then going out of the city by St. Stephen's Gate, we shall descend the steep hill-side, cross the Kedron, pause under the grand old gnarled olives in the Garden of Gethsemane, and ascending the Mount of Olives, reverently stand on the spot where, in all probability, Jesus stood as "He beheld the city and wept over it." And then we shall reach Bethany, and point out the views which constantly met the eye of the Master, whose resting-place from the strife of tongues was here in the house of "Martha and Mary and Lazarus." Yonder we can see the great wall of Moab; there stretches the wilderness of Judæa; there are the sacred spots in the "hill country;" there are the glistening waters of that "great and melancholy marvel," the Dead Sea; and there the green line running through the plain, marking the course of the Jordan.

From Jerusalem we may make a pleasant excursion to Bethlehem, surrounded still with terraces on which the vine and the fig-tree flourish, and bright with its fields of growing corn and smiling green pastures. There we shall meet with David and Naomi, Ruth and Boaz, and stand beside that spot kissed by the reverent lips of ten thousand times ten thousand pilgrims, where an inscription in the pavement records: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." There is probably no shrine in the world more sacred than this, and although, amid the gifts which have been lavished here ever since the Wise Men of the East offered theirs, we may find some which are not to our taste, we shall nevertheless be in sympathy with many of the objects of interest that will be pointed out to us. Next to the spot where tradition affirms, with great show of truth, that our Lord was born, we shall find most interest in the Chapel of





JERUSALEM AND SILOAM, FROM THE HILL OF EVIL COUNSEL.

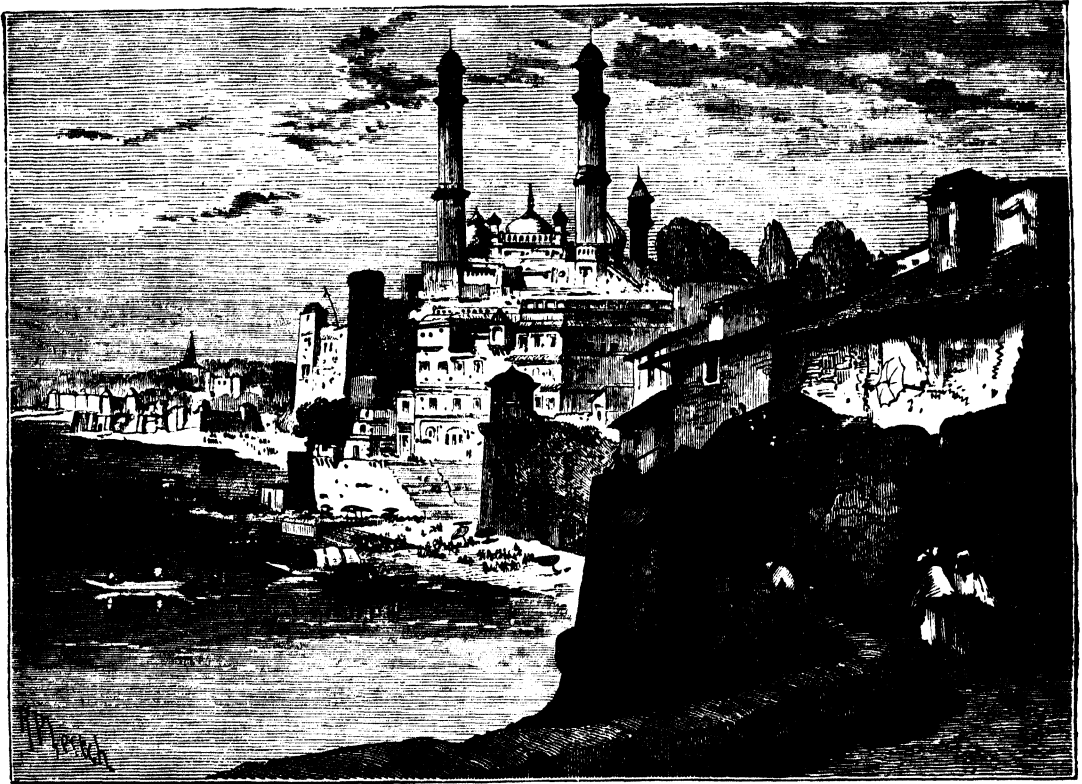
St. Jerome, where, without doubt, that holy man prayed, dreamed, fasted, and studied for thirty years, and composed the famous translation of the Scriptures which is still the "Biblia Vulgata" of the Latin Church.

Damascus! one of the oldest cities in the world, if not the oldest; flourishing before the Pyramids were laid or Jerusalem was built or Israel was a nation—at war with Jews, Assyrians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, and Arabs; the place in which St. Paul tarried, and from which Mohammed turned away, saying,

"Only one Paradise is allowed to man, and I must not make mine in this world"—Damascus, with its thousand streams from Abana and Pharpar, considered by Naaman to be "better than all the waters of Israel," beside which grow fruits and flowers in such magnificent abundance that it is "mass upon mass of dark delicious foliage rolling like waves among garden tracts of brilliant emerald green, while here and there the clustering blossoms of the orange or the nectarine lie like foam upon the verdant sea"—Damascus, with its diversified architecture, its Oriental luxuries, its delicious odours, its lingering memories of Arabian Nights' Entertainments; its bewildering bazaars, its gorgeous costumes, and, in contrast to these, its strangely cruel persecutions, its wild fanaticism, its deadly plagues, its leper hospitals. Surely we shall find here material to weave into interesting narrative, and not less so when from here we strike out into one or the other of the great caravan routes, and join the pilgrimage to Mecca, tarrying on the way to visit Bagdad.

In India the laziest gleaner might find a harvest of information. Making our head-

quarters in Calcutta, we shall watch the crowd of gay equipages being driven round the Course which a hundred years ago was, as Lord Macaulay tells us, a "jungle, abandoned to water-fowl and alligators," or join the players on the Midân, the glory of Calcutta, where cricket, polo, lawn tennis, and racquets are played with an energy which belies the statement so often heard that the climate is enervating to such a degree that no Englishman can comfortably live in it. In the burning Ghât we shall witness the sorrowful rites of cremation; through the mazes of the native bazaar we shall elbow our way, and, as time permits, talk with the people and learn the habits of Europeans and natives; visit Ballygunge, the pleasant suburb; the Botanical Gardens, with the magnificent banyan-tree making a little forest in itself; while Barrackpore, "the Indian Windsor," and the



Government House in the city will supply plenty of scaffolding on which to build an account of many strange and startling episodes of British rule in India.

As it is only a two days' journey now by rail from Calcutta to Delhi, we may take a trip up the country, noting on the way the indigo plantations, the rice fields, the wonders of the sacred Ganges, and the more wonderful religious ceremonies in the Ghâts at Benares and the Golden Temple sacred to Siva. Benares, the Holy City of the Hindoos, the city of a thousand shrines, the Mecca or Jerusalem of the worshippers of

Brahma, is a city "wholly given to idolatry," and in its temples we shall be spectators of scenes solemn or ludicrous, according to the point of view from which we regard them. Then we may go on to Cawnpore, the scene of the gallant defence and treacherous massacre of 1857. A memorial church now marks the spot where a thousand men, women, and children kept at bay for three weeks a myriad mutineers thirsting for their blood. We shall follow them to the ravine, whither they journeyed under the pledged safe-conduct of the Nana Sahib, and to the scene of the massacre at the fatal well, where now an angel, symbol of peace and hope, stands hovering over, serene yet sad. From thence we shall proceed to Lucknow, where inscriptions record, "Here Sir Henry Lawrence was struck by a shell," "Here Sir Henry Lawrence died," "Innis' House," "Cellar occupied by the women and children during the siege," and where in imagination we may hear again the glorious tramp of the avenging army, and the ringing cheers of the besieged as they welcome Havelock, Outram, and Colin Campbell, the saviours of the doomed city. A few hours' more travelling and we come to the conclusion of our Indian trip as we enter Delhi, and find ourselves surrounded by the relics of Mogul Emperors and native rulers who preceded them.

Certainly not less fascinating than a visit to India will be one to China: its enormous territory, its teeming millions, its overwhelming antiquity, its strange, and in many respects beautiful as strange, religion, its ancient rites, its modern industries, each and all have a peculiar interest for every one. China is so vast that we hesitate to mark an epoch, much less to particularise an event, in this country of Celestials. We shall, however, try to place before our readers a picture of China, which shall make them as well acquainted with its cities as they are with the drawings on their willow-pattern plates.

Turn now to Egypt, and let Alexandria and Cairo furnish us with an epitome of the whole country. Not that the two cities bear any comparison one with the other. Alexandria wears too modern and commercial an aspect to please the travelling *savant*; it is a conglomeration of all nationalities, a crowded and busy place, where thousands throng the bazaars, and everything is noisy and bustling. True there are a few memorials of the past still remaining, but they look almost as much out of place in the midst of their present surroundings as Cleopatra's Needle does on the Thames Embankment; and it is somewhat difficult in the whirl of modern life to build again in fancy the Pharos, and read the name of the architect in marble, and that of the founder in stucco—to replace on their shelves in the famous library the 700,000 volumes which constituted the literature of the whole world—to hear above the noise of business competition the voice of St. Mark preaching the Gospel, or St. Athanasius thundering out his denunciations, or the Learned Seventy discussing the Hebrew Scriptures as they translate them into the Septuagint for the benefit of the 50,000 Greek-speaking Jews who once dwelt there. The Alexandria of to-day is principally interesting for its cosmopolitan crowds in the bazaars, Albanians, Turks, Syrian Jews, black-habited Copts, Nubians ("God's image carved in ebony"), Bedouin brigands, and Europeans of every nationality and in every variety of costume, from the Scottish kilt to the flowing *abbas*.

At Cairo, the gardens of Esbekeyeh, the mammoth hotels, the palaces, opera house,

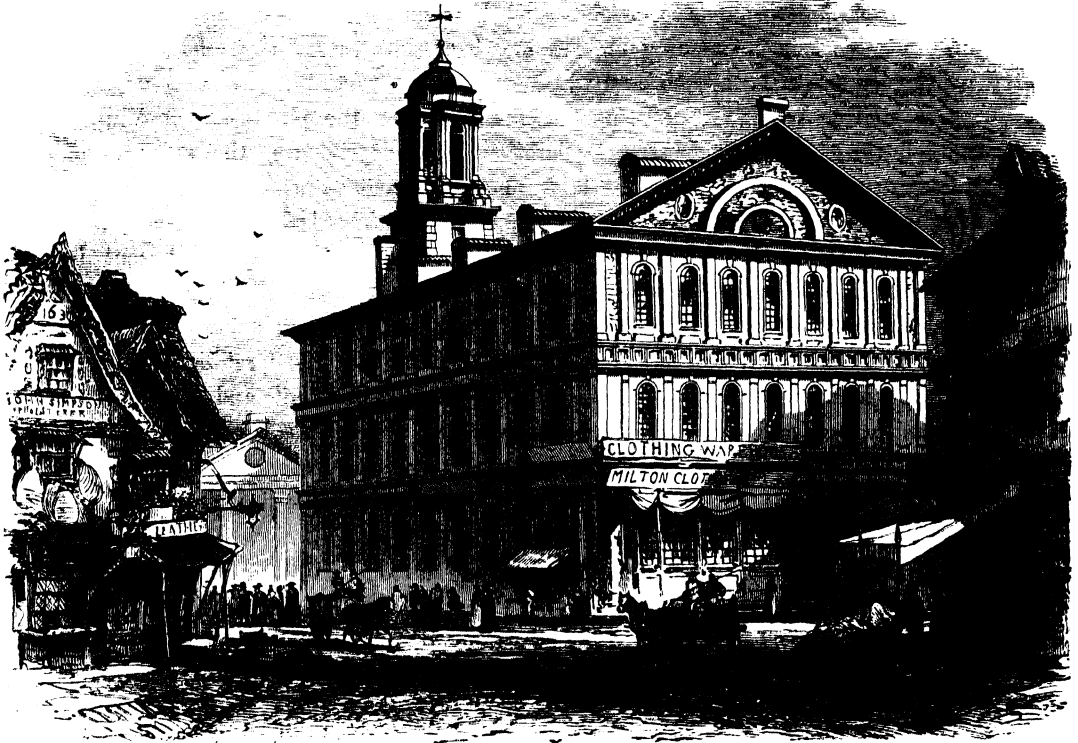
French theatre, circus, the "Rotten Row," and all the reckless extravagances of modern ideas will startle the stranger no less than those parts of the city where he will be taken back three thousand years in the history of civilisation. It gives but a poor idea of Cairo to say that we shall visit the Boulac Museum, the Coptic churches, the Nilometer, the Island of Rhodes, the Palace of Shoobra, Memphis, Heliopolis, the Petrified Forest, and the Pyramids; that we shall see snake-charmers, dancing dervishes, princes revelling in gorgeous Orientalism, and slaves grovelling in some of the worst forms of slavery; yet all this shall we do, and more also.

If in the work before us we devote a large amount of space to the description of the great cities of America, our excuse, if one is required, must be that the universal interest in the subject is sufficient justification. There are sacred ties binding us to that country which can never be broken, and which, we venture to think, are every day growing stronger. No matter where we take up the history, with the plantation of Virginia, or the voyage of the *Mayflower*, or the Declaration of Independence, the story is one of the most deeply interesting that can be told. For it introduces us to the heroic struggles of the early settlers, and how they were beset, and sometimes baffled, by forces they were unable to control; to the humble beginnings of a mighty nation, whose Present is one of the most wonderful facts of modern times, and whose Future it is impossible to forecast. We shall watch the plodding footsteps of great silent toilers attacked by barbarous and relentless foes—we shall see, possibly without regret, how the "relations between the colonies and the mother-country were strained and finally broken," and how there arose brave and good leaders and counsellors, who by patience, uprightness, and self-sacrifice gave to the people the purpose and policy of a united nation. And step by step upwards we shall trace her history, as found in the memorials of her great cities, and read in those records the story of a noble people.

"America is a big fact," said an American, and no one will gainsay the proposition. The Americans delight in big things; they have the biggest rivers, the biggest trees, the biggest cities, the biggest fires, the biggest successes, and the biggest failures of any people in the world. As one of them humorously said, when making fun of the weaknesses which are always an index of strength, "Our country has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper and clearer and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster and pitch off the track oftener than in any other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher than in any other country," and so on. But this, of course, is "high falutin'." We shall, however, enjoy, as we tarry in the cities of the New World, the healthy humour of the people, which crops up everywhere and in everything, and is relished as much as maple-sugar or stewed clams. We shall try to see the American as he sees himself, and if we do not take exactly the same view of him as "half horse and half alligator, with a dash of earthquake," we may see him as "the child of Nature and of freedom, destined to lick all creation."

In visiting the United States and Canada, we shall not go by any guide-book arrangement. Perhaps we may start at Philadelphia, just to see William Penn and his Quaker

friends purchasing from the Indians the site of the "city of Brotherly Love;" or take our stand in Independence Hall, where the famous Declaration of Independence was passed by Congress on July 4th, 1776. Or perhaps our starting-place may be Boston, the metropolis of New England; in the Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of Liberty," a spot dear to the heart of every American as the scene of those moving orations delivered in the Revolutionary days; or perhaps at Bunker's Hill, Lexington, or Concord, the theatre in which the earliest and greatest deeds of the men of Boston were performed. Or we may set out from Quebec, with its famous citadel—"the Gibraltar of America"—its polished



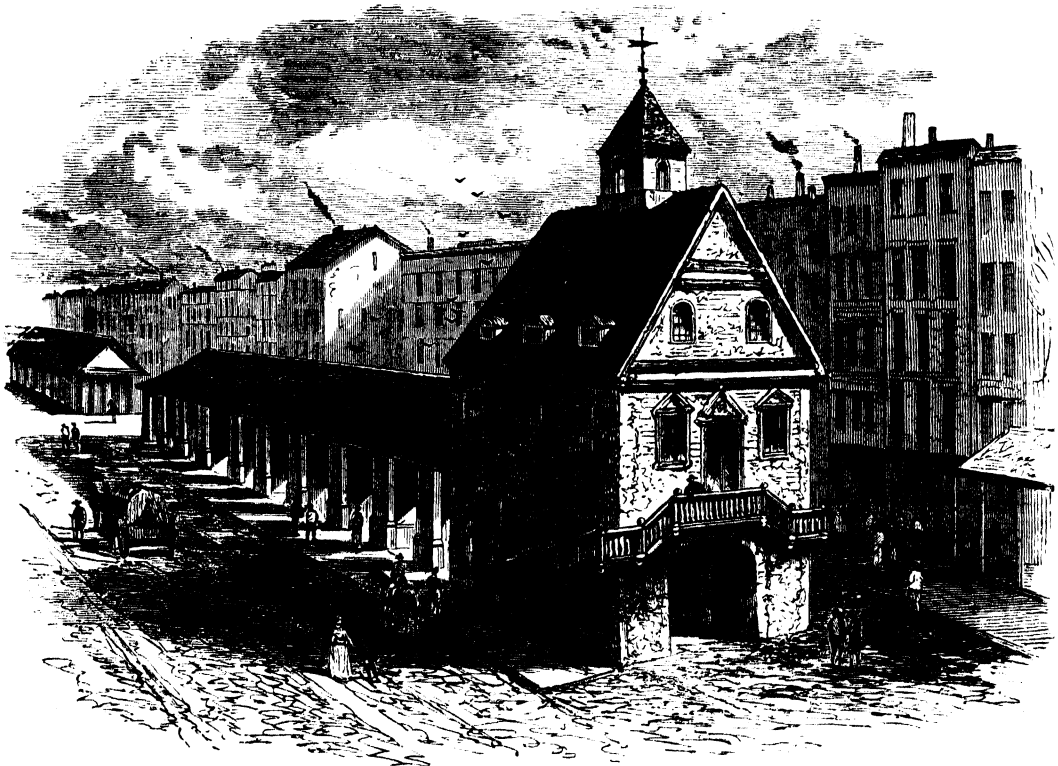
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.

society, picturesque scenery, and historical associations, including the Plains of Abraham to the west of the town, where General Wolfe fell in the moment of victory.

But it will not be in quest of historical events principally that we shall travel in America. There are mammoth cities of magic growth to see, and Chicago may be taken as the best specimen and St. Louis as the next. In 1833 there were but thirty-five houses in the former outside the walls of Fort Dearborn, and those mostly built of logs. Now there are 245 churches, and over 500,000 inhabitants, a growth unprecedented in the history of any country. It was wonderful before the great fire of 1871, which swept away 17,500 buildings, occupying  $3\frac{1}{4}$  square miles of ground, and did damage to the amount of fifty-six millions, but it became more wonderful as it arose, phoenix-like, from the flames. "Beginning

on April 15th, 1872, and ending December 1st, 1872, excluding Sundays, counting 200 working days, and each day of 8 hours, there was completed one brick, stone, or iron building 25 feet front, and from four to six storeys high, *for each hour of that time.*" Smart work that! and no wonder that in Chicago the objects of interest are the people, especially those antique persons who have watched the progress of the marvellous city since the day when it was but a group of log huts.

St. Louis, "destined at no distant day to be the great vitalising heart of the world's civilisation"—we are quoting from an American authority—is scarcely less wonderful than



OLD MARKET-HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

Chicago. It is only a hundred years or thereabouts since it was a rough-and-ready village of a hundred inhabitants; now the city covers an area of twenty square miles, with a population of nearly 600,000.

But not to the cities alone shall we look for the wonders of America, although we shall thoroughly "do" all that can be done in this respect. We shall go off the track of city-hunting to tell of the mighty Falls of Niagara, to describe the prairies where

- plains immense  
Lie stretch'd around, interminable meads  
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye  
Unfixt is in a verdant ocean lost,"

and endeavour to give some general idea of the wonders of the wonderful land which culminate at the Yosemite Valley, where are awful chasms, giant forests, perpendicular rocks, enormous waterfalls—everything that is grand, awful, sublime, and beautiful: the place where El Capitan, the Bridal Veil Fall, the Cathedral Rocks, the Half-Dome, the Sentinel Rock, and the Cloud's Rest are gathered together to bewilder and enchant.

If the interests of Great Britain are bound up in the interests of America, much more are they in those of Australia and New Zealand, and it is a natural transition for us now to pass from San Francisco to the cities of the Southern World. In Melbourne and Sydney, as in New York or Chicago, there will be little to tell of antiquities, but much of modern progress, of the courage and daring of early settlers, of gallant deeds of explorers, of curious customs of aborigines, of the great gold rush and what came of it, of natural resources, and the like. If men of our own stock have done mighty deeds under a distinct nationality in America, not less so have our countrymen in Australia; and in her teeming cities there is much to instruct and amuse.

More interesting, however, from many points of view—we speak from personal recollections—are the cities of New Zealand, although, of course, this is only a matter of opinion. But there the settlers have had to fight their way without the unexampled impetus which the gold rush gave to Australia; they have had to hold their own against the finest and most intelligent race of savages under the sun, disciplined in the use of arms; they have had to grapple with rare difficulties and to bear the brunt of strange reverses. Vast as Australia is, it has not the variety of scenery to be found in New Zealand, nor can it be compared with the latter as regards its natural wonders. Moreover, the aborigines of New Holland have left little or no trace of themselves in the places they once inhabited, whereas in New Zealand there are to be found on every hand legends, traditions, and memorials, wild, weird, and sometimes beautiful as any to be found in Scandinavia.

“He who promises runs in debt” says the Spanish proverb. We have promised much and our debt is heavy; it is time, therefore, that we set about our task, for though “promises may get friends, ’tis performance that keeps them.”



THE BOSPHORUS.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Beautiful City—Byzantium—Foundation of Constantinople—Galata Bridge, and those who pass over it—Galata—Pera—The Dancing Dervishes—Hamals—Stamboul—The Seven Hills—The Old Scraglio—St. Sophia—The Fourteen Imperial Mosques—Islamism—The Hippodrome—The Burnt Column—In the Bazaars—The Tower of the Seraskiarat—The Fanar, or Greek Quarter—Balata, the Jews' Quarter—Eyub, the Sacred Suburb—Street Scenes of Constantinople—Dogs—Scutari—Muslim Cemeteries—The Howling Dervishes—The Bosphorus—Therapia and Buyukdere—Legends—The Cyanean Rocks.



TURKISH SOFTA (STUDENT).

AS we approach Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora the views are of a character altogether indescribable, though every traveller who has written his experiences has endeavoured to achieve the impossible by attempting a description. It really tells little to say that the situation is exquisite, that minarets graceful and tapering rise in forests, that the eye takes in marvellous mosques and public buildings, battlemented walls and towers and houses rising tier upon tier, with cypress-trees between. We shall rather trust to our illustrations to bring the general effects of the wonderful city to the eye of the reader, begging

him at the same time to remember that the houses are white, and brown, and yellow; that the mosques and kiosks are ablaze with the glories of mosaic-work; that burnished ornaments gleam from every dome, and the sombre cypresses stand beside them in startling contrast; and above and beyond all, that the sky is cloudless, the sunshine intense, and the whole picture set in a framework of emerald waters.

Constantinople, the connecting link between Europe and Asia, is on the European shore of the Sea of Marmora, at the southern extremity of the Bosphorus, which connects the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea. It stands on a triangular promontory, on one



side of which is the deep elbow or inlet of the Bosphorus known as the Canal of Peramî, and better known as the Golden Horn, and on the other side the Sea of Marmora. The base of this triangle is occupied by hills, while its apex is the celebrated Seraglio Point. But by Constantinople Europeans understand not only the whole of the harp-shaped city of Stamboul (the Turkish name for Constantinople), but the suburbs of Galata and Pera on the side of the Golden Horn, and the Asiatic suburb of Scutari.

Suppose we are approaching Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora: the Bosphorus is in front, the European shore is on the left hand, the Asiatic shore on the right.

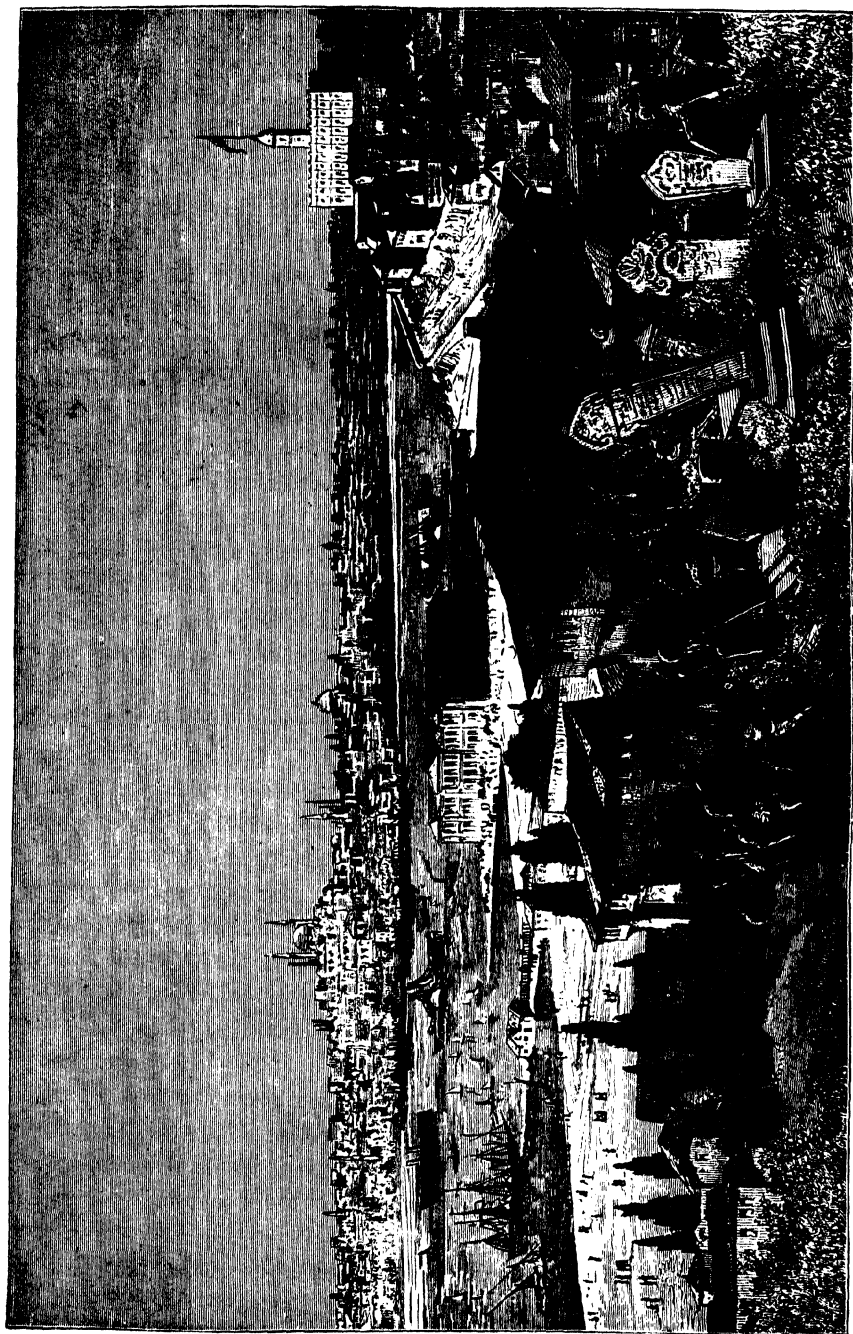
For about four miles towards the left there stretches out a hilly promontory—that is Stamboul. It is covered with mosques, and towers, and tiers of houses. The initiated will recognise in the highest of all the Mosque of St. Sophia, and before and around the great Basilica the Mosques of Sultan Ahmed, of Bajazet, of Osman, of Latili, of Soliman. Drawing nearer to the height of the Old Seraglio a wilderness of cypresses, firs, pines, and planes is seen—a perfect fairyland of vegetation, through and above which may be caught glimpses of arabesque traceries, kiosks, cupolas and domes.

Looking now across the waters to the right, we see a vast city of yellow, white, purple, and many-coloured houses sprinkled with domes and minarets, rising from the sea-shore and spreading over the hill-tops, the most conspicuous objects on which the eye rests being the enormous barracks and the magnificent forest of cypresses. That city is Scutari, and beyond it is Kadi Kioi, the ancient Chalcedonia.

A conspicuous object rising from the rock opposite Scutari is the Maiden's Tower, often called the Tower of Leander, although it has nothing whatever to do with Leander. That hero lived at Abydos, on the Hellespont, nearly 200 miles away, and his remarkable swim to see the fair priestess of Sestos was probably the limit of his travels.

The legend of the Maiden's Tower is that a gipsy foretold the death of a Sultan's daughter by the bite of a serpent. To secure her from danger, the Sultan built this tower and kept his daughter confined in it; but as she grew up the renown of her surpassing beauty spread, and the son of the Shah of Persia fell in love with her. He declared his passion by sending a bouquet of flowers, in which, unfortunately, an asp was concealed. The maiden was bitten, and was dying, when the lover appeared, and by sucking the wound healed her, whereupon the Sultan gave his consent to their union, and they were happy ever after.

Rounding Seraglio Point, we see to the right the city of Constantinople stretching away along the Bosphorus. Nearly opposite us is the vast arsenal of Tophané, with its masses of shipping; while a little beyond is Galata, and still farther Pera, a lofty suburb, crowned with the palaces of the different embassies. As we steam up the Golden Horn we have, therefore, on either side two chains of heights running parallel, and embracing eight miles of "hills and valleys, bays and promontories, a hundred amphitheatres of monuments and gardens; houses, mosques, bazaars, seraglios, baths, kiosks, of an infinite variety of colour; in the midst thousands of minarets, with shining pinnacles rising into the sky like columns of ivory; groves of cypress-trees descending in long lines from the heights to the sea, engarlanding suburbs and ports, and a vigorous vegetation springing and gushing out everywhere, waving plume-like on the summits, encircling the roofs and



CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM THE MOHAMMEDAN CEMETERY, SCUTARI.

hanging over into the water." The two shores are connected by a bridge upon which two opposing streams of people are continually passing and re-passing.

Before we enter Constantinople to mingle with the crowd and watch the ceaseless stream of life pouring through narrow streets and crowded bazaars, or gaze upon the magnificent monuments which adorn the city and connect its present history with the past, it will be well to tell, as briefly as possible, how Constantinople came to be what it is.

In the year 658 B.C. a certain navigator named Byzas, King of Megara, founded a city upon the most eastern promontory of Europe, and called it after his own name Byzantium. Although the site it occupied was but a portion of the small peninsula on which Stamboul now stands, it soon became a prosperous place. So much wealth was derived from the fisheries that the harbour of Byzantium was called the "Golden Horn;" and the vessels trading with the Euxine in supplying corn to Greece and other countries of the Mediterranean resorted to it. The situation of the city, flanked by natural fortifications, and encircled by two continents and two seas, was so admirable and enchanting that posterity deified the founder, and gave him Neptune for his father. Not for commercial prosperity only was the situation well chosen; its position was advantageous in every other respect, and especially in its suitability for a royal city, and it soon, therefore, became the envy of neighbouring Powers and eventually of all the world. Pausanias, at the head of the united Greek forces, took possession of the city, and planted in it a mixed colony of Athenians and Lacedæmonians, who held it till Pericles took it from them; afterwards they regained it; then Alcibiades got possession of it; Lysander recovered it not long after that; and it was under the Lacedæmonians when Xenophon, with the remnant of the Ten Thousand, passed through it. Thrasybulus succeeded in delivering Byzantium from servitude by driving away the Lacedæmonians, and re-established the ancient democratic rule; and for some time there was peace and prosperity, until Philip of Macedon, having extended his conquests into Thrace, laid siege to Byzantium; but, aided by the Athenians, the Byzantines were able to resist his repeated attacks. It is recorded that on a dark night Philip's soldiers were near surprising the town, when "a light shone suddenly from the north," and revealed to the inhabitants their danger. In gratitude for this the Byzantines built an altar to Diana, and assumed the crescent as the emblem of their city, a device which the Turks on their conquest of Constantinople adopted as their own.

In the course of time Byzantium underwent a variety of misfortunes. The Emperor Vespasian deprived it of all its privileges; then the cruel Severus subjugated and destroyed it after a three years' siege. At the solicitation of his son, however, Severus rebuilt the city, and made it more beautiful than before, calling it Augusta Antonina, after his son Antoninus. Under Gallienus, Byzantium was again destroyed, and most of its inhabitants massacred.

It was reserved for the first Christian Emperor to carry out the plan which his predecessors had conceived of making it a city of the Roman world. The final victory of Constantine the Great over his son-in-law and rival for empire, Licinius, was gained on the heights of Scutari, then called Chrysopolis; and within sight of the scene of his good fortune, Constantine, nearly a thousand years after the foundation of Byzantium,

drew the lines of his new city, which was at first called *Nea Roma*, but has ever since borne the name of Constantinople.

To Constantinople the Emperor transferred the capital of his Empire, and desiring to construct an immortal work for his own glory and for the prosperity of his subjects, he employed their labour, wealth, and intelligence in the execution of his project. Magnificent edifices were erected and embellished with the choicest works of the artists of antiquity, all the masterpieces of the cities of Greece and Asia Minor, consisting of columns and statues of gods, heroes, and sages, being, by an edict of Constantine, transferred to his new capital.

From the foundation of Constantinople, on the May 11th, 330, to its conquest by Mohammed II., on May 29th, 1453, a period of 1,123 years elapsed. It is not necessary that we should linger here to give an outline of the events that happened during that period—events full of horrors and tragical scenes. Fragments of that history will call for record from time to time as we examine the remains of the old Greek city of Byzantium, the city of Constantine and the Roman Empire, and the city of the Sultans.

Constantinople is scattered over hills and valleys, with labyrinthine streets winding in and out and round about, anywhere and everywhere. Every street and turning has a surprise; now, as you walk along you come upon some fantastic piece of wonderful architecture in the midst of dirt and squalor; now the street opens up a view of enchanting beauty, and the next minute you dive down into narrow alleys, with walls and sky only visible; here you find traces of gigantic works undertaken when the world was young, and beside them modern structures fanciful and ephemeral; you come upon places of amusement surrounded by graves, Christian churches by the side of mosques, bell-towers by the side of minarets, European palaces by the side of Turkish houses, Chinese kiosks, Moorish lattices, and arabesque arches. One moment you are filled with admiration, the next with disgust; now intoxicating waftings of most delicious perfumes are in the air, and now a deadly stench which makes you hurry on as though the plague were in it. Constantinople is a city which it is utterly impossible to describe as a whole, especially within narrow limits; we must therefore seize upon certain characteristic details; and to this end we will take our stand on Galata Bridge, and first of all watch the people who make up the population of the wonderful city whose inhabitants have never been numbered.

Galata Bridge is about a quarter of a mile long, and in a sense unites Europe to Asia, although as a matter of fact both shores are European territory. It crosses the Golden Horn, and joins Stamboul, the ancient Turkish, Mohammedan, and essentially Asiatic city, to Galata and Pera, the European and modern city. It is here, then, that Europe ends and Asia begins—here that the two continents meet. It is only a wooden bridge supported by pontoons, with an opening to allow vessels to pass, and a huge wharf or pier for the steamers which ply every few minutes to all parts of the Bosphorus; and yet, despite its architectural poverty, it is probably the most interesting bridge in the world. Although the toll is something less than a farthing for each person, the annual revenue amounts to about £20,000.

It has been said by Edmondo de Amicis, with a considerable amount of truth, that the “Golden Horn, which has the look of a river, separates two worlds, like the ocean.

The news of events in Europe, which circulates in Galata and Pera clearly and minutely, and is much discussed, arrives on the other shore confused and garbled, like a distant echo; the fame of great men and great things in the West is stopped by that narrow water as by an inseparable barrier, and over that bridge, where every day a hundred thousand people pass, not one idea passes in ten years."

To watch that ceaseless stream of many peoples is one of the most interesting sights of the city. Here are Albanians, with their white kilted petticoats and girdles laden with weapons; Turks, with huge turbans and gay caftans; Persians, in wonderful hats—or bon-

nets—of Astrakan fur; hamals, bearing enormous burdens; sedan chairs, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, on which are borne Armenian ladies; Latin priests, with breviary staves; Greek priests, with sprightly but cunning countenances; black-habited Copts and Jews of the old Spanish type, with long black hair and yellow coats; Croats, in long white robes fastened round the waist with dagger-bedizened belts; Tartars, dressed in sheepskins; dervishes, with conical hats and tunics of camel's hair; Perotes, with haughty steps and consequential bearing; and Bedouins of the desert, armed to the teeth. Here, too, we may see some dashing European traveller on horseback, attended by his dragoman in costly garments of Damascene embroidery; or the carriage of an Ambassador, before which the running footmen in livery, compared with whom the footmen of the Lord Mayor of London look dowdy, cry "Sacun-ha! Sacun-ha!" (Clear the way!); or ladies of the harem, in transparent veils, riding in gaudily painted carriages, before which ride the eunuchs on horseback;



A STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

English midshipmen on donkeys, going in for fun most vehemently; camels of the desert, horses of Arabia, asses of Syria, bullocks and buffaloes from the provinces, all gaily caparisoned and jingling bells or brass ornaments. Here, too, passes constantly a stream of nondescripts and beggars: a half-naked Nubian carrying a monkey; an Egyptian snake-charmer; a professional story-teller; and monstrosities of all kinds, more numerous than in Switzerland, in Naples, or in Genoa, where beggars most do congregate. Strange as all these people we have mentioned appear in the eyes of a traveller standing for the first time on Galata Bridge, the strangest people in the crowd of passers-by are the

women. Here comes a Turkish lady, with a close white veil over her face, and her body wrapped in a bewildering bundle of many-coloured and shapeless garments, walking with a stoop "and a certain waddle like that of a big baby suddenly grown up;" here comes a slave-woman, slouching along bare-footed, and exhibiting more of her figure than is quite consistent with her thick veil; those women dressed in black from head to foot, and looking as "bogey" as the *Confraternità Misericordia* of Italy, are Armenians from Trebizond; and this group approaching consists of red-capped Greeks, hooded Maltese, negresses, Circassians, ladies from Pera, and lady-tourists looking exceedingly dowdy in the midst of the blaze of many-coloured costumes.

The population of Constantinople is unknown, although it has been variously estimated at numbers ranging from 600,000 to 1,100,000, and the truth probably lies in the mean. Although so many nationalities are represented in the city either as residents or visitors, it may be said roughly that the population is made up of Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and Franks, but principally Turks and Armenians. The Jewish population is considered to be double that of the Greeks. The money-making characteristic of these Armenians is given in a familiar saying, quoted by Curzon

in his "Monasteries of the Levant," that it takes four Turks to overreach one Frank, two Franks to cheat one Greek, two Greeks to cheat one Jew, six Jews to cheat one Armenian.

From the position we have taken up on Galata Bridge we may take in at a glance the places of greatest interest—Galata and Pera on the left, Stamboul on the right, Scutari across the Marmora, and beyond it the cities of the Bosphorus; and it will be well, perhaps, to describe these places in the order we have indicated.

Galata is built upon a hill that forms a promontory between the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, and upon the site of the great cemetery of ancient Byzantium. It is a



THE TOWER OF GALATA.

busy, crowded, and dirty place, with narrow streets, shops and cafés, offices and warehouses, as well as the Exchange, the Custom House, the offices of the Austrian Lloyd's, French Messageries, &c. There is little that is Oriental in the place, and little of Old Galata remains, thousands of houses having been swept away to make room for two long streets, one mounting the hill towards Pera, the other running parallel to the seashore from one end of Galata to the other. Where Galata ends, on the side towards the Bosphorus, Tophané commences. There is a vast arsenal and a huge cannon-foundry here, and the aspect of the whole place suggests commercial prosperity. Beyond is the Mussulman suburb of Fonduklu, and beyond that there rises a vision of splendour such as can only be seen in the "gorgeous East." It is the imperial palace of Dolma Bagtché, the most magnificent palace in Constantinople. It is of pure white marble, and the façade looking towards Asia across the strait is nearly half a mile long. It seems capable of accommodating all the royal courts of the world, so vast is it, resembling more a small compact city than a palace. In its architecture all styles are mingled—Greek, Gothic, Arabic, Turkish, Roman, Renaissance; in its construction the different parts are unconnected, so that, in looking down upon it from a hill or gazing on it from a caique, we seem to see now a temple, kiosk, or mosque, now a massive palace; this part resembles an Indian pagoda, that would pass for a piece of the Alhambra, and the other for a revival of the Temple of Theseus. It would take an entire week to examine the florid decorations of the whole exterior; its exquisite columns, cornices, medallions, and arabesques; its garlands and friezes, and its endless profusion of arches, balconies, and parapets. It seems impossible that a quiet Armenian architect could have conceived it. Rather "some enamoured Sultan must have dreamed it, and offered it to the most ambitious of his beauties. In front stretches a row of monumental pilasters, united by gilded railings, which represent a delicate interlacing of flowering branches, and which, seen from a distance, look like curtains of lace that the wind might carry away. Long flights of marble steps descend from the gates to the water, and hide themselves in the sea. Everything is white, fresh and neat, as if the palace had been finished but yesterday. An artistic eye might discern a thousand errors of harmony or taste; but the whole effect is very rich and splendid, and the first aspect of that array of snow-white royal buildings, enamelled like jewels, crowded with verdure, reflected in the water, leaves an impression of power, mystery, and beauty that almost effaces the recollection of the Old Seraglio."

It has been said of Galata that it is in the form of an extended fan, the Tower of Galata representing its handle. This Tower, round, high, and terminating in a conical point, under which is a gallery where watchmen walk night and day to give warning in case of fire, rises on the line of the wall that once separated Galata from Pera. That wall has long since disappeared, and the antique Tower, built by the Genoese, has also vanished, and in its place is the Tower built by Mohammed II., a conspicuous object in the landscape, and from the gallery at the point commanding a magnificent view. A vast Mussulman cemetery separates Galata from the suburb of Cassim Pasha on the west.

Pera is the "West End" of Constantinople; it is modern, European, fashionable; the Grand Rue is always crowded with a most bewildering medley of foot-passengers, and

ceaseless traffic rumbles over its roughly-paved road. On either side are handsome shops, where the latest novelties, French, English, and American may be seen, cafés crowded with fashionable loungers, consulates, clubs, palaces of Ambassadors, and a number of places of amusement. Beyond the Grand Rue is the street of Dgiedessy, the "Rotten Row" of Pera, abounding with cafés, and near to the vast cemeteries for people of all religions except the Hebrew, where the cypress shadows the Muslim's tomb with its sculptured turban, and the terebinth keeps watch by the Armenian's grave. It is said that this homeless people brought this tree with them from the shores of Lake Van, and now they love to see those who are dear to them "sheltered in their last sleep by its ancestral shade." The view from the burying-ground at Pera is one of the finest in the world; from it can be seen the sparkling waters of the Golden Horn, with Stamboul rising suddenly—a glorious vision of white palaces and trees of darkest foliage—while the undulations of the Seven Hills may be clearly traced, and glimpses caught of the Seven Towers, the Palace of Belisarius, and the course of the brave old walls.

Among the curious sights of Constantinople which nearly every traveller makes a point of visiting is the establishment of the Dancing Dervishes at Pera. The building in which these Dancing Dervishes perform their religious exercises does certainly not impress one with any idea of sacredness. It has a very commonplace exterior, and inside resembles many "halls" on the Continent set apart for the exhibitions of acrobats and conjurers. On the floor of the hall is a circular space railed off, with a parterre beyond, and galleries above, while in a recess sit the musicians, whose singular instruments send forth those strange, monotonous sounds which constitute Turkish music. The leader or priest stands in the centre of the circle, and the dervishes—about twenty in number on the occasions when we have witnessed the performance—clothed in light grey flannel robes, made very full, and with grey felt hats like inverted flower-pots on their heads, and feet bare, spin round him in a kind of waltz. The left foot appears to be kept constantly on the floor, while the right foot is passed round rather than over it to effect the revolution. Each man keeps his hands outspread, with his fingers pointing to the ground, or folded upwards across his breast, and whirls round like a spinning top, his garments extending almost horizontally from the hips.

Another of the curious sights of Constantinople, and generally seen first by Europeans on their way to the hotels in Pera, is the shock-headed, stout-limbed, broad-shouldered hamals, or porters, dressed in grey loose jackets with white sleeves, grey gaiters, and red belts, who walk about with enormous loads such as no other men could carry. These men, who are mostly Armenians from the neighbourhood of Van, look upon the profession of hamal as an heirloom. They are constituted into a powerful body, with a chief called Vakil, or deputy, and monopolise the carrying trade of the city and suburbs. The load of a hamal is oftentimes as much as that borne by a horse and cart, and it is one of the first astonishing sights of the newly-arrived traveller to see his trunks, portmanteaus, hat-box, wrappers, bath, and other articles of luggage piled up on the back of one man, who mounts the steep streets with an ease and fleetness altogether surprising, calling out lustily, "Guarda! Guarda!"—an injunction difficult for foot-passengers to obey in those narrow, tortuous streets, which his bundles nearly touch on either side. It is a common



saying in Constantinople that a hamal can carry whatever four strong men can lift on to his back, and it is a fact that some of these men are able to bear loads to the extent of five hundred-weight.

Stamboul, like Rome, is built upon Seven Hills. As Rome was divided into fourteen Regions or parts, so was Constantinople. Each Region had its ephor, or curator, called "the Chief of the Region," and under him were subordinates whose duty it was to keep watch over the city during the night, to prevent disorders, and to give warning in case of fire. The whole city was surrounded by walls, still in existence, and twenty-eight gates, and these afford subject of deep interest to the student, for the walls can tell him

of the whole military history of the city, from the time when Byzas, Pausanias the Spartan, and the Emperor Severus reared them round Byzantium, and Constantine joined them to those of Constantinople, down to the time when the last gun was fired in action in the city of the Sultans; and the gates could tell him of all its social, domestic, and political history, for in all Oriental cities the gate was selected as the place for administering justice and transacting business, as being the most public and the easiest of access. It will be remembered that the name of the Turkish Government is taken from one of the gates—the Sublime Porte.

The present walls of Constantinople are about fifteen miles in extent, and may be traversed through their entire course by any one so minded, by starting, say, at the gate of the Blacherne quarter, following the line



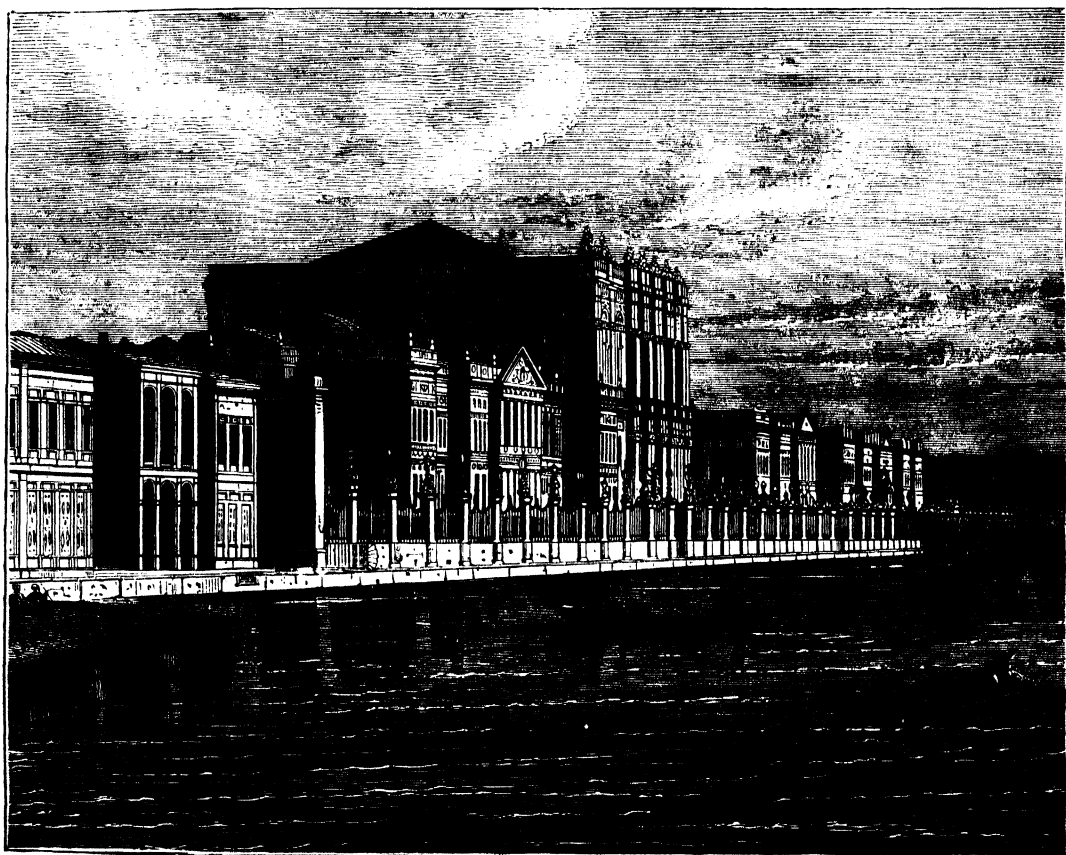
A TURKISH HAMAL, OR PORTEB.

by the Golden Horn as far as the Castle of the Seven Towers, and returning along the shore of the Sea of Marmora, thus going round the whole triangle of the great city.

Instead of taking an imaginary tour of the walls, however, it will be better for our purpose to visit each of the Seven Hills, as in doing so we shall be brought in contact with everything most interesting in Constantinople, ancient and modern. Everywhere we shall see narrow streets, magnificent mosques, graceful kiosks, gorgeous mausoleums covered with inscriptions in gold and mosaic, and wondrous fountains and monuments, looking like embroideries in marble; and everywhere these things will stand out in startling contrast with meanness and filth. Yet all is Oriental, and even the dirt and squalor are not unfrequently picturesque.

On the first of the Seven Hills—that which forms the point of the triangle washed by the Sea of Marmora—stands the Old Seraglio on the site where Byzantium first rose with her Acropolis, and the Temple of Jove, and the palace of the Empress Placidia, and the

Baths of Arcadius. Before the Seraglio was thrown open to the public, it was invested with ten thousand mysteries, and it is amusing to take up a book of fifty years ago purporting to give a description of the place. Of course that was an impossibility to those who had not seen it; but we are fain to confess it is equally so to those who have. The whole story of the origin, progress, rise, and decline of the Turkish Empire, from the time when Mohammed II. laid its foundations, to the time of Abdul-Medjid, who abandoned



IMPERIAL PALACE OF DOLMA-BAGHTCHÉ.

the Seraglio to inhabit the Palace of Dolma-Baghtché, is intimately bound up with these marvellous buildings, occupying an extent of no less than three miles in circuit.

In the Old Seraglio the history of Constantinople may be read. Here in the time of the Byzantines stood altars in honour of Neptune, Venus, and Apollo; on these ruins Constantine built churches, and on the ruins of these Mohammed II. laid the foundations of the Seraglio, which was at once "a royal palace, a fortress, and a sanctuary. Here were the brain and heart of Islamism; a city within a city, inhabited by a people and guarded by an army, embracing within its walls an infinite variety of edifices, palaces of pleasure or of horror; where the Sultans were born, ascended the throne, were deposed, imprisoned,

strangled; where all conspiracies began and the cry of rebellion was first heard; where for three centuries the eyes of anxious Europe, timid Asia, and frightened Africa were fixed as on a smoking volcano threatening ruin on all sides."

The Seraglio is not a palace, but a series of palaces—not a vast building, but a series of vast detached buildings—not a mighty architectural work, but a multitude of handsome edifices, thrown together irregularly, without order, and in every variety of style. It consists of mosques, baths, summer and winter houses, magnificent palaces, forests of cypresses, gardens, Government buildings, State offices, the Mint, the Armoury; and the whole is surrounded by walls separating it from the rest of the city, and approached by the famous gate known as the Sublime Porte. The situation of the Seraglio is perfectly unique; it stands on a beautiful hill, commanding views of Galata and Pera on one side, and of Scutari, with the distant white-robed Olympus, on the other; the sea bathes it on three sides, two continents look down upon it, and two seas and two straits converge towards it.

Unfortunately, during the past thirty or forty years, the Seraglio has undergone so many changes and modern innovations, that it has almost been "improved away," while the greater part of the palace was on August 12th, 1863, destroyed by fire. It is hard to say whether neglect or improvement has most conspired to make the Seraglio as it is to-day, only a reminiscence of the Seraglio as it was when inhabited by the Sultan and his harem. But there is still much to be seen; there is the curious Bab-Umaïum, or Imperial Gate, loaded with arabesques, and still bearing aloft the inscription placed there by Mohammed II., "Allah preserve eternally the glory of its possessor." At this gate the citizens were wont to gather in the morning to see whose noble heads might be exposed in the spaces on either side of the gate. Beyond the Bab-Umaïum is the Court of the Janissaries, surrounded by buildings of all shapes and sizes, with a magnificent plane-tree in the centre, which ten men with extended arms can scarcely embrace; at its foot the small stone columns are shown on which decapitations took place, in the "good old days" when the frown of the Padishah meant death, and executions were tolerated on any, every, or no pretence whatever. Close by is the Treasury, with its magnificent collection of jewels and curiosities, not the least interesting of which are a throne of pearls and precious stones, and a large cabinet of lapis-lazuli and diamonds. The Church of St. Irene, founded by Constantine, is converted into an Armoury, in which are rifles and other barbarous instruments of modern warfare, arranged in graceful groups around the cross where once stood the altar of the Christian Church! There is also an amusing and interesting collection of costumes, decking long rows of motionless wooden figures representing padishahs, eunuchs, viziers, muftis, chamberlains, pages, guards, Janissaries, cooks, water-bearers, servants, officials, priests, kings, and all in the splendour of ancient Oriental robes.

It is not until the Bab-el-Selam, or Gate of Salvation, is passed, that the magnificence of the Seraglio bursts upon the view; the open space into which you then enter is a "measureless hall with the sky for a ceiling," surrounded by visions of the most graceful architecture, lofty buildings, gilded domes, and an arcade of slender marble columns. On one side is the Divan once used for the sittings of the Court of State—of whose proceedings stories might be told more terrible than of the Vehm-Gericht or the Council of Ten—and the Reception Hall—where the Sultans gave State audiences—and other offices of State, all

so exquisite in carving, painting, and gilding that they have been compared to "pavilions of lace set with jewels."

The Bab-Seadet, or Gate of Felicity—a gate which for four hundred years was closed to every Christian unless he came in the name of a king or a people—leads to the private apartments of the Sultan. It was always invested with a strange terror or a mysterious interest, and even now it is impossible to enter it without a sense of wonder and awe, for here cluster legends of poetry and passion, of lust and luxuriance, of gaieties and tragedies. In the Hall of the Throne, in the gardens and courts, in the baths and kiosks, among fountains, and trees of prodigal growth, and in the white buildings of the Harem, one is inclined to moralise, for stories of blood and treachery and horrible cruelty alternate with stories of romance and prodigality and Arabian Nights' wonders.

In the garden of the Old Seraglio there is a slender column of grey granite, surmounted by a handsome Corinthian capital. Upon the pedestal is part of a Latin inscription. This is the Column of Theodosius, erected, it is affirmed, in A.D. 381, in honour of Theodosius, whose equestrian statue it once bore.

When Mohammed II. entered Constantinople in triumph, he went straight to the Church of St. Sophia, amid the cheers and acclamations of his troops, and from thence he entered the famous Palace of the Greek Emperors, which he afterwards demolished in order to build the Old Seraglio; and, seeing in imagination the destruction that would so soon fall upon that magnificent edifice, he quoted a couplet from the Persian of Sadi—

"The spider has woven her web in the Palace of the Cæsars,  
The owl shrieks its nightly song on the towers of Aphrasiab."

And the traveller in visiting the Old Seraglio to-day may also repeat the lines with prophetic significance.

Opposite the principal entrance of the Old Seraglio, and still on the first of the Seven Hills, stands what to the majority of Christians is the most interesting edifice in the whole city, the magnificent Temple of St. Sophia. Between it and the gate is the most perfect gem of Turkish art in all the world, the famous Fountain of Sultan Ahmed III., in the whitest of white marble, and decorated from top to bottom with the most exquisite carvings.

At first sight St. Sophia is disappointing. It does not inspire you with any strong emotion; it is vast, but that is all. There are four high minarets, but they give no idea of the building. There is, of course, the dome, but from without you have no conception of what it really is; it looks disappointingly small, and at close quarters compares disadvantageously with the other mosques of Constantinople, and with St. Peter's and St. Paul's. But on entering the building the effect is bewildering in its grandeur. The dome, light and airy, seems suspended in the air; measureless pilasters, enormous arches, and forests of colossal columns, galleries, tribunes, and porticoes surround you, and all are bathed in glorious coloured light streaming through the forty large windows that light up the centre of the mosque.

So much has been written about St. Sophia that anything like a full description would be quite out of place here. There are, however, a few special characteristics that must be noted. Seven half-domes surround the principal dome, two beneath it and five below these two, and as you gaze up into the "abyss suspended overhead" it seems as though the dome were upheld by a miracle; you cannot detect the means by which it is supported, and you feel inclined to accept almost literally the description of the Greek poet who said it was suspended by seven invisible threads from the Throne of God. At the base of the dome is a gallery, above which are the forty arched windows, and in the top is written the sentence which Mohammed II. uttered as he sat on horseback in front of the high altar, on the day of the taking of Constantinople, "Allah is the light of heaven and of the earth." An impression of vastness is produced on the mind in St. Sophia which is not felt in St. Peter's or St. Paul's, and it arises from the fact that the dome, as a writer has well described it, "dominates and lights the whole edifice, and a segment of it may be seen from every side; whichever way you may turn you always find yourself beneath it, and your eye and mind rise and float within its circle with a pleasurable sensation almost like that of flying."

Destitute as the building is of furniture, and bare as it appears at first sight of decoration, there are many curious and interesting things to see. There are, for example, the splendid pillars of porphyry and marble, eight of which belonged to the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, and others to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, while others came from Palmyra, Thebes, Rome, Athens, and Alexandria. In the angles formed by the four arches that sustain the cupola are the gigantic wings of four cherubims in mosaic, whose faces are concealed by gilded rosettes, as it is contrary to the Mussulman religion to tolerate the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above or in the earth beneath, within their sanctuaries. In the apse behind where the altar once stood is still to be seen, through the whitewash which has been placed over it, the outline of a gigantic figure representing the Divine Wisdom, the Second Person in the Trinity, to whom the church was dedicated by Constantine. "It seems," says the late Dr. Macleod, "to keep possession of the church amid all changes, until the building be once more occupied by Christian worshippers, as it may be ere many years go round. The Christ is not effaced, but only concealed for a time—a prophecy of the future."

Everywhere in the *mosque* are to be found traces of the *church*, although the mosque attempts to overlay the church. There is the pulpit from which the Koran is read by the Ratib, with a drawn sword in his hand, indicating that the mosque was acquired by conquest when it was a church; the dim religious light streams through the three great windows of the apse—those windows were made to represent the Trinity; the guides still point out the door through which the bishop fled who was saying mass when the church was captured, and which closed upon him, and will never be opened until the mosque shall once more become a church—and, stranger than all, you notice that the mats and praying-carpets spread over the vast flooring of the mosque are arranged obliquely to the lines of the building, and produce a most annoying effect to the eye capable of enjoying harmony and perspective: it arises from the fact that the altar of the Christian Church did not lie in the precise direction of Mecca, towards which the Mussulman turns in prayer, and as the Mohammedans could not move the structure to answer their purpose, they had to move their mats.

Strange vicissitudes has the Temple of St. Sophia seen. Originally it was built of wood in an oblong form by Constantine the Great, in the year A.D. 325—the same year in which the Council of Nice was opened. In the reign of Arcadius, A.D. 404, it was burnt down, but not until it had echoed with the fierce denunciations of the resolute and fearless Chrysostom,



THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

and the winning words of grace of the Golden-mouthed archbishop. Theodosius, the son of Arcadius, rebuilt it; but in the reign of Justinian it was burnt a second time, on the occasion of the great revolt in the Hippodrome, in which 36,000 of the mutineers were massacred by Belisarius and other generals.

Then arose the present edifice—Anthemius of Tralles, and Isidorus of Miletus, were the architects, Justinian was the superintendent; a hundred architects acted as foremen, under whom were 10,000 workmen. Tradition affirms that many parts of the design were given

by special interposition of angels; be this as it may, history records that while the workmen laboured the priests chanted, and Justinian, robed in a linen tunic, encouraged workmen and priests, while constant crowds of wondering people watched, stage by stage, the rise of the mammoth structure. The mortar was made with barley-water, and the foundations were cemented with a mastic made of lime and barley-water; the aerial dome was built of pumice-stone, that floats on water, and with bricks from the Island of Rhodes, five of which scarcely weigh as much as one ordinary brick, and twelve of them did not weigh more than the weight of one of the ordinary tiles. On each brick was the inscription, "Deus in medio eius, non commovebitur, Adiuvabit eam Deus vultu suo" (Ps. xlv. 5), and at every twelfth row holy relics were built in, while the priests chanted and the people prayed.

Interesting as all these particulars are, probably the most interesting thing in connection with St. Sophia is that, as Latin Christianity emanated from the ancient capital of the West, Greek Christianity went out of the ancient capital of the Roman Empire in the East, from this church where once was the patriarchal throne of St. John Chrysostom.

St. Sophia is only one of the fourteen chief or imperial mosques of Constantinople. Nearly all of these are lofty and magnificent, built from base to summit of white marble, and crowned with a dome or cupola. Besides these, there are sixty other large mosques, varying in size and beauty, and nearly three hundred small mosques. It is not our intention to attempt a description of these, but a few words may not be out of place here with regard to mosques and Islamism generally.

Almost all the great mosques have enormous naves; plain, simple, but grand, diffused with an equal and soft light streaming through innumerable windows. There is nothing to distract the mind in the mosques; they are covered with thick carpets so that no footfall is heard; there are no pictures, no statues, no representations of living things; mosaics of stained glass form the decoration of the windows; inscriptions from the Koran, a single reading-chair, a pulpit, lecterns, and praying-mats are almost all that adorn the interior, except in the time of festivals, when from the vaults of the domes depend innumerable thick silken cords, to which are attached ostrich-eggs, bronze lamps, and globes of crystal. Each worshipper when he enters a mosque leaves his shoes with the door-keeper, performs his ablutions at a tank, if not already purified, and then turning towards Mecca, goes through his various orisons and prostrations. If he be sincere there is nothing to intercept him from the object of his adoration, the One God of whom Mohammed is *the* Prophet. "There is no argument for either melancholy or terror; there are neither illusions nor mysteries nor obscure corners. There is nothing but the clear, perfect, and formidable idea of one solitary God, who loves the severe nudity of the desert, inundated with light, and admits no other image of Himself than the heavens!" In every mosque the *Imams*, or ministers, are constantly engaged in attending to the services of the mosques, and instructing scholars in the Koran. On Friday (the Mohammedan Sabbath) the *Kateeb* publicly prays and preaches, and at stated times daily the *Ratib* recites certain prayers, the call to which is chanted from the galleries of the minarets by an official called *Muezzin*. This latter custom is one of the most beautiful connected with Islamism. At the five canonical Muslim hours, at the exact moment in every part of the world where the name of the Prophet is honoured, the *Muezzin* comes forth on the terrace of his minaret, and lifting up his voice cries four times

—north, south, east, and west—the sacred formula, “God is great! There is but one God! Mohammed is the Prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come and be saved! God is great! God is one alone! Come to prayer!” You stand upon some vantage-ground and hear this cry, and see the people flocking into the mosque, or kneel prostrate on the ground in the midst of their work, with their faces turned towards the Holy Mosque; and as you listen, another cry, fainter, reaches your ear, and perchance another fainter still, and you know that from every minaret in Europe, Asia, and Africa, the same cry is going forth, and the sacred time of prayer for weary souls has come. It is recorded that Mohammed hesitated long whether the call to prayer should not be by silver trumpets, as in the case of the Israelites. It was well that he determined the call to prayer should be from human voices; no one who has heard the cry of the Muezzin can have failed to have had his heart touched, and to have wished that all over the world human voices could be stirring human hearts to prayer.

We have lingered too long on this first hill of Stamboul, but we must not leave it until we have caught a glimpse at least of the magnificent Mosque of Sultan Ahmed—enormous, light and aerial without, as St. Sophia is within; its dome supported by four measureless pilasters of white marble, and the only mosque in the city that has six minarets. Nor can we pass on without standing reverently for awhile before one of the most interesting of the remains of antiquity in Stamboul, the Hippodrome, or, as it is now called, the At-Meidan, or Race-course, the scene, according to some authorities, of the massacre of the Janissaries. It was commenced by Severus and finished by Constantine the Great, who first established horse-races, and continued them annually on the anniversary of the foundation of Constantinople. Originally the Hippodrome was surrounded with walls in which were three gates—one for the emperors, another for the people, and the third for the combatants. All round the interior were porticoes with marble staircases by which the spectators ascended to their places in the auditorium. The imperial seat was supported by eighty large columns; to the right of these were the seats of the Verts and Veneti, the two rival factions in Constantinople, which, like the Prætorians in Rome, the Strelitz in Russia, and the Janissaries in Turkey, endangered by their revolutions and civil wars the very existence of the Greek Empire.

The Hippodrome was once ornamented with magnificent columns, and statues of gods, heroes, emperors, and gladiators, but these have long since disappeared; nearly all that was of copper was melted down by the Venetians under “Blind old Dandolo,” when they took Constantinople in 1204, and the remainder was applied to various purposes when Mohammed II. took possession of the city. Three monuments only remain: a quadrangular obelisk covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics expressing the history, theology, and acts of the Pharaonic Kings, which was brought from Heliopolis—the “On” of Scripture—and was reared by Theodosius the Great, in the Hippodrome, in A.D. 390, in commemoration of the victory he gained over Maximus, the usurper of the Empire of the West. The sculptures on the sides of the pedestal represent scenes in the life of Theodosius. This monument—which, according to some authorities, was quarried “about 1,736 years before the Christian era, and 437 years before the entrance of Abraham into Egypt, and counts over 3,000 years of existence”—bears upon the south side an exquisite prayer to one of the gods.



The second monument is the celebrated Bronze Serpent, one of the most interesting memorials of the old heathen world. This is its story:—In the sacred enclosure of the Temple of Delphi in Greece, where the wonderful revelations or oracles of the Pythian



A TURKISH LADY.

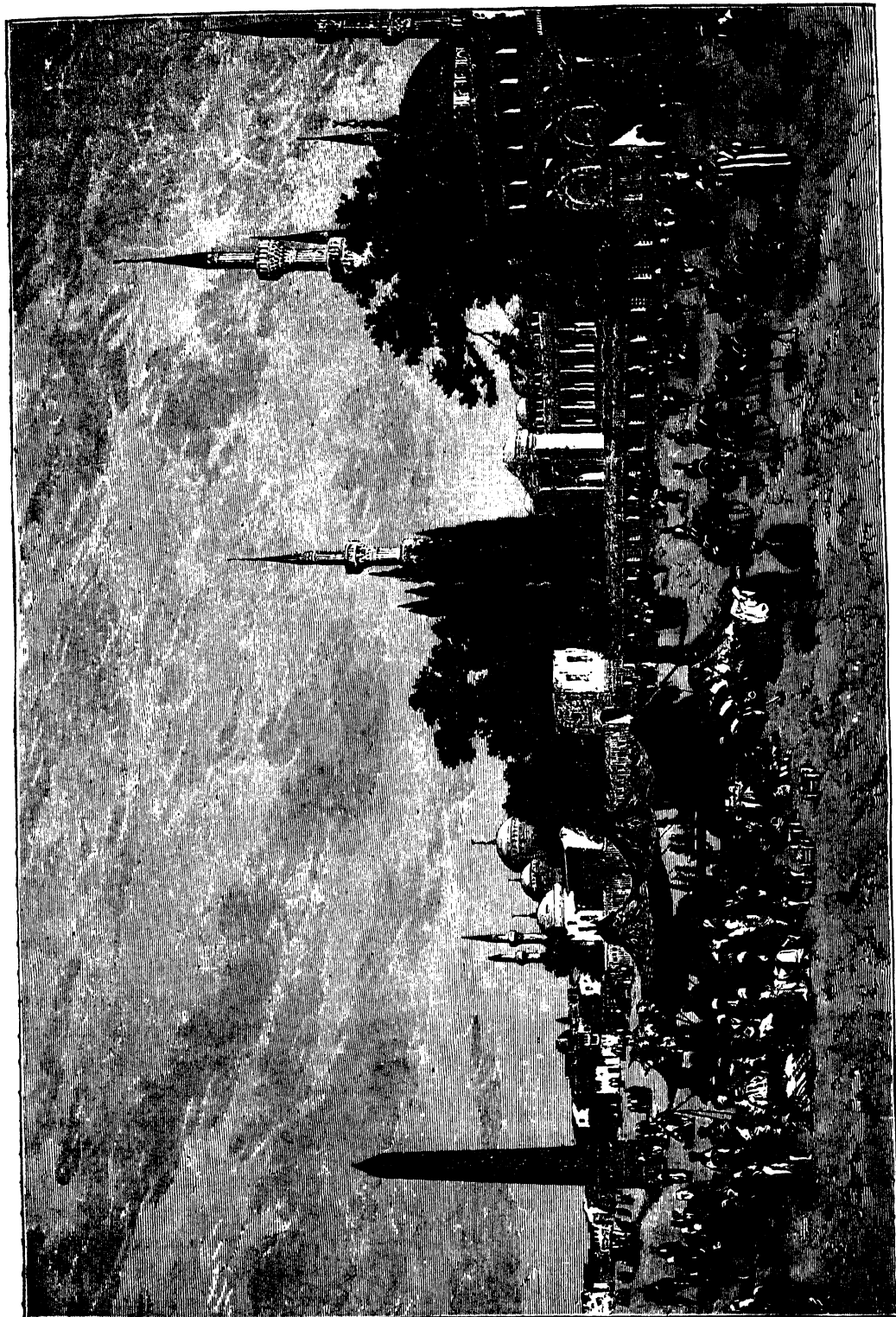
Apollo were given, there was a bronze serpent commemorative of the living one slain there by Apollo, and some of whose remains were preserved in the temple, and were associated with the responses given by the "inspired" priestess. After the great battle of Plataea, between the Spartan general, Pausanias, and the Persian Mardonius (B.C. 479), the tithe of the spoils taken from the Persians was dedicated in the form of a golden tripod to the Temple of Apollo, and placed on the three heads of the Bronze Serpent. Thucydides states that Pausanias had inscribed on the golden tripod his own praises only, which so irritated the Lacedaemonians, who had taken a worthy part in the battle, that they erased his inscription, and in its stead recorded the names of all the Greek States which had shared in the battle. In course of time

the golden tripod was taken as spoil, but, two centuries after Christ, the bronze intertwined serpent on which it had stood remained in its original place. Authentic history, moreover, records that Constantine the Great removed with other spoils from heathen temples this very bronze serpent from Delphi, and had it erected in the Hippodrome at Constantinople. There it now stands, minus the three heads; and what beyond doubt connects the history of the bronze column of the Hippodrome with that existing nearly 3,000 years ago at the Oracle of Delphi, is a discovery made only a few years ago by Mr. Newton when he dug round the column and explored its base—a discovery afterwards confirmed by two learned Germans, Drs. Frick and Dethier, who by means of acids brought out on the column the names of the Greek States which had fought at Plataea, as narrated by Thucydides.\*

The third monument in the Hippodrome is the ancient Colossus of Stone, formerly covered from top to bottom with gilded copper. It bears an inscription to this effect. "This marvellous quadrangular Colossus, injured by time, was by the Emperor Constantine, Father of Romain, rebuilt and made handsomer than before. Just as the Colossus of Rhodes was there a marvel, so is this one of copper here."

In ancient times the Four Bronze Horses, which now stand in the gallery over the portal of St. Mark's Church in Venice, adorned this Hippodrome. Of their curious history

\* "Eastward," by Dr. Norman Macleod. "Travels and Discoveries in the Levant," by C. T. Newton, M.A.



we shall speak in the chapter on Venice, but it may be briefly stated here that they are believed to have been carried away from Corinth to Rome, and placed upon the triumphal arches of Nero and Trajan respectively; that they were next brought to Constantinople and stationed first in the Temple of the Sun, and then in the Hippodrome, from whence they were removed to Venice by the Venetians, and remained there till 1797, when they were taken by the French and placed on the arch in the Place du Carrousel in Paris till 1815, when they were restored to Venice.

Ascending now to the second hill of Stamboul, we come to the Mosque of Osmanieh—"The Light of Osman"—near to which is the celebrated Burnt Column, one of the few remaining antique columns of Constantinople. It receives its name from the number of fires by which it has been injured. It is composed of eight pieces of porphyry, is ninety feet high and thirty feet in circumference, and was brought from Rome by Constantine, and placed on the spot where it now stands, then the centre of the ancient Forum, surrounded by porticoes, triumphal arches, and statues. On the summit was a statue of Apollo, and under the pedestal some of the signs of the miracles of Christ were placed, so that on this account many who pass it make the sign of the cross and an obeisance. The inscription placed upon it by Constantine was to the following effect:—

"O Christ, King and Master of the Universe,  
It is to Thee that I consecrate this humble City,  
As also these sceptres and the power of Rome;  
Have them in Thy keeping, and preserve them from harm."

Beyond this hill are the Bazaars, extending from the Mosque of Bajazet to that of the Sultana Validé, and containing an immense labyrinth of covered streets or arcades. Swarms of people are constantly passing through these bazaars, while inside the shops or stalls the Turkish owners sit smoking solemnly, showing no eagerness to attract customers, while Greeks and Jews mingle with the crowd, and keep up a perpetual clatter, pestering them to buy. Particular trades and merchandise are to be found in separate streets or quarters, although all run one into the other by innumerable lanes, alleys, and arcaded streets. One bazaar is occupied by tobacco merchants, where every kind of tobacco, from the finest ever made to the coarsest ever smoked, is displayed, mostly in pyramids surmounted by a lemon; another bazaar, strongly scented, is that of the drugs, with spices, unguents, essences from India, Arabia, Egypt, and elsewhere. Then there is the bazaar of stuffs and clothing, ablaze with gorgeous embroidery from Damascus and Bagdad, where the costumes of all nations may be purchased, and specimens of silks, satins, and gold lace seen, of which Europeans have no conception. The Jewellers' Bazaar is richer in treasure than the diamond-mines of Sindbad the Sailor, and every inch of every stall is crowded with dazzling heaps of precious stones. Then there is the Shoe Bazaar, the Pipe Bazaar, the Bazaar of Perfumes, where one is almost intoxicated with the odour of seraglio pastilles and attar of roses; the picturesque Bazaar of Arms; the Old Clo' Bazaar, presided over, of course, by Jews; the Fez Bazaar, besides others devoted to furriers, cutlers, gold thread makers, engravers, goldsmiths, curriers, leather-workers, and every trade by which a penny may be turned honestly or otherwise.

Upon the third hill, which dominates both the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, stands the magnificent Mosque of Soliman, the rival of St. Sophia—"a sacred city more than a temple," with three enormous naves, and a dome higher than that of St. Sophia resting on four gigantic columns of rose granite. Near to it is the splendid tower of the Seraskierat, standing in the court of the Ministry of War, where once was the Palace of Constantine. This tower was built in the reign of Mohammed II., of white marble of Marmora, and is upon the plan of a regular polygon of sixteen sides. It is unlike anything else anywhere; slender as a column, rising higher than the minarets of Soliman, it seems as if a puff of wind would blow it down, or as if the watchmen who pace the gallery on the summit night and day might overbalance it. Any one with strong nerves may ascend to the summit, where a view bursts upon the sight which never fails to draw a cry of astonishment. The whole city lies at your feet, you see all the hills and valleys, seas and straits; houses clustering upon houses, cities clustering upon cities; distant islands and backgrounds of mountains.

Between the third and fourth hills stretches the enormous Aqueduct of the Emperor Valentinian, formed of rows of light arches but of stupendous strength—Herculean works which appear now almost impossible.

On the fourth hill is the Mosque of Mohammed II., on the site of the famous Church of the Holy Apostles, built by the Empress Helena, and rebuilt by Theodora. Close to this mosque is an ancient column of granite called the Stone of Marcius. It has a Corinthian capital of exquisite workmanship, and still bears the imperial eagles in marble. It was vulgarly supposed to possess miraculous power in revealing the secrets of maidens. It is said by some that the massacre of the Janissaries took place near to this column on a spot called Et Meidan, not to be confounded with the At-Meidan, or Hippodrome, of which we have already written, and of which the same statement is current.

Standing on the fifth hill of Stamboul we have by our side the sumptuous Mosque of Selim, which, like most of the other mosques, occupies only one part of an enclosure embracing any number of courts and houses, in which are schools for the study of the Koran, libraries, infirmaries, refuges for travellers and outcasts, baths, "a small town hospitable and beneficent gathered around the temple." Below this hill is the Fanar, or Greek quarter, the seat of the Patriarchate. One cannot help exclaiming, "How are the mighty fallen!" when looking for the religious edifices of the Greeks in Constantinople, whence went forth their religion. The patriarchal Church of St. George stands just within the Gate of St. Peter, and near to the ancient well. This "Cathedral Church of all the East is a poor affair; it cannot accommodate more than 700 persons, and although it can boast an episcopal chair, from which it is said, but doubtfully believed, that St. Chrysostom delivered his homilies, and possesses the column to which the Saviour was bound when scourged, it is but a meagre cathedral to represent a Church which numbered many years ago over 65,000,000, of whom 50,000,000 were in Russia and 12,000,000 in Turkey. This is the scene of the horrible massacre of 1821, and as we leave the court of the church we pass under the beam from which the aged Gregory, Patriarch of Constantinople, was hanged in his pontifical robes on Easter Sunday of that fatal year.

Ascending to the sixth hill we stand on the "land that was occupied by the eight cohorts of the 40,000 Goths of Constantine," and looking down we behold spread out before us Balata, the Jews' quarter, and beyond Balata the ancient suburb of Blacherne, once the favourite residence of the emperors, but now a mass of ruins.

It is estimated that there are at least 60,000 Jews resident in Constantinople, the



PALACE OF THE SUBLIME PORTE.

majority of whom live in Balata, which is situated between the Fanar and Eyub, the former the head-quarters of the Greek Patriarch and of Christianity in Stamboul, the latter inhabited by the most fanatical Mussulmans, who have among them the sacred mosque which neither Jew nor Christian may enter. The Jews mingle freely with the rest of the world in Constantinople, and yet live apart from them, for, says Mr. H. E. H. Jerningham, "the Greeks detest them, the Turks loathe them, the Christians abhor them, and they live in fear and dread of all those who are not followers of the Talmud. They are descendants of the Jews banished from Spain by the bigoted Philip II., and the language they speak is a mixture of bad Spanish, worse Greek, and infamous Turkish." A more disgusting place than Balata, the Ghetto of the Jews, cannot be found even in Constantinople

and its suburbs; the people are degenerate, the place is filthy—rags, dogs, disease and death abound.

On the seventh and last of the hills of Stamboul once stood the Forum-Boarium; it is the grandest of all the hills, but there are few memories here of ancient or modern greatness save the pedestal of the Column of Arcadius, once in the Forum of Arcadius, and an exact copy of the Column of Trajan at Rome. It was taken down in 1695, having been so much injured by fire and earthquake that its fall was daily expected, and now nothing but the pedestal remains, and this forms part of a blacksmith's shop.

Beyond this hill is the suburb of Ortaksila, and, again beyond that, is the suburb of



FOUNTAIN OF THE SERAGLIO. (*From a Photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co.*)

Eyub, the "Holy Ground" of the Osmanli. Here rests Eyub, the standard-bearer of Mohammed, in a magnificent mosque built entirely of white marble. None but a Mussulman may—or might, for the most sacred mosques are now being thrown open to the infidels, *i.e.*, Christians—tread this hallowed shrine. Whether or not permission to enter is granted, unbelievers can look through the broad and lofty windows, and see the sarcophagus

of the hero standing in a hall covered with richly embroidered palls and scarves, and surrounded by other sarcophagi, in which rest the wives, children, and nearest relations of Eyub. Hard by the mosque is an exquisite fountain of white marble, surrounded by a railing of gilded iron, and furnished with bright drinking-cups, which a Turk, expressly employed for the purpose, hands round to the passers-by.

In this rapid sketch we have not been able to point out all the monuments and memorials of interest in the city; or to speak of the vast Cistern of Constantine, called "The Thousand and One Columns;" of the aqueducts and fountains; of khans and barracks; of baths, ancient and modern, and ruins of ancient palaces. We have not been able to tarry to read the inscriptions on mosques, fountains, public buildings generally, and baths in particular, on one of which occurs the following, "Be not shy of taking off thy clothes, for what is life if not a place where each must drop the robe of flesh?"

Nor have we been able to depict the life and manners of the people in the neighbourhoods through which we have been passing. The street-scenes of Constantinople are, however, teeming with interest; the people that we have referred to as being seen on the Galata Bridge are, of course, to be seen everywhere else in their curious and strangely diversified costumes; long strings of camels, laden with huge loads so as completely to block up some of the narrow streets, and send all wayfarers to the refuge of doors and archways, wend their tortuous way; bullocks with jingling bells, drawing primitive waggons, bump and rattle over the ill-paved streets; donkeys by the hundreds, some gaily caparisoned, are to be seen everywhere, sometimes almost hidden by the ponderous rider—a big turbaned Turk, or a veiled woman with mysterious apparel resembling a balloon in only a partial state of collapse; water-sellers keep up a constant clatter as they pour out the cool draughts from jars covered with leafy boughs to protect them from the sun; and fruit-stall-keepers dilate on the ripeness of rosy apples, oranges, pomegranates, lemons, and citrons. Now a sedan-chair passes, bearing some stylish lady from Pera, who is on her way to pay visits at houses inaccessible in any other conveyance. Here sit professional letter-writers cross-legged on benches, who with reed in hand and ink-bottle duly slung from the girdle, and with paper ready on the out-stretched palm, are always ready to "speed the soft intercourse from the soul of Zuleika in Stamboul to the soul of Youssef in Bagdad." There are the boot-cleaners, whose name is legion, always driving a good trade, for the greatest insult one person can offer another is to enter a house with soiled boots, consequently boot-cleaning is carried on to a huge extent in all parts of the city, and round every public building groups of Turks may be seen at every hour of the day having a polish. There, too, are the fez-repairers, whose trade is always in request, for in Constantinople four-fifths of the males wear fezzes, and every wearer of a fez likes to see it stiff and firm; when it collapses it is taken to a repairer, who places it tightly on an inverted brass pot over a charcoal fire, another brass pot is then fitted over the fez, and by means of two handles is made to revolve round the lower pot, by which means the fez regains its original stiffness.

As we gaze upon the ever-changing groups in the crowd, there comes along the street—badly paved with small round stones, without footpaths, and ankle-deep in mud or dust according to the weather—a Greek funeral. The priests chant a mournful dirge, the

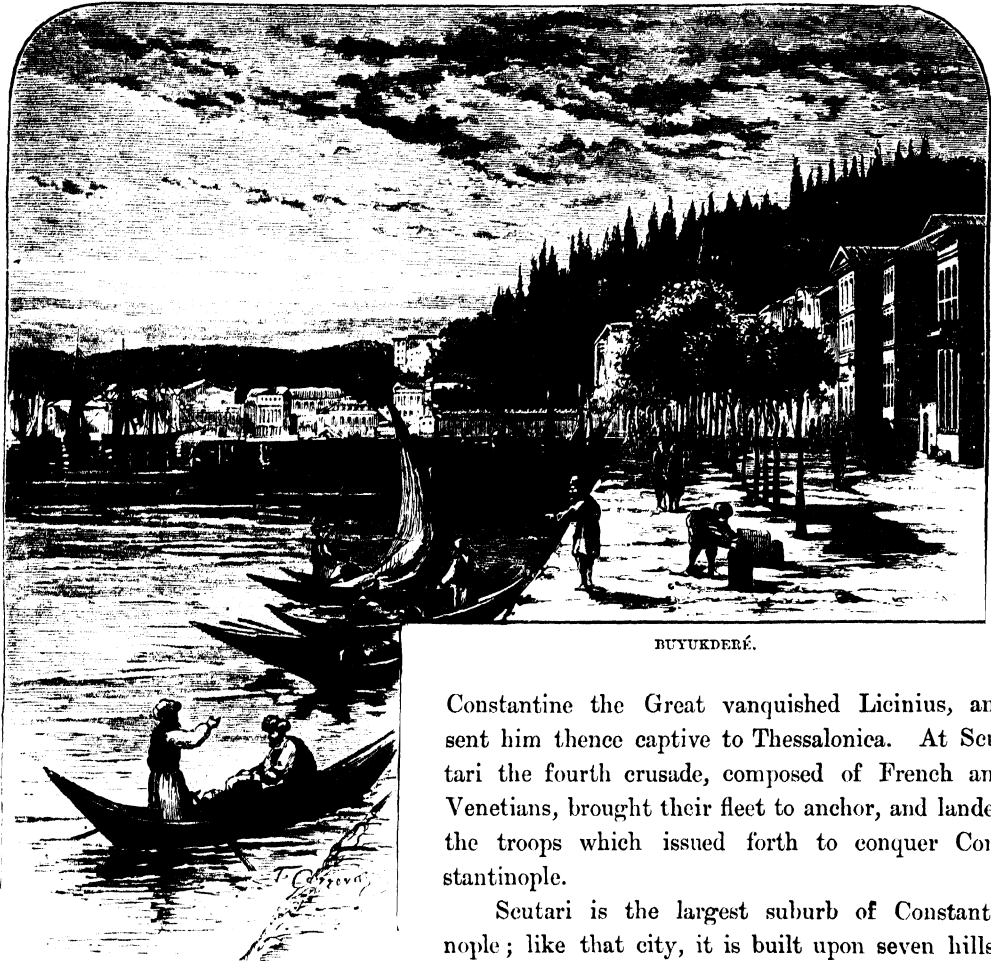
acolytes carry trays of cakes and sweetmeats to be eaten round the grave; the emblems of the Christian faith are borne on high, and then follows the open bier, on which lies the dead man, borne by a number of men in a quaint garb of black and silver. There is a solemn hush as the passers-by look on the still, calm features of the dead, and then the noise and the bustle begin again.

Every visitor to Constantinople is struck with the sight of multitudes of ownerless dogs. They are everywhere, lying about in streets and squares and courts and alleys, and so idle and indifferent to passers-by, that they will not move out of their recumbent position, except to save themselves from being actually run over or trampled under foot. They are of a singularly ugly breed, somewhat resembling the jackal. In the day-time they are quiet if allowed to slumber in the sun undisturbed, but they make "night hideous" with their incessant barking and howling. Among themselves they have frequent quarrels and fights, in which they sometimes lose their lives; generally these quarrels are affairs of love or jealousy or a bone, and the fury with which they fight is inconceivable. Somehow or other the Turks love these beasts, but as the Koran lays it down as law that a dog is an unclean animal, every Turk is bound to believe that he would contaminate his house by sheltering one under his roof. It follows, therefore, that not one of the innumerable dogs of Constantinople has a master. They have established laws among themselves, however, the most fundamental being that they divide themselves into wards or quarters—so many dogs to a certain street or square or open space—and woe to the dog from another ward appearing in the enemy's quarter! He is assailed and torn to pieces before he has time to repent of his temerity.

These dogs are useful in one respect, for they live on the refuse and offal thrown into the streets—and they have plenty to live on. In the days of Sultan Abdul Medjid they were all banished from Constantinople, and placed on two islands in the Sea of Marmora; but dirt and filth increased in the city to such an extent, followed by disease and death, that the Turks were glad enough to welcome these street-scavengers home again, where they form a "great free vagabond republic, collarless, nameless, houseless, and lawless." They very rarely attack a passer-by unless he happens to have a strange dog with him, in which case they have been known to kill the dog, and severely punish the person who had the temerity to introduce him on their domains. Neither distemper nor madness is to be feared from them, although no one cares for their wants, and they are reckless as to lying in a blazing sun.

We must not linger any longer over the street-sights of Constantinople; there are still cities within the city to be explored, and we must now turn towards Scutari and the cities on the shores of the Bosphorus. Scutari, or Iskudar, is the ancient city of Chryseopolis—so named because when the Persians founded it, and levied here their tithes, gold flowed in so rapidly and constantly, that it was called in consequence the Golden City. Others think, however, that the name was derived from Chryses, the son of Chryseis and Agamemnon. The Athenians, when they were in possession of the city, acted on the advice of Alcibiades, and made it the depôt of the tithes which they collected on all vessels navigating the Black Sea. In the plains above Scutari the Persians upon several occasions encamped during the invasion of Greece and Constantinople, and there





BUYUKDERÉ.

Constantine the Great vanquished Licinius, and sent him thence captive to Thessalonica. At Scutari the fourth crusade, composed of French and Venetians, brought their fleet to anchor, and landed the troops which issued forth to conquer Constantinople.

Scutari is the largest suburb of Constantinople; like that city, it is built upon seven hills; it has eight handsome mosques, fine baths, and streets, and in addition the largest cemetery in the world. The tombs of this cemetery cover a greater space than the entire city, and it has even been said that if a census of the entire Turkish population could be taken, it would probably be found not to exceed the twentieth part of the tenants of this cemetery. It is a vast, interminable cypress wood, in which are scattered innumerable small columns and slabs of stone or marble, some of them being crowned with a turban carved in the stone, some bright with recent colours (green signifying that the deceased had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, or was a descendant of the Prophet), others quite faded, and showing only the faintest traces of colour; many of the graves have a stone at the head and another at the foot, upon which, according to the Mussulman belief, two angels will seat themselves hereafter to judge the souls of the dead. A railed enclosure with a large turbaned column in the centre, and small columns scattered around, indicates that a pasha, or some great one of the earth, rests here in the midst of his wives and children. The reason why the cemetery at Scutari is preferred beyond all others in the neighbourhood of Constantinople is because the Turks prefer to

be interred in Asia, which they consider as being their own, inasmuch as it contains the two holy cities, Mecca and Medina.

It is very pleasant to wander in this vast city of the dead, where merry children play among the tombs, and fat old Turks sit in the shade smoking their chibouks, and veiled women stand about in groups enjoying gossip and merry laughter; where cattle graze, and myriads of turtle-doves coo, and the halcyons flit past, glistening in the sun, as if they were really fulfilling the Muslim belief and carrying the souls of the faithful to Paradise.

The huge barracks at Scutari are interesting to all English-speaking people, on account of the part which they played in connection with the Crimean War, and it will be remembered that this was the scene of the untiring labours of Florence Nightingale and her noble band of lady-workers. Near here, too, is the beautiful burying-ground in which lie so many of our brave countrymen who perished in the war. It is enclosed by a wall, and entered through gates kept by an Englishman, who lives at the lodge. In the centre of



A CAIQUE.

the ground is the handsome granite monument erected by Queen Victoria and her people in memory of those who fell in that terrible struggle, which cost so much of life and property, and effected so little good. The view from this spot is magnificent, Constantinople in the background to the right, the Propontis with the Princes' Islands in front, and the majestic mountains of Asia Minor to the left.

One of the principal "sights" at Scutari is the performance of the Howling Dervishes. These Dervishes possess two monasteries in Constantinople, one being at Scutari and another

in a suburb of Pera, at which places they howl on Thursday and Sunday respectively. The performance at Scutari is the more popular. It commences with the ordinary *namaz* or prayer; the performers then seat themselves in a circle and repeat the *Fulha* or first Sura of the Koran, following the recitation with a number of pious ejaculations. Then all rise and stand in a circle while the shibboleth of *La-illah-illah-lah!* is slowly given out. At the first syllable they bow their bodies forward, at the second they stand erect; at the third they bend backwards, and during the succeeding syllables they bend from side to side. Commencing very slowly and solemnly, their movements become rapid and more rapid still, but they rest at times to husband their strength, which will be exerted to the utmost at the close of the ceremony. By-and-by the movements grow quicker and wilder, the yelling and howling acquire greater intensity, the faces and bodies of the men are twisted and turned into an infinite variety of fantastic shapes, until wrought up into a frenzy they ring out the one word "Illah" with a wild unearthly shriek. Two singers, meanwhile, chant some passages in praise of the Prophet, while another urges on the Howlers by stamping excitedly with his foot on the floor. With eyes starting, hair dishevelled, bodies bathed in perspiration, lips colourless, the men seem to be stark-staring mad, while their voices refuse to utter any other sound than "Lah! Lah!" broken sometimes by a maddened cry of "Hoo Yahoo!" (He is God). At this stage the exhibition is horrible and revolting in the extreme; some fall swooning, or foaming at the mouth; the crisis of the religious service is reached, and the Howling Dervishes are supposed to be endued with miraculous powers.

Close by Scutari is the village of Kadi Kieui, the ancient Chalcedon, the "City of the Blind," so called because, according to Strabo, when the Megarians founded Byzantium, seventeen years after the foundation of Chalcedon, they were encouraged by the oracle to build their town "opposite to the blind," thereby giving it to be understood that the Chalcedonians must have been blind to the superior position of Byzantium when it was optional for them to select it for their city in preference to the one they chose. In ancient times Chalcedon was celebrated for its Temple of Apollo, the oracle of which was only in reputation less than that of Delphi. During the wars of the Peloponnesus the Chalcedonians became the allies of the Spartans, and recovered their freedom from the yoke of the Athenians. Now a few fragments of ancient tombs and the ruins of its ancient aqueduct are all that remains of its former glory, yet it has a modern interest, for it is a Christian city filled with wealthy Europeans who have made it their own, and have built splendid residences and a handsome cathedral there.

Let us now, in imagination, make the journey of the Bosphorus. In order to enjoy it to the fullest extent we will glide over the waters in a well-cushioned caïque, the most luxurious mode of travelling in all the world, not even excepting the gondola of Venice; and we will look at the European shore as we make the journey outwards, and the Asiatic shore as we return.

The Bosphorus is only about sixteen miles long, and nowhere is more than a mile and a half wide; the steamboat piers are now on one side of the strait and now on the other, so that in the course of an hour or so passengers by those boats, which are plying constantly, touch the two continents, Europe and Asia, alternately half a dozen times.

The derivation of the name Bosphorus is from two Greek words meaning "The Passage of the Cow." The story runs that Juno, jealous of Io because she was loved by Jupiter, transformed her into a cow, which animal, driven by a gadfly, threw herself into the water and passed over to the opposite shore of Byzantium. The spot is still called Ukooz Limanee, "The Port of the Cow."

Probably no spot in the world exceeds in beauty the banks of the Bosphorus. There is an endless succession of pictures, sublime and beautiful, delicate and gorgeous in colouring, soft and rugged by turns. Nor is it Nature alone that charms; the sweeping lines of cupolas and graceful minarets meet the eye everywhere; the waters are alive with innumerable craft; and palaces, terraces, kiosks, castles, and shady groves are reflected on the waters as in a mirror. More than this, every yard of either bank is historic ground; every era in the world's history has left its mark on the banks of this famous strait; "here it is that civilisation, born in the East, sought a bridge into the West; here did agriculture leave a traditional monument of its progress; here did the first navigators land when in search of those commercial prizes they were the first to seek out of their own lands; here did the North rush down in pious anger on its way to deliver the tomb of Him who was born in that East which barely knows Him now." Innumerable stories might be told of mythological times and beings; of the Phalanxes of Darius; the Ten Thousand warriors of Xenophon; the crusading multitudes of the pious Godfrey—men who passed in successive ages across this stream, which gives to history some of its most splendid stories, and which concentrates still upon its waters the interests and the fate of empires.

Like many things calm and beautiful on the surface, there is under the placid waters a perpetual turmoil going on, which thing is an allegory. An under-current, running in the opposite direction to the current above, is a source of danger to navigators, and a plague to boatmen and fishermen. It is no new thing, however; for Procopius, of Cæsarea, described it as long ago as the sixth century.

Leaving Galata and the great arsenal of Tophané—a labyrinth of docks, factories, squares, storehouses, and barracks—we pass the first of the seven promontories on the European side of the Bosphorus, which correspond with seven bays on the Asiatic side, and glance at Fonduklee, a busy suburb occupying the site of the ancient Aiantion, where the Byzantines celebrated the fêtes of Ajax, and where St. Andrew is said to have preached the gospel and built a church. At Dolma-Baghtché is the magnificent Palace of the Sultan, to which we have already referred; the site on which it stands was anciently Jasonion, so named because here Jason went on shore with the Argonauts during their expedition to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece. And just as the legend of Io crossing the Bosphorus in the form of a cow is supposed to typify the progress of agriculture in its passage from the East to the West, so this story of Jason is supposed to be typical of the progress of commerce in the first naval expedition on record.

The first suburban village on the European shore is that of Beshik Tash, and close by is the tomb of the celebrated pirate Barbarossa, who died and was buried here in 1546. Passing the splendid Palace of Tcheragian Seray, built of white marble by Mahmoud II.—the palace to which the Sultan Abdul Aziz was removed at his own request, and where it is said he put an end to his life by cutting an artery with a pair of scissors on the

4th of June, 1876—we come to the village of Orta Kieuy, called by the Greeks St. Phocas, where once stood the celebrated convent built by St. Basil the Macedonian. The place is now inhabited by bankers and wealthy merchants—American, Frank, and Greek. In succession we pass the promontory of Klidion, where the Argonauts found the ancient mariner, whom they compelled to become their pilot; Bithias, where Medea planted the famous laurel-tree; Kuru-Tcheshmah, where is the best Greek school in Constantinople, and Arnaout Kieuy, where the archangel Michael is supposed to have appeared to Constantine the Great, who built there the celebrated Church of St. Michael, splendidly restored at a later date by Justinian; while, near to the lovely little town of Bebek, nestling in foliage and graced with an antique mosque and an imperial kiosk, is the “Great Current” once so dangerous to mariners.

For some curious and inexplicable reason this part of the Bosphorus has been compared over and over again to the Rhine. For our own part we fail to see any comparison either in configuration, in architecture, in vegetation, or in any other respect beyond the fact that a strong stream runs here between two banks. We think, moreover, that the Bosphorus suffers by the comparison, for its greatest glory is colour, a feature impossible to describe but always to be felt, and which those who have travelled in the East miss with an aching sense of want in other climes.

We have now arrived at the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, where it has been said “two people standing respectively in Europe and in Asia can speak with one another.” This is almost literally correct, for the two shores are not more than five hundred yards apart. Here are the far-famed Towers of Europe, remains of a magnificent fortress-castle, built by Sultan Mohammed II. in forty days. There are three towers attached to the castle so built as to form, with a small tower near the water, the four Turkish letters which compose the name Mohammed. This is a very celebrated spot in history. Here Darius, heading the Persians against the Thracians, crossed into Europe with seven hundred thousand soldiers on a bridge of boats, constructed by Mandrocles of Samos, who drew a picture of the same and hung it in the Temple of Juno at Samos, with this inscription, “Mandrocles built a bridge across the fishy Bosphorus and dedicated it to Juno. By thus executing the commands of Darius, he gained honour for himself and equal glory for his countrymen of Samos.” At this spot too the Ten Thousand returning from Asia are supposed to have crossed, but more certain is it that here at various critical periods the Goths, the Latins, and the Turks passed over from Europe to Asia, or from Asia to Europe. It was at this Castle of Europe that before the extermination of the Janissaries “such of them as had committed any misdemeanour were shut up, and whenever one of them was condemned to death his body was thrown into the Bosphorus, and one gun was fired to announce the fact.”

Leaving this celebrated spot, we are soon again in what appears to be a vast lake between two bays. In the gulf of Balta Liman, named after the celebrated admiral of Mohammed II., the Ottoman fleet was stationed prior to the assault on Constantinople by sea by Balta Oghlou. Formerly it was called Philadalia, the name of the wife of Byzas; and it is said, that in company with others of his wives and a body of women, she conquered at this place the traitors who under the lead of Strebus, the brother of Byzas, fell upon the Byzantines during his absence.

Gliding now past Kyparodis—"The Place of Cypresses"—where once was a Temple of Diana, we come to the Greek town of Istenia. In the lovely bay of the same name, where many a bloody sea-fight has taken place, the Argonauts, according to the legend, were brought into conflict with Amycus, King of Bebrice, and, aided by a spirit, or winged genius, conquered him. And now we gaze with infinite delight on one of the most celebrated as well as the most



OLD WALLS, CONSTANTINOPLE.

beautiful spots on the Bosphorus, the large and prosperous town of Therapia, where costly palaces of Greeks, and embassies of some of the European nations, are scattered among exquisite gardens and scenery of the most enchanting description, a perfect vision of beauty only eclipsed by the crowning glories of Buyukderé. It was at the spot now called Therapia that Medea put to sleep the dragon which kept guard over the Golden Fleece, and after spreading her poisonous drugs upon the shore, fled in pursuit of Jason, from which circumstance the place was called Pharmacia—"Poison"—until Atticus, a Greek patriarch, having received much benefit to his health from the air of the place, altered its name to Therapia, signifying "Cure."

Buyukderé is a city spread upon the slopes of a graceful hill, "vast and varied in colours like a bouquet of flowers." It has wide quays, handsome houses, palaces, churches, and temples, charming meadows, seven gigantic old plane-trees, a picturesque mosque, and a meadowy valley, in which it is said the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon camped in 1096. Buyukderé not only stands high in the estimation of every traveller who visits it for the sake of its own exquisite beauty, but it is famous in modern history; for here are the embassies of almost all the Christian nations, and of late years many a plot and scheme hatched here, many a telegram of startling intelligence sent hence, many a visit of distinguished politicians has carried significance to every merchant and tax-payer in all civilised lands.

Continuing past Sarijari, or Saryer, surrounded by cemeteries, we have in front of us the promontory of Simas, where stood the statue of Venus Meretrix, to which Greek sailors offered sacrifices; and beyond is the point where the Bosphorus narrows for the last time, with the ruined Genoese fortresses on the hills, between which an iron chain was formerly thrown to guard the mouth of the strait and to levy the toll. There the waters widen to the sea, yet still we have objects of interest to gaze upon—the village of Buyuk-Liman; the great rocky mass of Gipopolis, where once stood the palace of Phineus, infested with Harpies; Fanarki, the village of the European Lighthouse; and opposite, the celebrated Cyanean Rocks, or Symplegades, so called because seen from one side they appear to be joined together.

Fables innumerable cluster around these celebrated rocks, standing as sentinels to guard the entrance of the Bosphorus. They start up from the sea to a considerable height, and on one of them is an altar of pure white Parian marble with sculptured bulls' heads—emblems among the Romans of Agriculture and Fertility. It is not known for certain who raised this strange altar on this strange island; it might have been "the votive offering of some rescued mariner in the time when *Argo* sailed these seas;" it might have been, as others suppose, the pedestal of a column raised in honour of Apollo; it might have been the base of Pompey's Column, although there is no record of Pompey erecting any trophy in these parts after his defeat of Mithridates; certain it is that there stands the antique monument still, and no one can gaze upon it without some feeling of emotion, whatever theory concerning it he may accept.

Taking a good look out to the Pontus Euxinus, that gloomy and turbulent sea so celebrated in the songs of the sunny Archipelago, and then to the immediate surroundings of lighthouses, rocks, and strong fortresses, we cross to the Asiatic side, taking care to avoid the Asian Cyanean islands, in the midst of which the *Argo* would have come to grief but for Minerva, who "pushed it off with her right hand while she strengthened herself with her left against the points of the rocks."

The promontory of Ancyraeum, or Anchor-Cape, is the spot where the Argonauts, during their expedition to Colchis, took—according to the oracle—a stone anchor, and abandoned the one which they had taken from Cyzicus. The Tower of Medea is now a modern lighthouse, but the Genoese towers remain in a fair state of preservation. At Ieron Polichnion there was once the Temple of the Twelve Gods—Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Ceres, Mercury, Vulcan, Apollo, Diana, Vesta, Mars, Venus, and Minerva—all of whom the ancient mariners endeavoured to appease by purifications, so as to render them propitious

to their voyages. There is still to be seen here the remains of an ancient temple, or fortress, probably from the celebrated Temple of Jupiter Urius. Some Englishmen found here an ancient marble bearing the following inscription, and with English prudence they bore it off as a trophy :—

“The sailor who invokes Jupiter Urius for a propitious voyage across the sea (*Ægean*) and among the Cyanean rocks filled with a multitude of sandbanks will have his prayers answered if beforehand he sacrifices to the god (*Neptune*), whose statue has been erected here by Philo Antipater.”

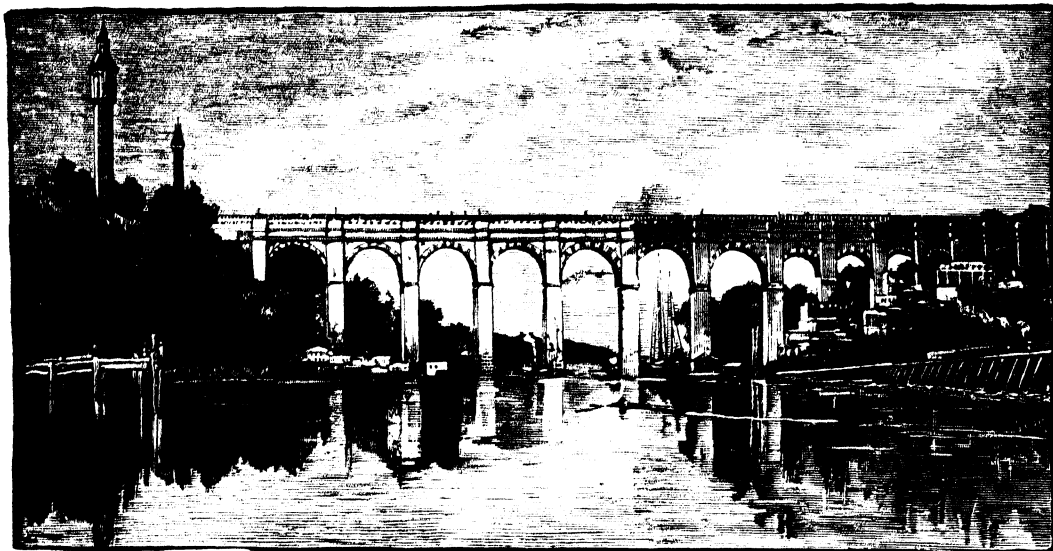
The Giant's Mountain is the highest on the shores of the Bosphorus. It was once called the Back of Hercules, but has long been known by the Turks as Yusha Dagh (Mount Joshua). In the garden behind the mosque on the summit is a grave, the “Tomb of the Giant,” a tomb which the Greeks called the Bed of Hercules, but which the Turks call the Tomb of the Hebrew Prophet Joshua! An Arabic inscription in the mosque gives the legend thus:—“This is the place where Joshua, one of the prophets, resided. Moses sent him into Roumelia. One day while waging war with the inhabitants of those parts the sun went down in the midst of the battle. Another time the sun after setting rose again, and the people of Roumelia were not able to escape. This miracle proved Joshua to have been a prophet.” This would appear to be an absurd jumble of Joshua with the giant Amycus, whose arm is supposed to be buried in the tomb, which is twenty-six feet long! A laurel-tree (*Laurus insana*) was planted over this tomb, the leaves of which, thrown on board a ship, would, according to the legend, spread discord among the sailors.

At Hunkiar Skelessi, “The Landing-Place of the Great Lord,” or Imperial Wharf, once stood the autumn palace of the Greek emperors; it was here that the treaty was signed between Turkey and Russia, by which for a little while they tried to pass for friends. We will not tarry at Beycos to discuss whether the “insensate laurel” grew there or on the Giant's Mountain; it will be enough for us to notice that Beycos is one of the prettiest towns on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus.

Sailing now past two or three villages, all fertile and more or less interesting, we must stop at Anadolu Hissar to look at the Towers of Asia, built by Mohammed II. before the siege of Constantinople, at the same time that he caused the European Towers opposite to be erected, thus securing the passage of the straits. Not far from here are the Sweet Waters of Asia, a favourite resort of the Turkish ladies, and in fact of all the fashion of Constantinople every Friday in summer, as the Sweet Waters of Europe at the end of the Golden Horn are on Tuesdays.

A few minutes more and we arrive at Scutari, which we have already attempted to describe, and our tour of the Bosphorus and our rambles in Constantinople are over.





HIGH BRIDGE, HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK.

## NEW YORK.

As Others see it—Manhattan Island—The Constituents of the City—A Hundred Religions—An Italian Sea-Rover—The Dutch Discoverers—New Amsterdam—The English Conquest—The Americans take their Own—The Rebellion—The Harbour—The Narrows—Fortifications—The Inner Islands—Scenic Charms—The Piers and Wharves—Trade of the City—The Battery—Immigrant Hordes—Bowling-Green—Broadway—Trinity Church—Wall Street—The Treasury—Custom House—Commercial Rivalries—Post-Office—St. Paul's—City Hall—Court House—East-River Bridge—Broadway again—Five Points—The Bowery—A Dutch Captain-General—The Fire Brigade—The Literary Quarter—Union Square—Tammany—Madison Square—The Clubs—Restaurants and Theatres—The National Academy—Fifth Avenue—The Jeunesse Dorée—Merchant Princes—Fashionable Churches—The Cathedral—The Great Synagogue—Columbia College—Central Park—The Museums—Cleopatra's Needle—Lenox Library—Heavenly Charities—Normal College—The Militia—Brooklyn—Prospect Park—Greenwood Cemetery—Blackwell's Island—Hell Gate—Suburban Joys—Long Branch—Neversink and Elberon—Saratoga and Newport—Coney Island, Brighton and Manhattan Beaches.



A NEW YORK PORCH.

NEW YORK is the western terminus of the chief ocean-ferries between the two Christian continents, the greatest city in the Western Hemisphere, the commercial and financial centre of the United States, and one of the most cosmopolitan and heterogeneous communities in Christendom. Situated well up on the Atlantic border of the Union, near the centre of the coast-line of the wealthy and populous Northern States, and on the direct route between Europe and the vast granaries of the West, the commercial strategic position of New York and its unrivalled harbour have combined to establish here the metropolis of the New World. Some one has happily characterised the city as a new

Paris, with a high flavour of the backwoods; and another has likened it to an Indian warrior, erect and valiant, covered with brilliant trappings, but reproachable for much in neglect of person and of manners.

No description of New York can be perfect which omits the superlative adjectives; for one of the foremost ambitions of the builders of the city has been to secure superlative effects. Nor are the standards of comparison American only; for the harbour is more beautiful, the streets more unclean, Broadway more brilliant, the municipality more corrupt, the commercial buildings more pretentious, the tenement-houses more crowded, the parks more lovely, than the similar appurtenances of the cities of Europe and Asia, with but a few exceptions. Pope's celebrated characterisation of Lord Bacon, superlative in praise and in censure, wisest, brightest, meanest, might be paraphrased as an epigram on New York. It is popularly known as the Empire City; but Irving, its most honoured son, also called it *Gotham*, the "Home of Wiseacres," after the stupid old village of Nottinghamshire, and this title, too, is in common use. As Mr. G. J. Holyoake has expressed it: "New York itself is a miracle which a large book would not be sufficient to explain. When I stepped ashore there I thought I was in a larger Rotterdam; when I found my way to Broadway, it seemed to me as though I was in Paris, and that Paris had taken to business. There were quaintness, grace and gaiety, brightness and grimness, all about." Mr. Moncure D. Conway says: "There isn't a city so attractive elsewhere on earth. 'See Naples and die' was an adage before New York became so beautiful, but it should be changed to 'See New York and live.'" As Colley Grattan saw the town, it "looked half Dutch, half French, something between Paris and Rotterdam." In the quieter streets, M. Ampère fancied that he "found once more the ancient little Hollandish city, as calm, as phlegmatic, as the American city is active and ardent." The Marquis of Lorne saw it as "an odd mixture of all sorts of European towns, but unlike any one of them." Anthony Trollope wrote that "no other American city is so intensely American as New York."

The Island of Manhattan, upon which the city stands, is formed by the North (or Hudson) River, a deep and straight stream of noble breadth, which rises 300 miles to the northward, in the deer-haunted Adirondack Mountains; by the East River, a navigable strait nearly a mile wide and twelve miles long, joining Long-Island Sound to the harbour; and by Harlem River and Spuyten-Duyvil Creek, confluent tidal channels connecting the North and East Rivers and about seven miles long. The two chief streets, Broadway and Fifth Avenue—the one devoted to business, the other to residences—occupy positions nearly central on the island, running along its greatest length, and intersecting hundreds of shorter streets which diverge to the broad rivers on either side. In the lower part of the city these side-streets are irregular and devious; in the upper part they are equi-distant and rectangular, from sixty to one hundred feet wide, running from river to river, and crossed by thirteen avenues, each a hundred feet wide and from seven to ten miles in length. The island is thirteen and a half miles long, and from half a mile to two and a quarter miles wide, covering an area of 14,000 acres, the lower half densely crowded, and the remainder occupied by parks and villas, public and charitable institutions, and clusters of houses which form urban hamlets. In 1874 an area of 12,500 acres on the adjacent mainland, including twenty villages, was annexed to the city. The actual value of the property owned in the Island of Manhattan was more than £700,000,000 ten years ago. The census of 1875 showed that out of 1,021,000 inhabitants, 202,000 were Irish, 151,222

Germans, 24,432 English, 13,073 negroes, 8,257 French, 7,554 Scots, 4,338 Canadians, 2,790 Italians, 2,392 Poles, 2,169 Swiss, 1,569 Swedes, 1,293 Cubans, 1,237 Dutch, 1,139 Russians, 682 Danes, 587 Welsh, 464 Spaniards, 373 Norwegians, 328 Belgians, 213 South Americans, 115 Chinese, 64 Mexicans, and 38 Turks. Within the past five years the numbers of Italians and of Chinese have greatly increased. There are now fully 10,000 of the former; and the yellow-skinned Mongolians own more than a hundred laundries within the urban limits. In round numbers, the bulk of the population appears to be composed of 56 per cent. of Americans, 25 per cent. of British-Islanders, and 16 per cent. of Germans. In the census of 1880, which rates the population at 1,206,590, the proportions have not greatly changed. The adjacent municipalities are as much a part of New York as Southwark is of London; and if the metropolitan district should be extended over them, the population would exceed 2,000,000. Without that just expansion, however, New York is the third city in Christendom; with it, it would be second only to London. There are more Germans in this district than in Munich or Dresden, Bremen or Hamburg, and it takes rank as the third German city in the world. There are more Irishmen in it than in Dublin, and it ranks as the first Irish city. There are more Roman Catholics than Rome herself can boast; more Jews than in any other city; and more Episcopalians than in any other city, save two. The churches of New York number nearly 400, giving accommodation to 300,000 auditors at one time, and valued at nearly £10,000,000. Many of the Roman Catholic parishes have each several distinct congregations, assembling at different hours, and composed of totally different members. The churches are divided as follows:—72 Protestant Episcopal, 56 Roman Catholic, 53 Presbyterian, 50 Methodist, 31 Baptist, 22 Reformed, 21 Lutheran, 6 Independent, 4 Universalist, and 3 Unitarian; besides Greeks, Moravians, Swedenborgians, Quakers, and many other sects. There are nine churches for negroes, a score or more for Germans, and others for Swedes, Norwegians, Spaniards, Italians, Welshmen, Frenchmen, Russians, and other nationalities. The Spiritualists enjoy their mysterious *séances* in various localities; and the Chinese have a joss-house, a very dingy idol-temple, in Mott Street. The Theosophic Society also celebrates its occult rites; and at one time there was an altar dedicated to Mercury, where libations were offered by a group of Swinburnian pagans. The vast voluntary contributions of the citizens for these various forms of religion, for the solace of the local poor and sick, and for the extension of Christianity over the dark continents, go far to show that all their hopes and energies are not concentrated in the adoration of the Mighty Dollar, and that the noblest charity and self-denial still abide among the Goths of the West. More even than by lists of churches, the divine patience and tenderness which are given here so freely are borne witness to by the large and saintly ministrations of the Children's Aid Society, St. John's Guild, the Magdalen asylums, and the country and sea-side summer homes for the sick and the destitute.

The elevated railways, which have solved the problem of rapid transit in this long and narrow city, are four in number, extending from one end of the island to the other, occupying as many of the great avenues running north and south, and placed on tracks lifted high above the street on iron girders and piers. Trains of luxurious cars run every few minutes, at a high rate of speed, and make frequent stops at ornamental and picturesque

stations over the principal streets. These lines have injured the appearance of (and the value of property along) the avenues on which they are built, but furnish a cheap, rapid, and comfortable mode of travel up and down the city. There are also scores of tramways on the street-levels, joining all sections of the island.

Let us cast our eyes backward, across the flood of years, and mark the beginning of this Occidental mother of cities. It is possible that the harbour of New York was discovered by the Italian navigator Verrazano, who explored the American coast in 1525, at the cost of Francis I., the chivalrous King of France. Raphael and Michael Angelo were then alive, and the Reformation had not yet spread into the British Isles. Verrazano described the port fairly well, and its numerous Indian inhabitants; and says that he left this "commodious and delightful region" with great regret. For more than eighty years the new-found harbour remained unvisited, and there is even a question, decided in the negative by many antiquarians, as to whether the place which Verrazano visited was not some other than Manhattan.

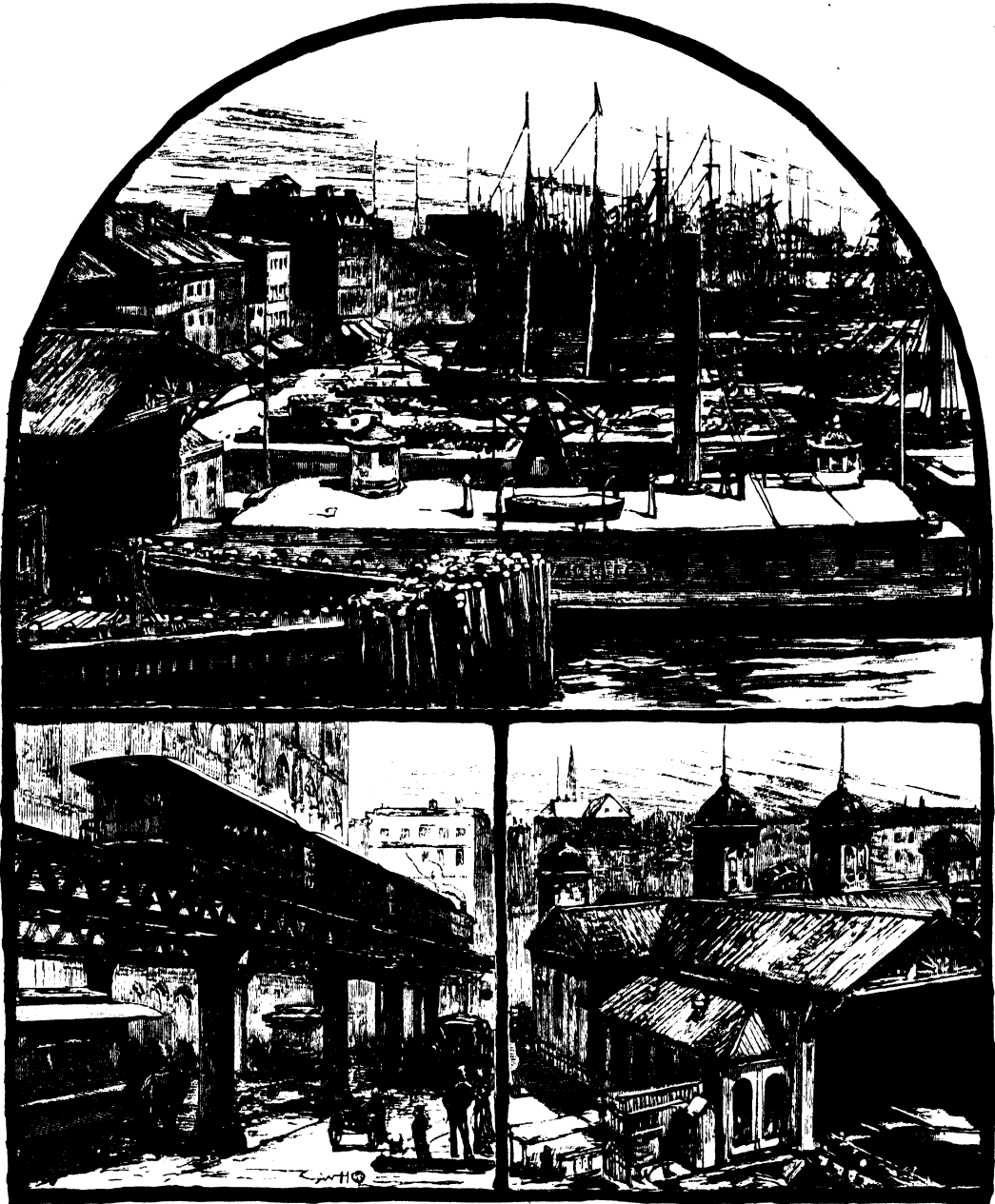
At last the valiant Dutch nation, whose sails whitened every known and unknown sea, embarked on a career of discovery to the westward, and sent out Henry Hudson, a tried and skilful explorer of the Muscovy Company, to search for the mythical Straits of Anian, and the route to the rich Orient. His vessel, the *Half-Moon*, was a clumsy galliot, or brig, of eighty tons, with a crew of twenty English and Dutch mariners. In 1609 he sailed northward by Nova Zembla and through the frozen seas, until his men, appalled by the terrible cold and the vast icebergs, refused to go farther. Then he veered away toward the American coast, and advanced cautiously up New York harbour and the great river which still bears his name, hoping that he had at last found the passage to far Cathay. The amiable natives feasted him on roasted dogs, and he reciprocated their good nature by making them merrily drunk, after which the *Half-Moon* sailed away to Holland.

When the adventurous Dutch mariner anchored off the present site of the Battery, the Island of Manhattan was the domain of a small tribe of Indians, who dwelt contentedly among its swamps and woods and rocky hills, occupying a half-dozen clusters of movable wigwams, with little patches of tobacco and corn near the brooks, and a few bark canoes drawn up along the shore. Two years later, Adriaen Block and other Dutch traders visited Manhattan, procuring cargoes of valuable furs from the simple red hunters, and carried two of the Indian chieftains to Europe as visitors. The present Hudson River was named the *Mauritius*, in honour of Prince Maurice of Orange; the surrounding country received the title of *New Netherland*; and the Island of Manhattan, purchased from the natives for about £5, was named *New Amsterdam*. In 1626, there were 200 Dutch settlers here, with a rude fort, a stone warehouse, and a mill. Slowly then the patient men of Holland occupied the country, squabbling with the English settlers of New England, the Swedes on the Delaware, the Indians of the north, and the local tribes on the adjacent shores. The architecture of New Amsterdam was the same which is still seen in remote villages of Frisia and Zeeland—many-gabled, massive, compact, and quaintly homely; and the colonists were the countrymen and contemporaries of Rembrandt and John of Oldenbarneveldt, with all the strange old Batavian customs and superstitions, the stern religion

of the Lowland synods, and the placid humour which has been illustrated with such matchless drollery in Irving's "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York." In 1664, a British fleet, despatched from Portsmouth, *via* Boston in New England, suddenly appeared in the harbour, and compelled the colony to surrender, and become an appanage of the British Crown. The name of NEW YORK was conferred upon the conquered city, in honour of the Duke of York, the brother of King Charles II., and royal grantee of all this domain. The stately English town of York, then perhaps two thousand years old, with its memories of the Roman emperors and the Briton kings, its ancient walls and magnificent minster, gave little heed to its poor namesake in the land of the barbarians; but it has not taken long, in the march of the ages, for the daughter-city to gather thrice as many myriads of inhabitants as old York has thousands.

The unprovoked attack of the British on New Netherland was the cause of a long and disastrous war between England and Holland, in which the Dutch fleets won several victories, and even ascended the Medway to Chatham, where they destroyed all the best ships in the English navy. Only nine years had elapsed, when a squadron of war-vessels from Holland bombarded and took Manhattan, and re-annexed it to the Dutch Republic. In the same year, however, peace was made between England and the Low Countries, on the basis of a mutual restoration of conquests, and New York returned to the government of the Duke of York.

From this time forth the city grew steadily, though slowly, while the Van Dams and Van Rensselaers, the Phillipses and Beekmans, and other old Dutch patrician families, founded their great manor-houses, in the suburbs and up the river, many of which remain to this day, attesting the opulence, dignity, and comfort of their builders. By the year 1700, there were 5,000 inhabitants on the island; and seventy years later, there were 22,000. A long line of British nobles and soldiers held the reins of government, sometimes skilfully and at other times with the tyranny of satraps. By-and-by, the spirit of liberty began to move upon the continent; a Colonial Congress assembled in the city; and the witty burghers amused themselves by hanging up and burning effigies of two gentlemen whom they held to be closely of kin—the royal Governor and the devil. In 1770, three thousand citizens united in an association to resist the new taxation levied by the British Parliament, and compelled the ships bearing in the taxed tea to sail back to England without unloading. The artillery of the forts was carried away to the northward, and hidden among the highlands of the Hudson; and the citizens fought in the streets against the royal troops. At last, General Washington occupied New York with a powerful American army, in 1776; but was soon forced to retreat, as the issue of disastrous battles on Long Island, with the loss of several thousand men and many guns. For the next seven years the British garrison successfully held the half-depopulated and half-burnt city, using its buildings as barracks and hospitals, and guarding thousands of American prisoners in hulks moored in the river. A majority of the battles in the Revolutionary War were won by the royal troops; but the incompetency of their commanders-in-chief caused the total loss of two splendid expeditionary armies, and the valiant islanders, exhausted by a struggle which spread over a continent, and attacked by European nations at home, finally permitted the insurgent colonies to go free, and withdrew



THE SHIPPING ON THE EAST RIVER.

ELEVATED RAILWAY.

HAMILTON FERRY-HOUSE.

their forces. On the 25th of November, 1783, the British troops embarked at the Battery; and the citizens still celebrate each return of Evacuation Day, when New York became, as she has ever since remained, a free American city. Its growth, since the day when Washington rode triumphantly through the redeemed but ruined streets, may best

be shown by the records of the census. In 1800, it had 60,489 inhabitants; in 1820, 123,706; in 1840, 312,710; in 1850, 515,847; in 1860, 812,869; in 1870, 942,377; and in 1880, 1,206,590.

When the Southern States rebelled against the Union, in 1861, the great city was thrilled with intense excitement, and barracks speedily rose on the public squares. The New England regiments hurried through its streets, in hot haste, towards the scene of battle; and immense fleets were despatched from the port, to land national armies along the southern coast. This city alone sent 116,382 soldiers into the field, bearing the American flag and the bright blue standard of New York, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. In 1863, when the Confederate armies were sweeping victoriously into the Northern States, many regiments of the highly-disciplined city militia were hurried off to join the hard-pressed Federal forces; and the *canaille*, the criminal classes, and degraded foreigners rose in insurrection, and possessed themselves of the place, killing every soldier and every negro they could find, and plundering many mansions and shops. For several days this grim communistic orgie continued, until the returning local regiments and a strong force of veteran troops forced their way into the streets, and drove the marauders to their dens by an unsparing use of bayonet and grape-shot. Since that dread day the great city has grown, in stature and discipline, until the closing decades of the nineteenth century, when its broad bay opens to the eastern seas, a haven of refuge for the overflow of Europe, the great portal of the new Promised Land.

The harbour of New York is, indeed, one of the most beautiful in the world, and has but one successful rival on the Atlantic Ocean—at Rio de Janeiro. While it may not compete in general interest with the Bay of Naples, or the Golden Horn, this harbour possesses certain traits of beauty which awaken the lively enthusiasm of all visitors. Its largeness of feature, space and amplitude, its picturesque guardian highlands, on Staten Island and up the Hudson, and its marvellous panorama of human activity, on water and on shore, give a profound and perennial interest to this Golden Gate of the East. The lower bay is formed by Sandy Hook and its bar, eighteen miles from the city, and may be crossed by two deep ship-channels from the open sea. The harbour proper is entered by the magnificent gateway of the Narrows—a strait which in some places is less than a mile wide, with high and diversified shores, and waters of great depth. One side is formed by the western end of Long Island, whereon stand the blue-granite walls and far-reaching outworks of Fort Hamilton, now nearly sixty years old, and mounting over a hundred guns, some of which throw shot weighing a thousand pounds. On a reef a little way off shore are the gaunt ruins of Fort Lafayette, which was built about seventy years ago, and in its palmy days carried seventy-three guns. Many famous Southerners were imprisoned here during the War of Secession, involuntarily exchanging the balmy air of the Cotton States for the chill of the casemates in this fortress, surrounded by the northern seas. The western shore of the Narrows is formed by Staten Island, which some one has happily called “The American Isle of Wight,” a beautiful district of nearly sixty miles in area, with 40,000 inhabitants, and a goodly array of summer-hotels and villas. On this side is Fort Wadsworth, in point of strength the second fortress in the Republic, with 140 cannon bearing on the Narrows, and several connected works, water-

batteries and cliff-batteries, intended to deliver a dangerous level and plunging fire on the channel. In order to attack New York, a hostile fleet must pass under the cannonade of the lunette and redoubts on Sandy Hook, traverse the Narrows under the pounding of 400 pieces of heavy artillery, and then encounter the fire of 300 guns on the forts of the inner harbour, besides the vessels of the American fleet, and the torpedoes which would line the narrow channel. This deadly gauntlet could, however, be run safely by a modern iron-clad squadron; for most of the guns on the forts are of patterns which have become almost obsolete during the rapid changes of the past ten years, and the genius of the Republic is so little regardful of war as to neglect even the defensive. The difficult channels of the lower bay are counted on as a better protection than the vast and costly fortresses above.

Once inside of this armour-clad gateway—whose battlements are almost as picturesque and as useless as the castles of the Rhineland—and the full pulsations of the commerce of the American metropolis become visible and audible. The flags of the four foremost maritime nations—Great Britain, Norway, Canada, and France—appear on many a tall ship, and the ensigns of Italy, Germany, Spain, Russia—of Turkey, even, and of the Baltic States—may often be seen. The American flag is for the most part confined to coasting vessels, to the dingy Yankee schooners, the trim West-India brigantines, the ungraceful three-masters from the great lakes, and the powerful steamships which traverse the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. American transatlantic commerce has never recovered from the fire of the rebel privateers, and the flood of prairie and protective legislation. Amid these fleets, representative of the world of seafaring peoples, in all forms, from the enormous British steamships to the dainty little craft of the New York Yacht Club, the placid waters are traversed, and on every shore great cities appear, making a continuous chain of dense population around all the inner harbour. On one side Jersey City and Hoboken, with their suburbs; on the other, Brooklyn and the connected communes; and in front the great metropolis, fringed with a winter-forest of masts, serrating the sky with hundreds of spires, and here and there upholding immensely tall commercial buildings, which resemble towers in their isolated height.

The inner harbour contains three verdant and charming islands, each of which, however, is occupied by fortifications. On Bedloe's Island is the star-shaped Fort Wood, which was built in the year 1814, of Quincy granite. The colossal bronze statue of Liberty, the gift of the people of France to the United States, as the result of a popular subscription extending over several years, will be erected on this island, in an attitude to welcome the myriads of in-bound immigrants. One hand holds a huge torch, which is to be provided with a powerful Fresnel light, and to be controlled by the Lighthouse Board. Another conspicuous object in the inner harbour is Governor's Island, lying between New York and Brooklyn, about a half-mile from each, and six miles inside of the Narrows. It was called *Paggauk* by the aboriginal Indians, and *Nutten* by the Dutch pioneers. In 1776, the garrison of insurgent Americans evacuated the island, when Admiral Howe's fleet moved up the harbour; and several British regiments succeeded them, erecting fortifications, and holding possession for seven years. On one point stands the great four-decked brick fortress of Castle William, pierced with innumerable embra-



tures, and seemingly very formidable, but of no more protection against modern projectiles than a lawn-tennis net would be. Near the centre of the island, formidable, low-sunk, almost imbedded in trees, is Fort Columbus, with its 120 black guns. Governor's Island is an important military post, and the head-quarters of the General commanding the Department of the Atlantic.

The outer harbour is bordered, with great scenic effect, by the high hills of Never-sink, the famous beach-resorts of the north New Jersey coast, and the summer-cities on Coney Island. Passing inward, beyond the Narrows, the rolling wooded hills of Staten Island, studded with hamlets and villas, appear on one side; the green slopes of Bay Ridge on the other; and in advance, beyond the islands and the spires of the clustered cities, the massive ridge of the Palisades and the long blue swells of Orange Mountain.

M. Ampère said that the three grandest commercial scenes in the world are the Thames between London and Greenwich, the docks of Liverpool, and the two river-banks of New York, where one may walk for hours between a range of buildings and a range of ships. The water-front of Manhattan, though it lacks the architectural splendour, the order, regularity, and cleanliness of many European ports, is very attractive to those who are interested in maritime affairs. The water-side streets—West Street, along the Hudson; South Street, along the East River—are lined by dingy and irregular buildings, and the rickety wharves bear a queer freight of sheds, sail-lofts, and shops. Yet along these wooden docks the largest commerce in the world is moored—hundreds of ferry-boats and coasting steamers, scores of gigantic ocean-steamships, oyster-barges, market-boats from up the Hudson and Long Island Sound, canal-boats from the West, colliers from the Delaware, fruiters from the West Indies, fishermen from Massachusetts, and stout little craft from Nova Scotia and farther east. Beside these, and towering over them, are the great ships of all nations, whose courses converge on this point, bringing in the products of every quarter of the earth, and carrying away the grain and other exports of the United States. The green ships of Italy, the dark vessels of Norway, the trim and gallant fleets of Great Britain, the heavy German craft, are moored along the wharves, and their bowsprits overhang the streets. Toward the upper part of the North River piers are the head-quarters of the transatlantic steamships, and here may be seen the immense vessels of the Cunard, Inman, White Star, Guion, and National lines to Liverpool, and the routes to Belfast, Havre, Barcelona, and London. The Anchor (Glasgow) and the Bristol lines are nearer the Battery; the Cardiff and the Brazilian steamers, at Brooklyn; and the Hull fleet and the four lines to German ports, at Jersey City and Hoboken. Farther down on the North River are the steamships for southern ports—Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Galveston, Bermuda, and Mexico, with the three lines to Havana, and others to Hayti, Jamaica, Trinidad, the Bahamas, and the ports on the Spanish Main.

The import and export trade of New York is larger than that of any other city in the world, and indeed very much larger. In the fiscal year which included parts of 1879 and 1880, its foreign commerce was over £185,000,000. Liverpool is the only maritime city which approximates these stupendous figures, yet the foreign commerce of that city, during the year 1879, amounted to but £160,600,000, or £24,400,000 less than that of New York. With all the vast volume of trade flowing upon these shores, it still

remains that their docks and piers are of the most rude and primitive character, especially when compared with similar constructions in the maritime cities of Europe. The splendid masonry of the Liverpool and London docks is replaced here by wooden wharves, supported on piles, and in various stages of preservation or dilapidation. Some years ago, a com-



THE BATTERY AND CASTLE GARDEN.

prehensive plan was prepared for rebuilding the whole water-front with more substantial and uniform works, under the direction of eminent engineers; but, after some slight beginnings, the scheme was practically abandoned. The number of vessels entering the harbour from foreign ports every year is about 6,000, of which more than one-fourth are British, one-fifth American, one-twentieth German, and one-half divided between Norwegian, Italian, French, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, Austrian, and Russian ships. Many

thousand coasters enter the port annually, bound in from all parts of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. There are about eighty piers on the North River, and seventy on the East River. The port of New York owns 7,000 vessels, with a tonnage of about 1,400,000. Two-thirds of the imports of the United States, and one-half of the exports, pass through this harbour.

The chief markets are found along the river-fronts, where the delivery of produce is easily accomplished. The Washington Market, foremost of all, and doing an enormous business in all manner of supplies, is near the Hudson, and occupies a heap of sheds whose irregularity and uncleanness would put to shame any bazaar of the Levant. The Fulton Market, largely devoted to fish and oysters, is on the other shore, and forms a congeries of commodious structures, under which the best products of American waters are exposed for sale, spread out on broad marble slabs. Of the ten other markets, the most conspicuous is the Manhattan—a handsome Lombardic building of brick and granite, covering three acres, and situated farther up on the island.

The Battery, the most southerly end of New York, where the island narrows to an obtuse point towards the harbour, is happily reserved as a park, from whose massive seawall beautiful views of the haven are obtained, whether by day, when the waters are furrowed by high-decked war-vessels, rushing steam-tugs, ocean steamships, and all manner of sailing craft; or at evening, when the long lines of gas-lamps glimmer through the trees, and the seaward horizon is flecked with many-coloured lights. Here was the landing-place of the Dutch colonists, and hence in some degree the Plymouth Rock of the Knickerbockers and Van Rensselaers; and here the British troops embarked when Parliament acknowledged the independence of America, and recalled its weary armies. Fifty years ago, when New York was a snug little sea-port, but little larger than Edinburgh and Bristol are to-day, the Battery became the favourite resort of the citizens, during leisure hours, very much as the Chiaja is at Naples. After the fashionable families had moved away, farther up the island, and the adjacent region was crowded with shops and warehouses, the park fell into neglect, and in time became a mere receptacle for rubbish and garbage. About the year 1870, however, it was redeemed from this degradation, and handsomely adorned, in order to serve again as a pleasure-ground and breathing-place. Professor Von Raumer compared the Battery with the Piazzetta at Venice, and found the latter to excel only in charm of historic reminiscence (evidently he did not compare architectures). Something of the poetic charm abides in the sunsets visible from this point, which are full of rare splendour. M. Ampère said that the sunsets of New York could only be rivalled in the Valley of the Nile; and Harriet Martineau noticed here “a sunset which, if seen in England, would persuade the nation that the end of the world was come.”

On the water-front of the Battery stands a singular old building, which has been the Golden Gate of America for millions of self-exiled Europeans. Built for a fortress, fully seventy years ago, it subsequently became a summer-garden and opera-house, where the burghers used to assemble, and enjoy the music of famous singers and performers. Here the resources of civic pomp were displayed in receptions given to the Marquis de Lafayette, General Jackson, and certain of the old-time Presidents; and here also the grey walls have echoed to the music of Jenny Lind, Sontag, Parodi, Mario, and many another famous

singer of those and later days. For a long period it has served its present purpose as a depôt for immigrants, myriads of whom are landed here every year, fed, protected, and sent away to their chosen destinations. The barges from ocean-steamships in the stream bring in all manner of Christian men and women—the sturdy Irishman, from the Isle of Saints and of starvation; the broad-faced German, with his pipe, his *frau*, and his many flaxen-haired children; the solid English farmer, or artisan, still and always intrenched in his insularity; the canny Scot, never so intensely Gaelic as when singing the old Jacobite songs on the prairies of Iowa or amid the glens of Montana; the mercurial Frenchman, the laborious Italian, the blue-eyed Scandinavian, the adventurous Swiss, the dull Mennonite from Russia, and representatives of every other nation and people between the Baltic and the Caspian. The wide variety of quaint costumes, the Babel of incomprehensible languages, the diversity of customs and physiognomies, afford subjects of profound interest to the ethnologist, and give cause for deep thought to the American of Anglo-Saxon descent. In the past sixty years, ten million immigrants have entered the United States, mainly at this port; and in the period between 1847 and 1870 alone there came 1,664,000 from Ireland, 1,636,204 from Germany, 539,668 from England, 111,238 from Scotland, 77,200 from France, 65,607 from Switzerland, 64,538 from Sweden, 28,347 from Holland, 23,834 from Wales, and 19,757 from Norway.

Whitehall Street, on one side of the Battery, was the *Winkel-Straat* (Shop-street) of the Dutch pioneers, and derived its present name from a fifteen-gun battery which was erected at its foot in 1695. Pearl Street, the *Perel-Straat* and *Hoogh-Straat* of the Dutch, was the site of the first church, erected in 1626, and of the town-hall, where the Burgomaster and his Schepens held their solemn sessions.

Bowling Green, a little oval park just beyond the Battery, stands near the site of Fort Amsterdam, where the Dutch Governor dwelt 240 years ago, and the colony church was built, what time the barracks were garrisoned by 300 doughty soldiers of their High Mightinesses the States of Holland. In 1770 the Americans erected here an equestrian statue of gilded lead, representing King George III., which was overthrown six years later by the revolting colonists, and melted into bullets, wherewith to damage His Majesty's British soldiers. This was the Court quarter of New York, the Belgravia of the little city of 20,000 inhabitants, and in the tall houses which still surround it were the head-quarters of Earl Cornwallis, afterwards the victor of Seringapatam and the Governor-General of India; Sir William Howe, the commander of the British armies in America; General Gage, the amiable officer whom the Americans drove out of Boston with all his regiments; Sir Henry Clinton, commander of the forces in America during four years of hard fighting, and afterwards Governor of Gibraltar; and Benedict Arnold, the detested traitor to the cause of the colonies. Here also General Washington had his head-quarters; and Talleyrand, the French statesman, dwelt; and Robert Fulton, the inventor of steam-navigation, died.

The principal street of New Amsterdam was called *De Heere-Straat*, in 1656, when it was bordered by a score of quaint little houses built of bricks from Holland, and affluent in gables. Twenty years later it received the title of Broadway; and in 1697 an ordinance was passed commanding that the people of "every seaventh house doe every night in the

darke time of the moon, until the 25 March next, cause a lanthorn and a candle to be hung out on a pole every night." The same municipality now lights its 500 miles of streets with upwards of 20,000 gas-lights.

Broadway is the main street of New York, and the most brilliant thoroughfare in America. Indeed, it would be impossible to find in Europe itself a street which is characterised by such tremendous activity, such diversified and ambitious architecture, and such an air of metropolitan splendour, wealth, and life. The great avenues of trade which run from Trafalgar Square or Hyde Park to the Royal Exchange, the arcaded lines of the Rue de Rivoli, the busy Graben of Vienna, the Via Roma of Naples, none of these can sustain a comparison with the grand artery of the New World, through which course from sunrise till evening strong currents of the most electric life of the nineteenth century. The noble width of the street, so favourable to architectural effects and long vistas; its great length, of fully five miles, nearly one-half of which is absolutely straight; and its central position on the island, with long streets, crowded with stately buildings, diverging on either side; all these are the advantages of position, which serve to set off to the best advantage the cosmorama of humanity which continually surges along the pavements. Broad as the roadway is, so great are the numbers of carriages, omnibuses, and wagons always in motion there, that it becomes an affair of no small peril to cross it, and the most stalwart and handsome officers of the police force are stationed at the corners to escort ladies from one side to the other. Some years ago an iron bridge was thrown over Broadway, near Fulton Street, so that pedestrians could cross in safety.

Never was there such a heterogeneous architecture as is here displayed, where the Greek and the Gothic, the Romanesque and the Renaissance, are crowded side by side, but all in a manner harmonised by the distortions which the urban architects of America are forced to plan in order to insure the three prime essentials in a modern building—light, air, and space. New York dilettants ruefully recall Mr. Ruskin's celebrated dictum (*Fors Clavigera*, No. 1) that before the science of building can become respectable on this continent, their city must be razed to its foundations. The classic harmony of Pall Mall, the restful uniformity of the Parisian Boulevards, are lacking here, where all is strongly individualised, and the narrow shop-fronts along a single square exemplify every style and colour. Iron is largely used as a building material, and long colonnaded façades, simulating marble or brown-stone, are composed of iron castings riveted together.

The colossal hotels, rivalling the Midland or the Parisian Grand; the newspaper offices, dwarfing the High Street of Edinburgh with their ten and twelve storeys of altitude; the banks and insurance buildings, of marble, granite, iron, in transformed architecture of Palladio, of Viollet-le-Duc, of Yankeeedom undisguised; the shops and warehouses, sometimes larger than Roman *palazzi*, and replacing their dead walls with wide expanses of glass; all these follow each other in bewildering succession, with the unceasing roar of the street between, and the vivid blue sky overhead. Broadway was seen by Lady Mary Wortley as "the lengthy Mississippi of streets;" by Grattan as "a perfect Alexandrine in street-making;" and Ampère likened it to the Strand, or the Rue Vivienne.

The lower half-mile of Broadway is occupied mainly by foreign consulates, the headquarters of European steamship companies, and shipping houses; and a great line of financial

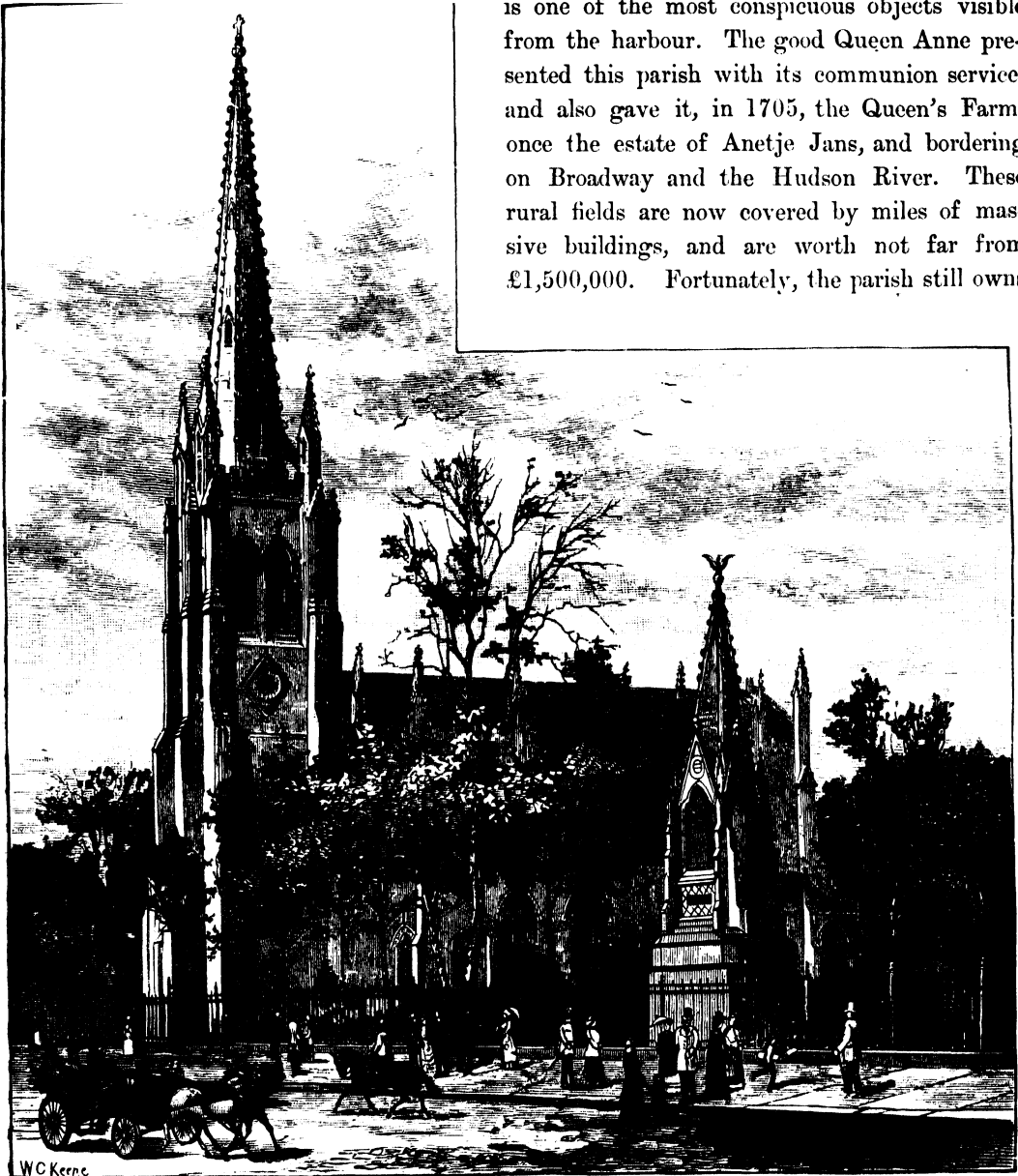




BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

and insurance offices succeeds, reaching up to the lawyers' quarter, at City-Hall Park, and the long and unadorned granite front of the famous old Astor House.

Trinity Church stands in this street, and is one of the most conspicuous objects visible from the harbour. The good Queen Anne presented this parish with its communion service, and also gave it, in 1705, the Queen's Farm, once the estate of Anetje Jans, and bordering on Broadway and the Hudson River. These rural fields are now covered by miles of massive buildings, and are worth not far from £1,500,000. Fortunately, the parish still owns



TRINITY CHURCH.

most of the estate, and is enabled, by its vast revenues, to support numerous clergy, chapels, and charitable institutions among the poor. The first Trinity Church arose in 1697, and the present structure dates from 1846, and is a stately Gothic building, of



brown-stone, with a spire 284 feet high. The interior is enriched by several monuments, a superb Gothic altar and reredos erected by the Astor family, and brilliant windows of stained glass. The full Protestant Episcopal service is recited here every morning and afternoon, and the choral celebrations on Sunday are very beautiful and impressive. Moreover, a famous chime of bells is hung in the tower, making such fair music, on certain holidays, that thousands of people come hither to listen. A large and venerable graveyard surrounds the church, containing an elaborate Gothic monument to the patriots who died in the British prisons of New York during the Revolutionary War; and also the graves of many illustrious citizens, among whom are Alexander Hamilton, the founder of the American financial system, who was slain in a duel by Aaron Burr; Capt. Lawrence, of the frigate *Chesapeake*, killed when that ship was taken by H.B.M.S. *Shannon*; Albert Gallatin, the famous statesman and financier, and many years Envoy to England and France; Robert Fulton, the founder of steam-navigation; Gen. Lamb, of the artillery of the Continental Army; the Earl of Stirling; and Gen. Philip Kearny, the knightliest soldier of the Army of the Potomac, who was killed in battle at Chantilly, Virginia. There are seven churches in the parish, and eighteen others are partly supported by it, besides various schools and other charities. At the back of Trinity are the picturesque brown-stone buildings, in Gothic architecture, occupied by the 300 pupils of the parochial school.

Wall Street runs downward from the front of Trinity, much as Ludgate does from the front of St. Paul's, but is longer and more brilliant than the old hill-street of London. This is the financial centre of the United States; the resort of hundreds of bankers and brokers; the haunt of the railroad and bonanza kings; the scene of the wildest and most dangerous speculation. Wall Street has been called the pulse of the nation; but it is not the manufacturers of New England, the farmers of the Western prairies, the planters of the Gulf States who are represented by these feverish throbbings, although they are often grievously tormented by the intrigues and combinations of the railroad rings. An immense proportion of the stocks, bonds, and money of the country at large is handled in this little street, and the incessant tick of the telegraph instruments is heard in nearly every office. How changed is the scene from the time when the defensive wall of the little village of New Amsterdam ran along the line of this street, and all beyond was open fields and tangled forests! Through all this turmoil of secularism the deep and melodious bells of Trinity resound every hour, tolling or chiming, in celestial harmony, and calling the attention of the most worldly to the eternal presence of God and His church.

The United States Sub-Treasury occupies the site of the hall where Washington was inaugurated first President of the Republic, in 1789, covering a large area with its Doric colonnades and massive walls of white Massachusetts marble, and a broad roof of granite. In its general external features this imposing building resembles the Athenian Parthenon, which was for a long time a favourite model for American builders, insomuch that the cheapest village cottages rejoiced in their pine-wood colonnades and pediments. In the interior there is a lofty rotunda, surrounded by Corinthian columns; and the various departments of the great financial bureaux are disposed around. The Sub-Treasury cost about £240,000, and eight years were spent in its construction. The doors and shutters are of steel, and other formidable defences have since been constructed, to guard the vast treasures kept within the vaults.

Opposite the Sub-Treasury stands the Drexel Building—a huge pile of white marble in Renaissance architecture, devoted to many uses connected with the handling and accumulation of money. The Stock Exchange is across the street, and fairly rivals the Parisian Bourse in the maddening struggles for wealth and advantage which take place in its great hall. There is a gallery for spectators, who may from that safe elevation look down upon the pandemonium below, the surging crowds of speculators, the wild confusion and frantic gestures, and hear the shouts and yells of the eager and absorbed brokers. There are no prizes here for the sluggish and quiet, and the placid gentlemen of the up-town clubs are constrained to imitate the action of the tiger when they come hither to look after their investments.

The Custom House is nearer the water—a massive pile of sombre granite, with a front 144 feet long, adorned by a colonnade of eighteen Ionic columns. There is a beautiful rotunda inside, rising into a dome 124 feet above the ground, and supported by Corinthian columns of Italian marble. This vast building was erected for a merchants' exchange, nearly fifty years ago, and is so far composed of indestructible materials that it may well last for several centuries, unless shattered by Palliser shot from the lower bay. The great edifices of the Corn Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, and several powerful banks stand in this region, or a little to the southward; and streets famous in commercial annals diverge on either side—Broad Street, the haunt of the curb-stone brokers; Pearl Street, with its vast wholesale trade in cotton and other staples; and William Street, crowded with active business of many kinds. The slave-market, where negroes and Indians were sold in the dark ages of America, stood at the foot of Wall Street; and on Broad Street still remain the dark and dingy walls of the mansion which Stephen De Lancey, a Huguenot refugee, built for himself in 1724, and where Washington established his head-quarters in 1783.

Parallel with Broadway, from Wall Street to the City-Hall Park, runs the narrow and crowded Nassau Street, which was first laid out in 1696, under the name of *The street that runs by the pie-woman's leading to the city commons*. In the same year, the first appropriation for cleaning the streets of the city was made, and amounted to £20. Enormous as the sums are which are now set apart for the same purpose, their administration is either dishonest or inefficient; so that New York is probably the dirtiest city in Christendom, and no treatment less heroic than that which Hercules administered with the river Peneus could purify its streets.

Down Nassau Street is the quaint old building which was erected in 1727–9 for the Middle Dutch Church, and from whose steeple Benjamin Franklin sent forth the most useful of kites—that which discovered the electric fluid in the black clouds of a thunderstorm. During the Revolutionary War, the British garrison converted the church first into a military prison, and then into a riding-school for cavalymen. After the peace, the phlegmatic Knickerbockers once more took possession of the building, sanctified by the death of scores of patriots within its dark walls. Many years later, the church was secularised, and served as the city post-office until 1875.

A few of the down-town side-streets are interesting for special reasons. John Street contains a Methodist Church on the site of the first church built in America (in 1766) by the Methodists, now the most powerful sect in the country. In William Street, near by,

Washington Irving was born. Maiden Lane, the "Maidens' Path" of the Dutch settlers, is the centre of the wholesale trade in fire-arms and jewellery. Cortlandt Street, named after the first native mayor, contains the immense building of the Coal and Iron Exchange. Fulton Street, one of the busiest in the city, is the main route to Brooklyn, and crosses Manhattan Island from Washington Market to Fulton Market. Chambers Street occupies the site of the Dutch palisades and the British redoubts. In Varick Street is the ancient Episcopal Chapel of St. John, whose broad park has been covered by a freight station, bearing enormous bronze groups, emblematic of the life and achievements of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Within a few squares of the City Hall, on and near Broadway, are several of those lofty buildings which are peculiar to New York, towering to a height of from 100 to 150 feet, and crowned with queer little towers. The value of land is so enormous that a disposition is apparent to make the most of the lots secured, by lifting up on them ten or twelve storeys of offices, accessible by elevators, and occupied by swarms of busy men of affairs.

Among these Alp-like hives are the buildings owned by the two great journals, the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*: the first, founded by Horace Greeley, being one of the great political powers of the continent; and the second, conducted for many years by the venerable poet, William Cullen Bryant (the author of *Thanatopsis*), being a recognised authority in matters pertaining to literature and general culture. The *Tribune* building is probably the largest newspaper office in the world, and one of the most imposing and attractive. It fronts on the park, and is nine storeys high, with façades on three streets, and a tall clock-tower rising far above the mountainous roof. The *Tribune* is devoted to the doctrines of the Republican party, and is their foremost exponent and defender. Another of these huge structures is the head-quarters of the Western Union Telegraph Company, one of the largest corporations in America, whose blue-and-white signboards appear everywhere throughout the older States, and are advanced across the Rocky Mountains and the north-western prairies ahead of the skirmish-lines of the pioneers. Their hundreds of thousands of miles of lightning network converge under the Louvre domes and lofty tower of this building, and give employment to a small army of operators and clerks. The head-quarters of the Telephone Company, whose myriad wires extend everywhere in the city, is also in this structure. One of the oddest things noticed by a stranger in New York is the forest of telegraph-poles, standing in all the streets and on the house-tops, and laced with an incomprehensible number of wires.

The costly and ambitious rivalry of American insurance corporations is illustrated by the buildings of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Equitable Life Assurance Society. The former erected a huge structure on Lower Broadway, and near it the Equitable afterwards built an office, many feet higher. The Mutual thereupon ran their building still higher, so that its eaves looked down upon the aspiring neighbour. Then the Equitable, nerved to heroic enterprise, piled up a few more storeys upon its star-saluting palace, until it reached the height of 137 feet, and once more eclipsed the neighbouring rival. Upon its summit is the signal-service station, where a small detachment of regular soldiers, trained to the work, observe the weather, receiving telegrams from similar stations

throughout the country, and hoisting red-and-black danger-flags (or red lanterns) when a storm is approaching the coast.

The vicinity of the City-Hall Park, near the centre of the lower part of the island, is one of the busiest and most interesting localities in the Republic. The most conspicuous building is the United States Post Office, which contains also the national courts for this district, and other Federal offices. This enormous structure has a frontage on all sides of over a thousand feet, and is built entirely of Maine granite, brick, iron, and glass, the cost having been nearly £1,500,000. Unfortunately for future generations, this, and many other national edifices of great size and durable materials throughout the Union, were designed by Supervising-Architect Mullett, whose opportunity for winning undying fame was greater even than Michael Angelo or Sir Christopher Wren enjoyed, yet was lost by his adhesion to a style of construction which combined heaviness, monotony, and pretentiousness. But the defects of the exterior are largely compensated by the airiness, comfort, and convenience of the offices within. No fewer than 1,200 men are employed in the New York Post Office, handling 270,000,000 letters and packages annually, and yielding a net yearly profit of £400,000 to the Government. There are nineteen local sub-post-offices within the city limits—a number that will be increased as required.

St. Paul's, built in 1764, and the oldest church edifice in the city, is in Broadway, near the City-Hall Park, in a populous burial-ground, where the industrious antiquary may find monuments to Gen. Montgomery, who was slain in 1775, while leading an American army to storm the walls of Quebec; Thomas Addis Emmett, the Irish patriot; and George Frederick Cooke, John Kemble's rival on the London stage of eighty years ago. When St. Paul's was built, a rural lane occupied the line of Broadway, and the beautiful view toward the Hudson river remained open, so the main front of the church with the handsome spire and porch were erected on the west, and the back of the building now faces the great thoroughfare.

Printing-House Square and Park Row, on one side of the City-Hall Park, are the western counterpart of ancient Fleet Street, the head-quarters of innumerable newspapers and the organs of many religious sects, industries, and other special interests. Here are the offices of the four great eight-page

dailies, the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, and *World*, the first-named being just off the row, in a splendid marble building facing towards St. Paul's. The *Herald* is neutral in politics, and finds its mission in purveying foreign news, in sending costly exploring expeditions to Central Africa and the North Pole, and otherwise sustaining the brilliant schemes of its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett. The *Times* and *World* are both conducted with



WASHINGTON IRVING.

great ability, and represent respectively the ideas of the Republican and Democratic parties. The presiding genius of Printing-House Square is a large bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, philanthropist, and printer, and Minister to France from 1776 to 1785. The lofty and symmetrical building of the *Staats Zeitung*, an influential daily paper, printed in the German language, is in the same vicinity. America is indebted to the political discontent and the military laws of Northern Germany for several millions of her citizens, who cling closely to their language, their secularism, and their social customs, while enjoying the freedom and contributing to the magnifying of the Republic. Consequently the German element in New York and other important cities of the United States is not only very considerable in point of numbers, but wields a proportionate share of political power.

A glance at the newspaper-list of New York will give an idea of the tremendous journalistic enterprise of the metropolis, and the cosmopolitan character of its population. There are 29 daily papers, of which 4 are German, 2 French, and 1 Bohemian; 232 semi-weeklies, weeklies, and bi-weeklies, of which 27 are German, 3 French, 3 Spanish, and 1 each Italian, Swedish, and Bohemian; and 171 monthlies, of which 5 are German and 4 Spanish. But perhaps the most curious feature in this department of literature, at any rate in a philological point of view, is a newspaper read by the resident Polish Jews, which is printed in the German language, in Hebrew letters.

The City Hall of New York, the seat of the Civic Government, occupies a commanding position on a public square, near the Post Office, and is now more than seventy years old. When it was built—a palace of Italian Renaissance architecture—the south front and sides were made of Massachusetts marble, and the rest of brown-stone, under the supposition that the city would not advance farther up the island. But now the main part of the population is above this point, and the district in front is occupied by commercial structures and offices. It was a very imposing building, for those days, but is now dwarfed by more modern neighbours, while the wear-and-tear inflicted by several generations of Celtic politicians has left it in a rather dingy plight. It is charitable to say nothing as to the *matériel* and acts of the governing body which meets in its chambers. On one side is the Hall of Records, which was used during the Revolutionary War as the Provost Prison, under command of the brutal Captain Cunningham. 2,000 Americans, prisoners of war, in his hands, were starved to death, and 250 more were privately hanged without ceremony. But the mills of the gods at last drew him between their stones, and he was executed at London Dock, in 1791. On the other side of the City Hall is the County Court House, a handsome marble building in classic architecture, and a permanent monument of one of the most stupendous robberies on record. The infamous Tammany Ring, composed of low-born adventurers, held the political control of the city in 1869–71, when this building was rising, and drew from the municipal funds an amount in excess of £2,400,000 on its account. When the press aroused the people to fury, and the robbers were sent to prison, or fled into permanent exile, this small structure, still incomplete, had cost nearly as much as the British Houses of Parliament.

The ground upon which this group of public buildings stands was called the *Flachte*,

or Flats, by the ancient Dutch pioneers, and stood apart as commons, upon which the powder-house and poor-house were built. Great crowds used to assemble here to celebrate the King's birthday and other festivals. In 1776, the American army was drawn up on the Flats, in hollow squares of brigades, at evening, on July 9th, while the Declaration of Independence was read aloud by clear-voiced aides. A few months later, barracks were erected here for the victorious British troops; and in 1861, other barracks, on the same site, sheltered the volunteer regiments, preparing to march against the Southern rebels.

The East-River Bridge, one of the foremost engineering achievements of modern times, is over a mile long, and 85 feet wide, with two railroad tracks, four wagon tracks, and a broad promenade for pedestrians. The two towers, from which the roadway is suspended, are enormous piles of masonry—the one founded on rock 45 feet below the water, the other 90 feet below the water, and rising 268 feet above the high-tide line. The height of the centre of the bridge above the river is 135 feet, so that the largest ships that float can pass underneath by lowering their main-royal masts. The bridge begins at City-Hall Park, in New York, and ends on the heights of Brooklyn, being approached by long viaducts.

Broadway continues on from the City-Hall Park for considerably over a mile, as straight as an arrow, broad and spacious, and filled with activity, diversity, and splendour. At the end of the vista, where the street deflects to the left, stands the tall and symmetrical marble spire of Grace Church, which pertains to a wealthy and fashionable parish of the Episcopal communion. The graceful Gothic buildings of the church and its appurtenances form a pleasing variety in the long lines of rectangular shops and offices; and the interior, rich in stained glass and colour, is full of æsthetic charm. Along all this splendid thoroughfare myriads of busy pedestrians continually pass, representing all manner of metropolitan and provincial Americans, foreigners of every nationality, men of all grades and occupations, forming a scene of rare fascination in its light, colour, and kaleidoscopic motion, and compelling the attention by an irresistible and magnetic attraction. Between the side-walks, the throng of carriages and wagons, lumbering omnibuses and liveried coaches, is no less astonishing, and far more noisy. The leading incident of a visit to New York is a walk down Broadway, and the contemplation of its infinite array of the representatives and the works of humanity. At early morning, the junior clerks and hand-workers, sewing-girls, and artisans pour downward in a vast stream; later, the merchants and professional men appear upon the scene; and the mid-day hours bring out the ladies, flitting from store to store in the peculiarly feminine amusement of shopping. Later in the afternoon, the lounging thousands of the leisurely classes occupy the side-walks, dressed for promenading, and meeting the tide of workers which begins to surge backward from down-town; and, still later, the industrial army begins its weary homeward march. After dark, a Pompeian stillness settles over the street, broken only by the tramp of the policemen, the merriment of the theatre-goers, and the furtive tread of the unfortunate men and women who, for their evil behaviour, love darkness rather than light.

Brilliant as Broadway is, however, it must be confessed that in certain localities the vast and costly palaces of trade and business represent but a slight veneering of regions that are deeply honeycombed with corruption and misery. The Bloody Sixth Ward lies close upon Broadway, to the eastward, with its seething and densely-packed tens of thousands

of unfortunate people, always poor, often criminal, sometimes desperate. There are the Five Points, formerly the Seven Dials of New York, haunted by unspeakable wretchedness and wickedness until Christian philanthropy redeemed the whole neighbourhood. There



"NEW YORK TRIBUNE" OFFICE.

is the Chinese quarter, where many yellow-faced sons of the Celestial Flowery Kingdom dwell, supported by the laundry business, and enjoying a plurality of Irish wives. There is the Tombs, a profoundly gloomy granite prison, in Egyptian architecture, built around a hollow square, and always brimming over with criminals, while its inner court is reserved as the place of executions. There is Chatham Street, narrow, dirty, and dilapidated, and lined with concert-saloons, pawnbrokers', and the haunts of Jew merchants. On the other side is Bleeker Street, the Latin quarter, the Alsatia, of New York, crowded with life of an uncertain grade; and "Africa," a locality inhabited by low and degraded negroes, and as dangerous, after night-fall, as the shores of Tanganyika. About Bleeker Street are numbers of cheap French and Italian restaurants and cafés, where such scenes may be witnessed as are common in the *trattorie* of Rome and Naples. Throughout all these regions, where dwell such myriads of poor and hard-working (yet, in the main, contented and well-fed) citizens, are countless subjects for the pencil of a Hogarth or the pen of a Dickens.

The Bowery is the grand avenue of the respectable lower classes, the

antithesis of Broadway, the main artery of the cosmopolitan and unassimilated population. Cheap retail shops, lodging-houses, fruit-stands, lager-beer saloons, policy-shops, variety shows, and German theatres crowd upon each other, and an incessant multitude streams along the encumbered side-walks. The German language seems to predominate, appearing on hundreds of signboards, and issuing from thousands of ineuphonious throats. Broadway

is nearly parallel, and quite close, but the constituencies of the two streets are separated by vast ethereal spaces. Here the coarser Bohemianism of the great metropolis enjoys its merry life, while the inevitable tides of industry flow up and down the mile-length of the avenue. The name of this street commemorates the Bouwerie, the country estate of Petrus Stuyvesant, Governor and Captain-General of New Netherland from 1647 until 1664, which covered all this part of the city, and was dominated by a great and commodious mansion of old Netherlandish architecture. His house was built of small



THE CITY HALL.

yellow bricks, imported from Holland, and here the doughty old governor doffed his heavy armour, and "enjoyed the repose of agricultural pursuits within sight of the smoke of the city, which curled over the tree-tops." Thirty negro slaves and many white workmen were employed in his gardens and fields, what time this gallant Frisian gentleman governed the colony, in the name of their High Mightinesses the States-General. His city and official mansion was *Whitehall*, near the Battery, a handsome structure of hewn stone, surrounded by velvety lawns and odoriferous gardens. Stuyvesant was buried in the family vault, in a little church upon his farm; and a hundred and thirty years later the now venerable Episcopal Church of St. Mark was erected upon the same site. St. Mark's is near the head of the Bowery, and contains also the tombs



of Colonel Slaughter, British Governor of New York in 1691, and Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of the State from 1807 to 1817.

The first fire company in the city was organised in 1658, when there were a thousand inhabitants, largely negro slaves; when pavements of cobble-stones were first introduced; when the best building-lots sold for £10, and the best houses rented for £20 a year. The "Rattle Watch" numbered eight men, who were equipped with 250 fire-buckets and a set of hooks and ladders, brought over from Holland under Stuyvesant's order. Up to a comparatively recent period, the Fire Department was composed of a great number of volunteer companies, so filled with *esprit du corps* that the intensest rivalries existed between them, which often constrained the members to indulge in terrific pell-mell fights with each other, company against company, even in the presence of raging conflagrations. Nevertheless, they were to the last degree prompt and daring, and would return to their "machines" with bleeding heads and gashed faces, to do heroic service against the fire. In 1861 a regiment of a thousand of these reckless lads, called the "Fire Zouaves," and arrayed in their favourite costume of red shirts and black trousers, volunteered against the Southern rebels, and did very valiant service. The figure of "Mose," the typical fireman, in red and black, with oiled locks, a tall black hat canted on one side, and a cigar rakishly cocked upward from one corner of his mouth, was a favourite subject with New York caricaturists and character-sketchers, before the middle of the present century. Thackeray had the keenest desire to meet one of these dare-devils, and when Mose was pointed out to him, in the regular uniform of the order, leaning against a Bowery lamp-post, the genial old Briton went up to him and said, "My friend, I want to go to Broadway," as if inquiring the route. To whom the fireman growled out, over his mangled cigar, looking down upon him the while, "Well, sonny, yer can go there, if yer'll be good," with a plentiful interlarding of ingenious oaths. Within the last decade or two, this picturesque feature of metropolitan life has vanished, giving place to a smaller but more highly disciplined fire brigade, equipped with powerful steam-engines, and summoned to the place of danger by telegraphs to each engine-house. The Fire Department employs 850 men, with 600 fire-alarm boxes, 42 steam fire-engines, and 18 hook-and-ladder trucks, the total cost being £250,000 a year. The firemen are very daring, prompt, and efficient, but the construction of the city is such that great and costly conflagrations are of frequent occurrence. The police force is composed of 3,000 men, of wide variety as to efficiency. There are thirty precincts, each of which has its police-rendezvous and prison. The suburban wards are patrolled by mounted officers; and the harbour police are continually cruising about the waters adjacent to the city, watching for river-pirates and other desperadoes. When riots assume dangerous proportions, large bodies of militia are quickly concentrated on the points of peril.

Another picturesque feature of the Bowery is its beer-gardens, on the plan of those in the larger German cities, and patronised by the same class and race. Multitudes of Teutonic citizens and their *fraus* gather here nightly, to listen to good music, quaff vast beakers of lager-beer, and smoke endless pipes. The glaring of hundreds of lights, the rushing hither and thither of waiters bearing armfuls of glasses, the roar of the harsh German tongue, the crash of the instrumental music, combine to make up a scene and

sound full of interest and excitement. Within a few years, lager-beer has become the favourite beverage of New Yorkers, as well as of most of the urban communities in the Northern States; and the breweries, which produce 3,000,000 barrels of malt liquor yearly, are among the most conspicuous buildings of the city. There are several very large and handsome beer-gardens in the American quarter, with frescoed halls, orchestral music, and other interesting and respectable accompaniments. The old Bowery Theatre, where Forrest, Quin, Rice, Hackett, the elder Booth, Celeste, and Charlotte Cushman used to play, has fallen in grade as the Bowery has fallen, although it has been made an *annexe* of an adjacent beer-garden, and German plays have replaced the wild melodramas so beloved by the Bowery Boys of yore. Dickens describes this region of New York very graphically, in the sixth chapter of his "American Notes;" but great improvements have certainly been made since he wrote. The last sanguinary battle between the rival aggregations of ruffians, the Dead Rabbits and the Bowery Boys, occurred on the night of July 4th, 1857, when the former were aided by the women in the houses and the latter were in alliance with the police. Eleven persons were killed and 200 wounded during the night.

Between the Bowery and the broad parade-ground of Tompkins Square is the Seventeenth Ward, where over a hundred thousand people dwell on a space of about a half-mile square, crowded into tenement houses, and living lives of toil and suffering. Incipient communism has frequently broken out in this district, as might well be expected, and the police have had serious skirmishes with the discontented workmen. These are the districts which foreign tourists are not taken to see, and which optimistic writers ignore. Nevertheless, they are a vast factor in the problems of life and government in New York.

The literary quarter of the city is near Broadway, well up towards Union Square. The vicinity of Bond Street has, of late years, become the Paternoster Row of America, where several of the large publishing firms have their head-quarters, issuing millions of books annually, and scattering them broadcast over the States. The printing and publishing house of the Harpers still remains in Franklin Square, in the lower part of the city.

The great Astor Library is in this quarter, in Lafayette Place, and owes its origin to the generosity of John Jacob Astor, a German, who landed in New York when but twenty years old, and devoted his life to the fur-trade with the Indians of the far North-west. He bequeathed a fortune of many million dollars; and his heirs have since still further enriched the great library which he founded. The building is large and airy, in the Romanesque architecture, and contains nearly 200,000 volumes, including many rare old books and literary curiosities, Greek and Latin MSS., and black-letter books. Like the British Museum Library, it is used mainly by scholars and men of letters, as a treasure-house from which to draw material for literary work. No books are allowed to go out. The building and its contents cost more than £200,000, and large additions have been made by the present head of the Astor family. The interior is separated into two divisions, the Hall of Sciences and the Hall of Histories, whose titles indicate the nature of their contents.

The Mercantile Library, in the same vicinity, is of a more popular order, circulating its 184,000 volumes among a great army of subscribers. It occupies the building which was formerly known as the Astor Place Opera House, where the terrible Forrest-

Macready riots occurred, in 1849, when the militia of the city were forced to fire upon the people, entailing a sad loss of life. The Apprentices' Library, in Sixteenth Street, contains nearly 60,000 volumes, and is supported by the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, for the use of young hand-workers of both sexes. It is now sixty years old and in a highly flourishing condition. The New York Society Library, in University Place, pertains to a private corporation. It dates from the year 1754, and contains about 70,000 volumes. The Bible House, at the end of Astor Place, is an immense six-storey



THE TOMBS.

building belonging to the American Bible Society, and serving as the domicile of several powerful religious organisations. Six hundred operatives are engaged here, and more than a dozen religious papers are published hence. The Bible Society has received nearly £3,500,000 during the past sixty years, and 36,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and other books, in no less than thirty-five languages, have been thrown off from its busy presses. Opposite to the Bible House is the Cooper Union, a brown-stone building covering an entire square, and commemorating the generous philanthropy of Peter Cooper, a wealthy iron-manufacturer, who still lives, at the age of ninety, to enjoy the gratitude of the people. The Union contains great libraries, reading-rooms, and halls, where courses of lectures and practical instruction in various studies are given entirely free to the people.

The American Geographical Society and the American Institute are also quartered in this building.

A little way to the westward is Washington Square, a park of nearly ten acres, laid out on the site of the old Potter's Field, where over 100,000 human bodies are buried. The University of the City of New York, a building of white marble, in English collegiate architecture, occupies part of one side of the square, and has a venerable antiquity of fifty years, and a roll of nearly six hundred students. The Union Theological Seminary is in the vicinity, and is a famous school where Presbyterian youth are prepared for the office of the ministry, in one of the ugliest buildings in New York. The library consists of 35,000 volumes, with countless pamphlets and valuable MSS. and *incunabula*.

On the eastward, near St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, stands the yellow sandstone building owned by the New York Historical Society, and containing a great number of rare curiosities, the Abbott Collection of Egyptian antiquities (1,100 pieces), the Lenox Collection of Assyrian sculptures, and a picture-gallery of over 600 paintings. If the pictures be all genuine and authentic (which they probably are not), this collection may make some show of competing with many European galleries, for it contains compositions attributed to Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Murillo, Velasquez, Guido, Cimabue, Leonardo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and almost every other painter famous in the history of British and Continental art. There are also fifty-seven pieces of valuable statuary; and the society's library contains 64,000 volumes, chiefly *Americana* and local histories.

Union Square is on the line of Broadway, and is a very pleasant miniature park of three acres or so, with green trees and grass, and surrounded by broad plazas, over which tower immense hotels, and the head-quarters of the great sewing-machine companies. This locality, now so brilliant and active, was anciently known as *The Forks*, and in 1831 the city council voted to lay it out like the Place Vendôme. Fifteen years later, it was the fashionable residence quarter; but the march of trade up town has driven out the old patrician families, and left the square to the use of the money-changers. The colossal equestrian statue of General Washington is one of the finest works of art in the city; and on the other side of the square stands a bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln; while a statue of Lafayette, designed by Bartholdi, adorns a contiguous corner. The park is oval in form, with a murmuring fountain in the centre, surrounded by scores of lamps, and many seats for the accommodation of the people. The permanent population is composed of a large and noisy colony of English sparrows, very tame and audacious, who were imported for the purpose of ridding the trees of worms. The wide plaza at the upper end has become a favourite locality for military reviews and great out-door meetings of the people.

Not far from Union Square are two verdant little parks, Stuyvesant and Gramercy, which are surrounded by the residences of some of the oldest and most honoured families of the city, bearing names which are household words in America. St. George's Church—a great Gothic building of brown-stone, with twin spires 245 feet high, and withal the citadel of the Low-Church Episcopalians of New York—fronts on Stuyvesant Square. All Souls Unitarian Church is located in this district, and presents a somewhat singular

appearance, with its alternate bands of red and white stone, resembling in many respects the mediæval cathedrals of Tuscany.

The Tammany Society has its head-quarters near Union Square, in a spacious building constructed for the purpose. It happened that at the close of the Revolutionary War the officers of the American army, encamped on the Hudson river, formed an association called the Society of the Cincinnati, to be perpetuated (as it still is) among their descendants as a patrician and patriotic order. Reacting against the aristocratic tendency of this association, a large number of gentlemen formed the Benevolent Society of St. Tammany (named in honour of an ancient Indian chieftain), which has in later years become the central power and controller of the Democratic party in the State of New York, and one of the most potent political organisations in the Republic. The meetings held in the hall are often of the stormiest and most turbulent character.

The great dry-goods shops are in this vicinity, and attract thousands of ladies every fair day. The largest of these establishments is that of A. T. Stewart and Co., which is often called the greatest retail store in the world. It is an enormous building of iron and glass, five storeys high, with fifteen acres of flooring, and 2,000 employés. The sales average £12,000 a day. In the same district are several of the chief places of amusement, foremost among which is the Academy of Music, the Opera-House of New York, where many a famous *prima donna* has made her first appearance before admiring and uncritical American audiences. Wallack's and the Union Square Theatres are also hereabouts, and draw large and brilliant audiences. Steinway Hall and Chickering Hall, pertaining to rival firms of piano-makers, are near by, and gather many audiences of cultivated people to listen to musical entertainments and lectures.

The New York Hospital is a large new building, six storeys high, just off the square, sumptuously furnished and equipped, and accommodating 150 invalids; charging the well-to-do from £1 8s. to £10 a week, and receiving the penniless poor freely, for sweet charity's sake. The society which owns and conducts this institution was chartered by King George III. in 1771. A long way across town is Bellevue Hospital, a municipal charity with 800 beds, conducted at a cost to the city of £20,000 a year.

The vicinity of Madison Square—another bright little park opening off Broadway, six blocks above Union Square—is full of interest, and forms one of the favourite regions for promenading and sight-seeing. The Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Hoffman, the Brunswick, and other immense hotels front on the square; and several of the chief clubs of the city have their houses in the same neighbourhood. The square is adorned by a bronze statue of William H. Seward, the head of the American Cabinet during the perilous era of the Secession War; and also by a granite obelisk erected in honour of Gen. Worth, a hero of the war with Mexico. Among the fashionable clubs in this quarter are the St. Nicholas, comprising 200 gentlemen of old New York families, mostly of Dutch origin and names, devoted to social pleasures and historical researches; the Union League, with 1,500 members, the head-quarters of the Republican party in New York, and very rich and powerful; the Manhattan, with 400 members, pledged to advance the principles of the Democratic party; the Lotos, consisting of 300 gentlemen devoted to art, literature, the stage, and the learned professions; the Century, having 600 members, in Fifteenth Street, a Conservative

literary and æsthetic organisation; the Army and Navy, comprising 400 officers and ex-officers of the regular and volunteer armies and the militia; the Knickerbocker, with 500 members, a very exclusive organisation; the New York, a fashionable club in Madison Square; the University, consisting of 500 gentlemen of liberal education; the Union, with 1,000 members, a very wealthy and aristocratic society; and the Bullion, with 145 members, devoted to the development of American mining. The Caledonian, famous for Scottish athletic games, in Thirteenth Street; the Philharmonic and Liederkrantz, composed of musical people, and many other minor clubs also flourish in this region.

Near Madison Square, also, are the famous restaurants, which leave nothing to be desired, of the *Trois Frères Provençaux* and the *Café Anglais*. Delmonico's and the Hôtel Brunswick afford *ménus* as varied and tempting as the fondest fancy of a modern Epicurus could imagine, served in marble halls between frescoed walls, stained-glass windows, fountains, flowers, crystal candelabra, and furniture of the richest and quietest character. In adjacent streets are several large Italian and French restaurants, famous for their *table d'hôte* dinners, with wines, where actors, artists, and journalists find congenial resorts.

A little way toward the Hudson river stand several interesting structures. Here is Booth's Theatre, one of the finest in the country, founded by Edwin Booth, the great tragedian, and for a long time devoted to the revival of Shakspearean plays. It accommodates nearly as many auditors as old Drury Lane itself. On the opposite corner is the Masonic Temple, a ponderous granite building which cost more than £200,000, and is occupied by all manner of lodge-rooms, grand lodges, and other mysterious chambers. The gentlemen bearing pompous and anachronistic titles who hold conclave here exhibit a divine method in their madness, for the order of Masons is one of the most wise and generous of the philanthropies of America, and all the revenues of this costly temple are set apart for ever as a fund for the support of the needy widows and orphans of their brethren.

The Grand Opera House is in this district, and has the largest auditorium in the city, but is so far isolated in an unfashionable street that performances of a high grade are not profitable, and the stage is usually occupied by spicily-flavoured sensational and spectacular pieces. This was one of the many enterprises of the notorious speculator and adventurer, Colonel Jim Fisk, whose main object in the venture seemed to be that he might have free admission to the green-room and behind the scenes. It was perhaps natural that he should be shot to death in a discreditable quarrel.

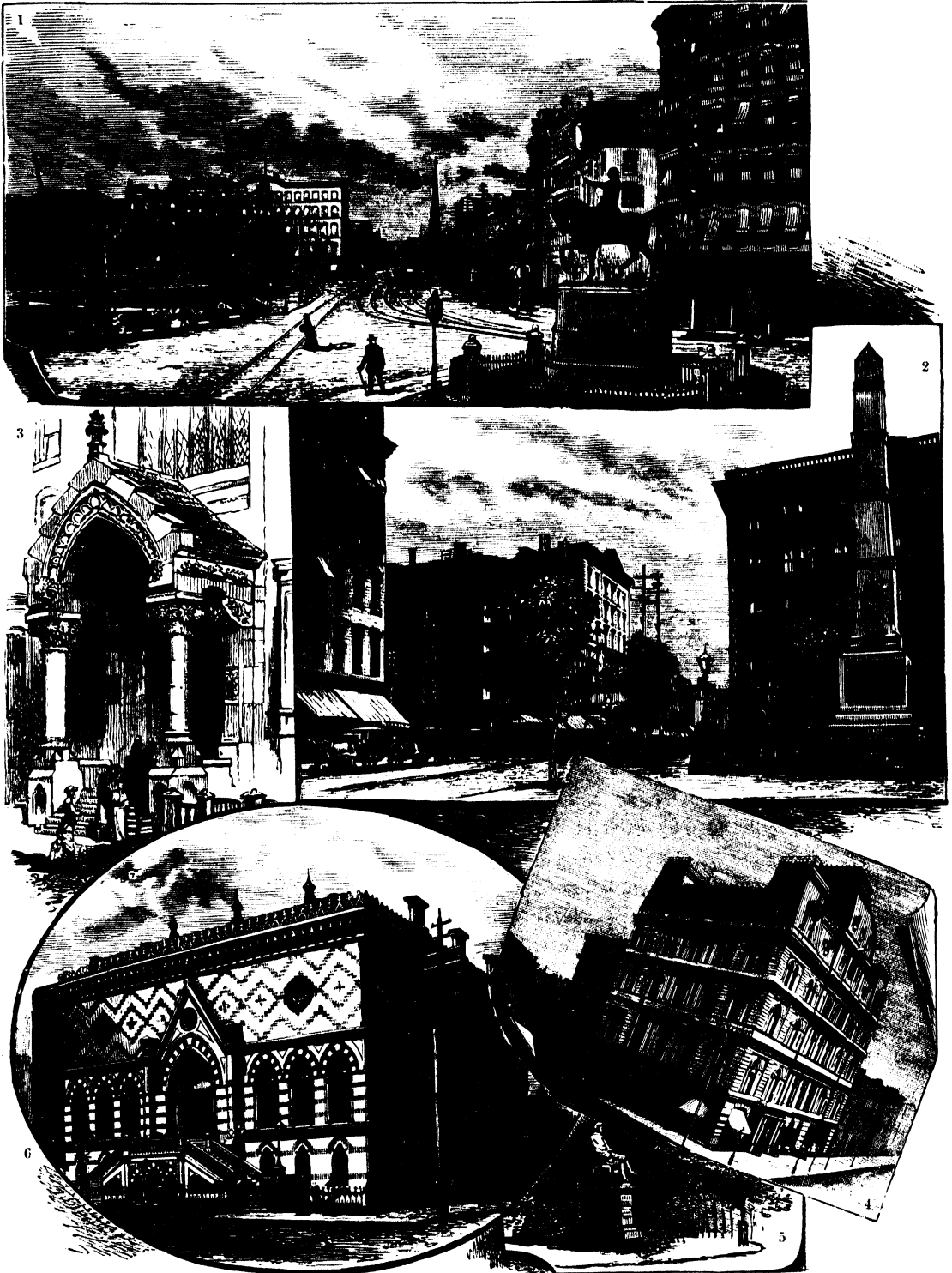
A little farther out is the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, richly endowed and highly flourishing, and occupying several plain stone buildings in a verdure-clad park. A majority of the churches of New York are of this ancient denomination, and a tolerant and peaceful Episcopal jurisdiction seems to allow the widest liberty among them, from the ultra-ritualistic mediæval services at St. Alban's and St. Mary the Virgin's down to the severe simplicity and Methodistic plainness of St. George's. There are several small diocesan institutions for the education of the clergy elsewhere, but the General Seminary is the chief source of supply for the entire American Episcopal Church and missions, composed of 62 bishops, 3,200 clergymen, and 324,995 communicants.

The National Academy of Design is to the United States what the Royal Academy is to Great Britain, including in its membership the foremost of American artists, and instructing several schools and classes of students in the principles and practice of art. The home of the National Academy is in Fourth Avenue, near Madison Square, and in its artistic beauty is worthy of the associations which have already begun to cluster around it. The principal material used in the construction is marble, grey and white, and the style is the Gothic of the twelfth century; so that amid these staring modern streets, above the tinkling horse-cars, and over against high-towering piles of Americanised French Renaissance, rises this dainty little Venetian palace, rather spick-and-span, to be sure, and without the hallowing stains of the sea and of the centuries, but sacred to the glories of a divine art. Whoever shall enter at its rich and elaborate portal, in the spring season and early summer, may find in the galleries hundreds of glowing canvases by the New World artists, the winter's harvest from the studios, concentrated in the annual exhibitions. The Suydam Collection is kept here permanently, and includes many brilliant and select landscapes from American easels, besides a few pictures of the modern French school, and an alleged Correggio. As in London also, there is a rival organisation, the Society of American Artists, largely made up of artists of the Munich school of painting. The American Water-Colour Society, now composed of sixty-five members, holds exhibitions every spring in the Academy galleries.

Opposite the National Academy stands the enormous Renaissance building of the Young Men's Christian Association, constructed of brown and yellow sandstone, five storeys high, and with long and ornate façades on two streets. To the stranger in New York, belonging to the Evangelical section of the Church, this institution affords, without cost and without need of introduction, something of the comforts which the great clubs give to the cosmopolitan traveller with high credentials. The parlours, library, reading-rooms, music-room, and other pleasant conveniences are free to all who care to use them, and in a manner quite fraternal, and not in the least perfunctory. A similar institution for young women, in Fifteenth Street, provides the working girls of the metropolis with free reading-rooms, libraries, classes in sundry branches of study, lectures, concerts, and protection in various ways.

Madison Square is three miles from the Battery; and Broadway, emerging from its upper corner, runs for two miles in a rather irregular diagonal across the line of the avenues, through a region of shops, apartment-hotels, churches, and houses, to Central Park, where the most vexed and crowded and trampled street in the world happily loses itself among the delicious lawns and the shadowy trees.

The Faubourg St. Germain of America is the region included between Lexington Avenue and Sixth Avenue, Madison Square and Central Park, a district about half a mile wide, and a mile and a half long. Here dwell the Cræsus of New Amsterdam, the old patrician families, the less-old aristocrats, the new-rich—the descendants of the De Peysters and Livingstons, as well as the recently-crowned petroleum and railway princes. Lexington Avenue, Madison Avenue, above all the famous Fifth Avenue, and the thirty-five streets which join them, are crowded with the homes of the men who make their fortunes in the busy whirl towards Wall Street and the Battery. Enormous as the



VIEWS IN NEW YORK.

1, Union Square; 2, The Worth Monument, Madison Square; 3, Porch of the Church of Heavenly Rest; 4, The Masonic Temple; 5, Statue in Madison Square; 6, National Academy of Design.



estates are which these homes represent, and costly as the buildings are, their external effect is not satisfactory. They stand in blocks, built with a regularity which is utterly monotonous, a simplicity which gives no relief, and a sombreness of unbroken vistas of dark-brown stone which becomes oppressive. The houses are high and narrow, and equipped internally with all the luxuries, the health-preserving devices, and labour-saving appliances of the nineteenth century. Hundreds of these citizens could buy Malmaison, or Miramar, or San Donato, with a few months of their income; and many of them own stately and emparked mansions on the Hudson river; but they prefer the joyous life of the city, with its rush of business by day and its social festivities by night. The luxurious parlours, picture galleries, boudoirs, and libraries of these homes are foreshadowed by their entrances, rising at the head of stone stairways, with narrow grass-plots between the basement and the side-walks. Nowhere does the defensive or the formidable appear, as in Paris and London, but the plate-glass in the inner doors, the flowers growing in vases and tubs, the vines trailing over the elaborate pillars and porches, give an air of cheerful hospitality and peaceful security. Even Anthony Trollope, in his very acid treatise on North America, found grace to say that Fifth Avenue "is certainly a fine street. The houses in it are magnificent, not having that aristocratic look which some of our detached London residences enjoy, or the palatial appearance of an old-fashioned *hôtel* at Paris, but an air of comfortable luxury and commercial wealth which is not excelled by the best houses of any other town that I know." The absolute sovereigns of these domiciles are the daughters of the old families, arbitrary, wayward, and fascinating, and, though less beautiful than the ladies of Baltimore and less intellectual than those of Boston, gifted with the social graces to such a degree that they stand easily foremost. London and Paris have felt and enjoyed their power; and if Mr. Darwin is correct in assigning the cause of the physical beauty of the English upper classes to their wise selection of beautiful wives, he must endorse the sagacity of many nobles of the Victorian age, who have borne off their brides, willing Sabine captives, from the brown-stone palaces of New York. The *jeunesse dorée* affords matter for much pleasant and pungent satire in the society novels and verses of the day. These wealthy young men, to whom a trip to Europe is a frequent holiday episode, have become saturated with English ideas and manners, and reproduce the dialogues of Pall Mall in the club-houses of Fifth Avenue. The oddities of the London vernacular are carefully transplanted and cherished; the *Court Journal* is studied with loyal earnestness; and even the clothing of these Anglicised patricians is made in London. Coaching and polo have been introduced direct from the White Horse Inn and Aldershot, and astonish the suburban villagers; and an amusing imitation of riding to hounds is practised over the adjacent New Jersey farms.

The best estate of Fifth Avenue appears on a pleasant Sunday, after morning service, or in the afternoon, when thousands of promenaders occupy the side-walks, and the roadway is filled with a great variety of equipages. The pomps and vanities of this world are admirably displayed, and the latest inventions of Worth and Pond emerge from the deep-arched portals of the cathedrals, churches, and chapels, and join in the dignified procession up the Avenue. The Sunday afternoon stroll along Fifth Avenue is as much *de rigueur* as the Monday afternoon saunter down Broadway.

Fifth Avenue begins a half-mile below Madison Square, and the lower part of its course has been invaded by club-houses, hotels, and shops. Above the square such intruders are as yet less frequent, and the avenue soon becomes a residence-street pure and simple. The costliest house is that marble palace which was built at a cost of £400,000 by Mr. A. T. Stewart, a North of Ireland lad, who came to New York in 1818, and opened a small haberdashery shop, which was enlarged year by year until his death, when he was worth about £8,000,000. Mr. Stewart founded Garden City, on Long Island, and richly endowed a cathedral and university there. He was a lavish patron of the fine arts, and his spacious galleries contain many modern French pictures of fabulous value. The grand staircase in his house is composed of a hundred elaborately-carved marble steps, each of which cost £200. He also built an enormous and ornate iron edifice, eight storeys high, and covering an entire square on Park Avenue, as a home and boarding-house (at cost rates) for working women; but after his death the enterprise was badly mismanaged, the women were ejected, and the building became a hotel.

A group of palatial buildings farther up the avenue belongs to the Vanderbilt family, doubtless the most wealthy in America. The founder of this family was Cornelius Vanderbilt (a Staten Islander by birth), who started in life as master of a small sloop-boat, and after a long career, devoted to the steamship and railway interests, died, within a few years, worth fully £8,000,000. The present head of the family is still prominent in the railway business, and owns £12,000,000 in interest-paying bonds of the United States, equal to one-thirtieth of the national debt. He is also prominent as an admirer of art, and is Meissonier's most liberal patron.

The Victoria, one of the most picturesque and attractive structures on the avenue, stands in the region of the club-houses, at Twenty-seventh Street. It was built by the late Paran Stevens as an apartment-hotel, arranged in suites after the manner of the houses of similar character in Paris, but has latterly become a hotel of the regular class. The Windsor, at Forty-sixth Street; the Bristol, at Forty-second Street; the Fifth Avenue, on Madison Square; and the Buckingham, opposite the Cathedral, at Fiftieth Street, form a quartette of magnificent and immense hotels, whose like cannot be found in any other street in the world. Several hotels of almost equal size and splendour may be found in Broadway, and hundreds of others, of all grades, occupy positions near the termini of the railway routes. There are often as many as 60,000 guests at one time in these great houses. They are much less imposing, architecturally, than the best modern hotels of London, whose Gothic splendours far outshine the simple and severe façades of the Manhattanese inns, but the service and discipline of the latter are unrivalled. Foreign visitors complain of the vast distances in these houses, and their lack of home-like comforts; but the Americans, always nomadic, like their ancestors, find there the culmination of all ancient and modern luxuries.

Some of the finest churches of the city are in this opulent quarter. St. Stephen's, of the Roman Catholics, is a large plain edifice, accommodating 4,000 persons, and enriched with a superb marble altar, and a famous picture of the Crucifixion. The musical services are of the highest order of merit, and attract many Protestant auditors. Trinity Chapel, also famed for rich choral services, and lined with frescoes and carved Caen-stone, is a sort

of chapel-of-ease to Trinity Church. The Collegiate Dutch Reformed Society, an ancient and wealthy corporation chartered by William III. in 1696, has two churches in the avenue, one a Gothic building of brown-stone, the other (the Holland Church) of white Vermont marble, in Romanesque architecture. St. Thomas's, a fashionable Episcopal shrine, which divides with Grace Church the honours of society weddings, is nearer the Park, and contains fine paintings of scenes in Christ's life after the Resurrection, by the new school of American fresco-painters, and sculptures representing the Adoration of the Cross. It is a large Gothic building, with a melodious chime of bells in the tower. The spires and finials of these and a dozen other churches make a pleasing diversity in the vista up the avenue, with their various and often flamboyant forms of architecture, and their diversity of rich colours and materials.

The delightfully quaint and irregular Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration is familiarly known as "The Little Church around the Corner." Some years ago, on the death of a certain actor, his friends applied to the rector of one of the fashionable avenue churches to officiate at the funeral, but he declined to do so, and patronisingly suggested that they should go to "the little church around the corner." They were well received there, and the name, given so carelessly, has since become the popular and affectionate title of the church, which is much visited by members of the dramatic profession, both in life and in death.

The Presbyterian church between the Cathedral and Central Park is one of the largest buildings pertaining to that sect in the world, and cost not far from £160,000. Its architecture is French Gothic; the material, brown sandstone; and the spire reaches a loftier height than any other structure in the city.

The Cathedral of St. Patrick, the seat of the Cardinal-Archbishop of New York, has no rival on the Western Continent. It is founded on ledges of native rock, at the highest point on the avenue; and the massive superstructure, which it took twenty years to build, is of white marble, in the decorated Gothic style of the thirteenth century. It is, as nearly as such things can be compared, three-fourths of the size of the famous Cathedral of Cologne, to which, as some think, it bears a marked resemblance. The outside length is 332 feet; the width, 132 feet; the height of the nave, 77 feet; the height of the richly-carved front, 156 feet; and the projected height of the twin spires, 330 feet each. The high altar, 40 feet high, was made in Italy, of white marble, inlaid with precious gems, Roman mosaics, and bas-reliefs of the Passion of Jesus Christ; and the minor altars are of bronze, save two, of Tennessee marble and carved French walnut. The nave is separated from the aisles by tall clustered columns of white marble; and the walls are illuminated by seventy windows, most of which are richly-coloured bits of ecclesiastical history, from the celebrated stained-glass works at Chartres, France. The façade is enriched by elaborate and beautiful carvings and statuary; and the massive marble columns between the nave and aisles support a lofty clerestory. The Cathedral has cost nearly £400,000, and £100,000 more are needed to finish the spires and the Lady Chapel. The Temple Emmanuel, the chief of the synagogues of New York, is farther up the avenue, and exhibits the extreme delicacy and grace of Saracenic architecture as it nowhere else appears outside the Mediterranean countries. The architect of this Oriental dream petrified in

Yankee stone-work was a profound admirer of the Alhambra, and has preserved here suggestions of that marvellous structure. As to the interior, it is dazzling in its brilliancy of colour and form, exemplifying the intensity of the Semitic imagination. The Hebrew race forms one-tenth of the population of New York, and contains less than one-hundredth



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

*(In this view the spires are shown as they will be when complete.)*

of the criminal classes, while many of the foremost offices and positions are held by their people. They have sixteen synagogues and fifty smaller houses of worship, and support eighteen charitable institutions. Never does one of these hundred thousand Israelites invoke the aid of public charity.

Columbia College was chartered by George II., in 1754, as King's College, and long remained under the care of Trinity Church, which gave it a grant of land, now affording

great revenues. In 1776 the Committee of Public Safety broke it up, alleging that the faculty was saturated with loyalty to England; and the buildings went to ruin. In 1784, under the present name, the college was revived; and in 1849 its ancient home was abandoned in favour of a larger and better site up-town. The School of Mines and the Law School connected with Columbia are the best institutions, in their respective departments, in America. The other educational institutions of New York include the University and the College of the City of New York, Manhattan College, St. John's College, and St. Francis Xavier College, besides Roman Catholic academies and famous convent-schools, and numerous other sectarian and specialist establishments.

The Grand Central Depôt, near Fifth Avenue, is the point where the three railways entering the city—the New York Central, the Harlem, and the route to New England—have their termini, reaching it by a series of cuts and viaducts extending nearly five miles, to the Harlem river. This great station is one of the most noble structures, to the American mind, in the city; and New Yorkers, viewing it by moonlight, are reminded of the Tuileries. The building is 700 feet long and 240 feet wide, covering twelve parallel tracks with a single span of roof; and adorned on the outside with high Louvre domes and copious trimmings of white marble, which makes a bad contrast with the walls of red brick. The routes to the south and west leave the lower part of the city by ferry-boats, the termini being on the New Jersey shore.

Central Park is the most beautiful urban pleasure-ground in America, and every New Yorker feels a just pride in this great garden of the people. At the time of the Revolutionary War, more than a century ago, the region thus beautified and adorned was the scene of severe fighting between the British light infantry and the rear-guard of Washington's army. Twenty-five years ago the same tract was infinitely dreary, and apparently worse than valueless—a wilderness of swamps and ledges and wretched thickets, diversified with heaps of cinders and rubbish, the *débris* of the city, and dotted here and there with the squalid shanties of Irish squatters. In 1858 began the work of cleansing and adorning this gloomy waste, and since that date more than £3,000,000 has been expended in advancing and perfecting the work. The approximate dimensions of the Park are  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile wide, and 862 acres in area (of which 185 are in lakes and reservoirs), with 9 miles of drive-ways, 6 miles of bridle-paths, and 28 miles of foot-paths; besides seats for 10,000 people, there are 30 buildings, and 400 acres of forest, on which over half a million trees and vines have been planted. The Park is five miles from the Battery, and one mile from the rivers on either side. There are thirty gates; and four roads run across the Park, far below its level, for the use of wagons and carts, which are not allowed to enter the pleasure-roads. More than 12,000,000 persons and 1,700,000 carriages visit the Park every year.

Among the most interesting features of this great gift of the people to their descendants are the Zoological Garden, in and about the castellated stone building of the old State Arsenal, where happy children gaze for hours at the strange animals from the ends of the earth; the Ball-Ground, a ten-acre plain set apart for base-ball, cricket, and lawn-tennis; the Green, a meadow of sixteen acres, where flocks of sheep are guarded by collie dogs; the Carrousel, sacred to the amusement of children; the Dairy, where these innocents are provided with light food;

the Casino, devoted to the refreshment of visitors by appetising lunches; the Ramble, thirty-six acres of thickets, streams, and dells, threaded by romantic foot-paths; Mount St. Vincent, where the buildings erected for the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity have been replaced by more modern edifices; and the Belvedere, a quaint and massive stone castle in Norman architecture, on a lofty hill, overlooking the city and its picturesque suburbs. The Mall, a splendid esplanade 1,212 feet long and 208 feet wide, bordered by double lines of graceful American elms, and devoted to the purposes of a popular promenade, extends from the Marble Arch to the Terrace, and is adorned with bronze statues of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet; Sir Walter Scott, copied from Sir John Steel's model at Edinburgh, and presented by Scottish New Yorkers; Shakspeare, erected on the 300th anniversary of his birth, and one of the best statues American art has produced; and Robert Burns, designed by Sir John Steel, and presented by Scottish Americans in 1880. In other parts of the Park are statues of Daniel Webster, the Massachusetts statesman and orator; Prof. S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph; a soldier of the Seventh Regiment, commemorating the members of that corps who died in the war of 1861-5; and several allegorical and *genre* statues and groups. Their respective countrymen have presented the Park with colossal busts of Alexander von Humboldt, Friedrich von Schiller, and Giuseppe Mazzini.

At the end of the Mall is the Terrace, a sumptuous pile of light Albert freestone, with richly-frescoed and carved arcades and corridors, costly and elaborate stone screen-work, emblematic statuary, and other details appropriate for the most imposing ornament of the Park. Below the Terrace is the Esplanade, paved with marble, reaching to the shore of the lake, and adorned with the famous Bethesda Fountain, the finest work of the kind in America. High in the air, apparently hardly touching the rocky top, is the colossal Angel, bearing lilies and blessing the water, which flows downward, half-veiling the allegorical figures of Temperance, Purity, Health, and Peace, and then plashes into a huge basin below. The statues were cast in bronze at Munich. Washing the mimic sea-wall of the Esplanade are the clear aqueduct waters of Central Lake, on which scores of dainty little boats are floating, propelled by Corkonian or County Kerry gondoliers, and traversing the twenty acres of water, through the straits under the Flower Bridge and the Balcony Bridge, and along the iron-bound coast of the Ramble. At evening, when the boats carry coloured lights, the scene is suggestive of Venice or the Golden Horn. In winter, the lake and its smaller comrades elsewhere in the Park are crowded with people, the water having previously been lowered to a depth of four feet. Thousands of merry skaters, whirling along over the clear ice, brilliant in costume and complexion, laugh at the northern winter, and fill the air with gladness. In the fashionable season the parade of carriages entering the Fifth Avenue gate on a pleasant afternoon is one of the great sights of New York, and exhibits the aristocracy of the city in their great family equipages, as satisfactorily as a Sunday afternoon stroll on Fifth Avenue shows them on foot.

The retaining and receiving reservoirs of the water-supply of New York are situated in the upper part of the Park, and have a capacity of 1,180,000,000 gallons. There is a beautiful but thinly populated region in Westchester County, about forty miles from the city, abounding in wooded hills and crystalline lakes, and traversed by the Croton

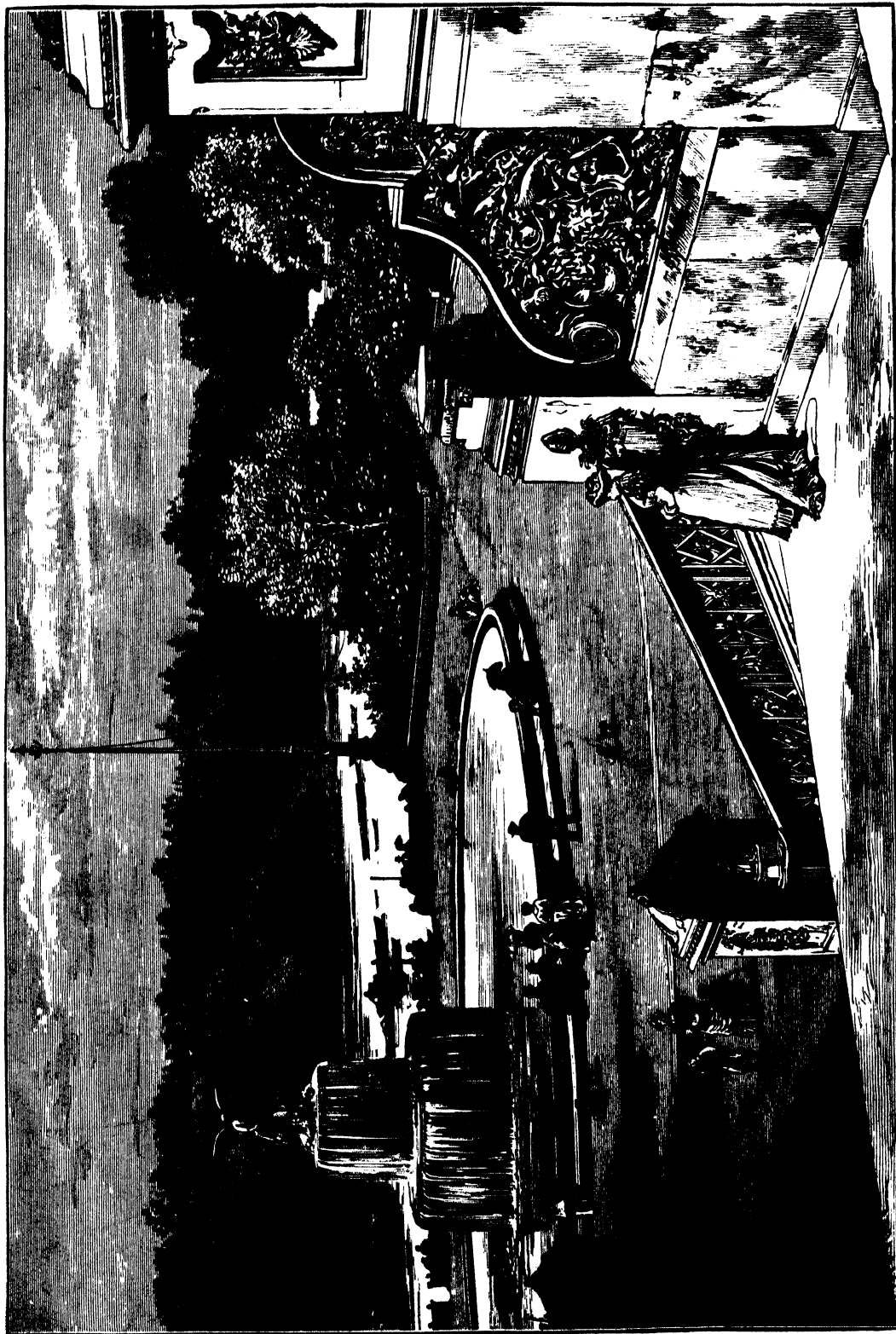
river. From this stream an aqueduct of stone, brick, and cement descends to New York, carrying 115,000,000 gallons of water daily, and filling the great reservoirs in the Park and the huge old Distributing Reservoir, in heavy Egyptian architecture, built on Murray Hill (Fifth Avenue). There are over 400 miles of iron mains under the streets, distributing water to the houses, the daily consumption being 95,000,000 gallons. The works were begun in 1842, and have cost more than £5,000,000. The deep and picturesque defile of the Harlem river, within the city limits, is crossed by the High Bridge, a magnificent granite aqueduct, 124 feet high and 1,460 feet long, on thirteen arches.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art was chartered in the year 1870, and occupied its present spacious quarters in 1880. This edifice, erected by the city, stands in Central Park, near the Fifth Avenue, and is of brick and sandstone, in Gothic architecture. The plans are recorded by which this shall become an integral part of a vast pile of buildings, covering an area of several acres, and devoted to the uses of the Museum. There are several large and small picture-galleries, the chief of which, lighted from an arched roof of glass, is 109 feet long and 95 feet wide. The ancient pictures here preserved, numbering over 200, are mainly of the German and Dutch schools of art—Rubens, Van Dyck, and others—with a few French, English, and Italian pictures, and specimens of Murillo and Velasquez. Many American pictures may also be seen, including an inchoate collection of works by deceased artists. There are large numbers of paintings owned by wealthy gentlemen of New York, which are from time to time sent to the Museum, and hung in the galleries of the loan collection, for the people to study and admire. The chief feature of the institution, however, is the Cesnola Collection of antiquities, found in the ruined cities and tombs of Cyprus, including 4,000 pieces of terra-cotta ware, 1,700 pieces of Greek and Phœnician glass-ware, numerous bits of gold and silver jewellery and ornaments, and several thousand other articles—statuettes, copper utensils, lamps, weapons, and various votive and mortuary pieces. General di Cesnola, an Italian noble, who fought in the American National Army during the war of 1861–5, was sent out as consul to Larnaka, Cyprus, in 1865. During the next seven years he superintended extensive excavations on the sites of the ancient Greek and Phœnician cities, Idalium, Paphos, Citium, and Golgos, from which he unearthed the materials of this collection. The British Museum and the young Metropolitan Museum competed for the prize, and the latter was the winner. Various other collections and curiosities are displayed here, and the sphere of the enterprise is continually widening. Visitors are admitted without charge on four days of each week.

Cleopatra's Needle, a monolithic obelisk, the companion to the one now in London, a work coëval with Moses, and now 3,400 years old, was presented by Ismail Pasha to the city of New York in 1877, and carried from Alexandria to its new home three years later, in the hold of an Egyptian steamer. It stands upon a rocky knoll in Central Park, near the Museum of Art, where its ancient inscriptions, far antedating the arts of Greece and the legions of Rome, look down upon the noisy civilisation of the New World in strongest contrast. This was one of the twin obelisks set up by King Thothmes III. before the Temple of the Sun-god, at Heliopolis, and which were brought down to Alexandria during the domination of the Romans.

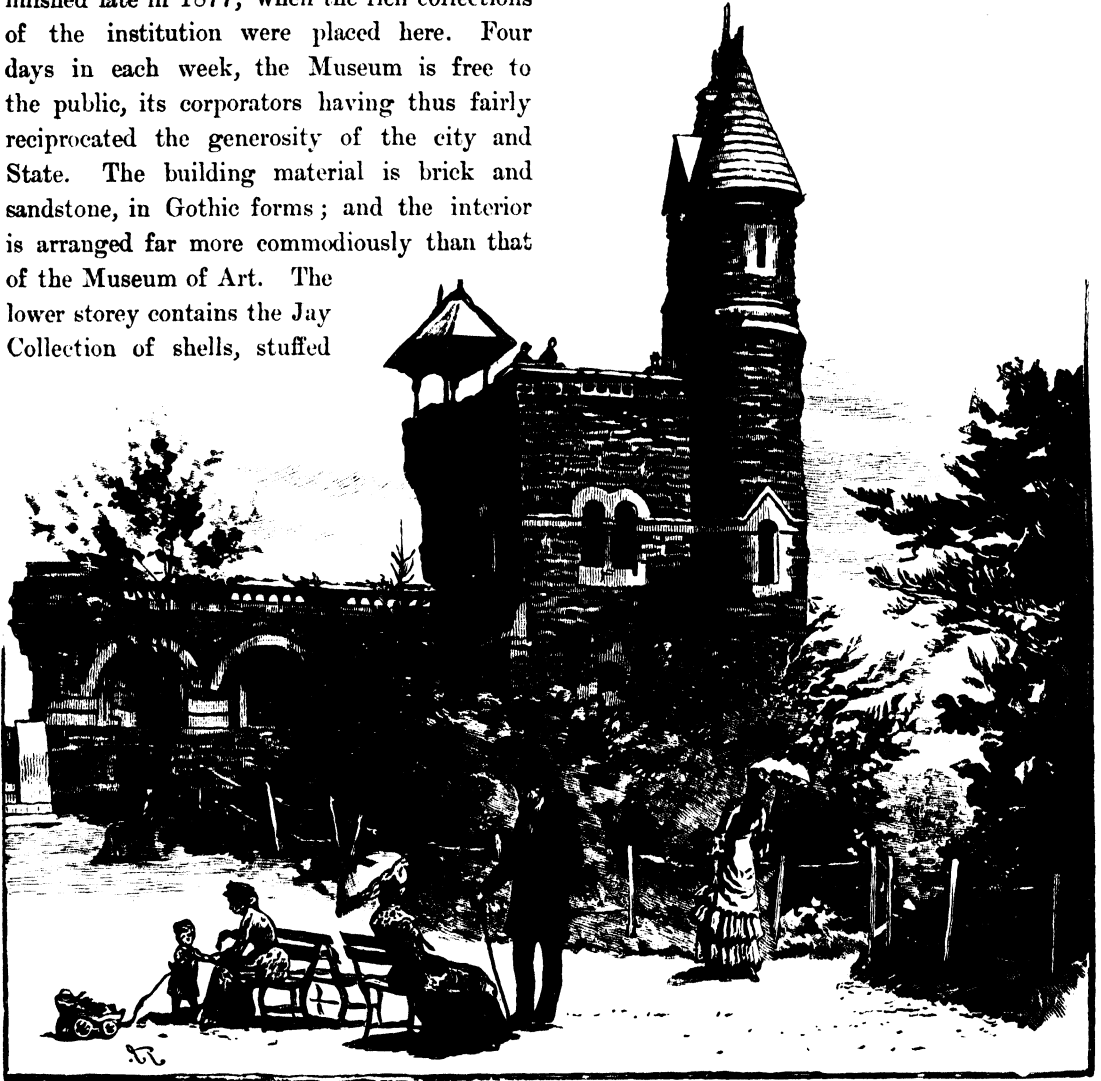






THE TERRACE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK (LOOKING TOWARDS THE LAKE).

The American Museum of Natural History, incorporated in 1869, occupies one wing of a future great pile of buildings nearly opposite the Museum of Art, across the Park. The corner-stone of the structure was laid by President Grant, in 1874; and the work was finished late in 1877, when the rich collections of the institution were placed here. Four days in each week, the Museum is free to the public, its corporators having thus fairly reciprocated the generosity of the city and State. The building material is brick and sandstone, in Gothic forms; and the interior is arranged far more commodiously than that of the Museum of Art. The lower storey contains the Jay Collection of shells, stuffed



THE BELVEDERE, CENTRAL PARK.

animals, marbles and building stones, specimens of wood, and wax fruits. The second storey is devoted to mounted birds, arranged in geographical order, and to archæological curiosities, including the Squier Collection from the Mississippi Valley, the De Morgan Collection of stone implements from the Valley of the Somme (France), the Bement Collection from the stone age of Denmark, and extensive lines of antiquities from the Swiss lake-dwellings, the islands of the Pacific, and the Indians of the prairies and the Rocky Mountains. The third storey is devoted to geological specimens; and the fourth storey is divided into small

rooms for work and study, with the idea that these rich collections may offer opportunities for careful and fruitful research on the part of scholars and specialists. The situation of the two museums, on the edge of the beautiful Central Park, in a high and quiet part of the city, and in close contiguity to restful and attractive rambles, is all that could be desired; but the architecture of the buildings themselves is far from being worthy of the locality. When the plans are all carried out, however, they will be imposing from their very mass, and meantime kindly ivy and shubbery may mitigate the angularity of the structures as they now exist.

The region bordering on Central Park is becoming the most fashionable and aristocratic quarter of the city, as its streets afford fine opportunities for architectural effects, and are on high and healthy ground. Here and there, palatial buildings are being erected fronting on the Park, and the price of real estate advances rapidly and without reaction. Between the Park and the rivers, on either side, there are several large and notable institutions, built with generous dimensions, in wide and airy spaces. The Roosevelt Hospital, a highly ornate structure on the pavilion plan, accommodates 180 patients, and receives the poor without charge. The Presbyterian Hospital, a handsome Gothic building which Mr. James Lenox endowed with £100,000, lifts its cluster of spires not far from the lake in the Park. The Mount Sinai Hospital, erected by the Hebrews, is a spacious pile of buildings in Elizabethan architecture, erected at a cost of about £70,000. Among the other palaces of charity with which this region abounds, are many which to name is to define—the Baptist Old Ladies' Home, the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, St. Luke's Home for Indigent Females, the Coloured Home, the German Hospital, the Shepherd's Fold, the Magdalen Benevolent Institution, St. Luke's Hospital, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Juvenile Asylum, and several others, bearing witness that the love of God and humanity is a mighty power, even amid the tremendous ambitions, rivalries, and secular activities of New York.

The Lenox Library fronts on the Park, near the Casino, and is a very spacious and massive new structure of bright-coloured limestone, in the modern French architecture, with projecting wings which form an enclosed court. The land and building, which cost over £200,000, a permanent fund of £50,000, and the precious collections of literature and art were given to the people by the late Mr. James Lenox. The library contains 30,000 volumes, including a great number of block-books, *incunabula*, MSS., and other literary treasures, back as far as the twelfth century. The picture-gallery has about 150 paintings, including Turners, Reynoldses, Wilkies, Leslies, works of the old Continental masters, and Munkacsy's "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost,'" the finest picture in the Paris Exposition of 1878.

The Normal College, for the education of teachers, stands in this vicinity, and is the most thorough and best-equipped institution of the kind throughout America, having been erected at a cost of £70,000. The ecclesiastical architecture of the building gives it the appearance of a wealthy nunnery, but the halls within are the scenes of very practical and intense nineteenth-century work. The free public schools of New York entail on the city an expense of over £600,000 a year, and contain 3,300 teachers and 265,000 pupils; besides which there are hundreds of private and parochial schools, caring for a large additional

number. Attendance at school is made compulsory by law for all children between eight and fourteen years old; and the evening schools, with 20,000 pupils, the industrial schools, and the nautical school provide for various special classes.

The armoury of the 7th Regiment, National Guard, occupies an entire square east of the Park, with a large new building of brick and granite, affluent in towers, and completed in 1879, at a cost of £60,000. The 7th is the "crack" militia organisation of the city, and includes in its ranks nearly a thousand young men of property and family. The First Division of New York Militia, a well-drilled and finely-equipped organisation of nearly 7,000 men, is composed of citizens of Manhattan Island, divided into nine regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and three batteries of artillery. The old Scottish and French regiments (79th and 55th) have been disbanded, but there remain two infantry regiments (5th and 11th) of Germans and one (69th) of Irish, while all the cavalry and artillery are Germans. These troops, many of whom are veterans of scores of battles, are the main reliance of the authorities in times of domestic disorders, the Orange riots, and dangerous strikes, and at once arouse confidence in the minds of law-abiding citizens, and terror in those of the rioters and enemies of the fixed order of things. The rifle-range of the National Rifle Association, at Creedmoor, fourteen miles from the city, is occupied by the militia several times a year, in order to improve their efficiency at arms.

On the upper part of the island is the large suburb of Harlem, beyond the picturesque rocky heights of Mount Morris Park; Manhattanville, the seat of the great Gothic convent and schools of the Sacred Heart, and Manhattan College, conducted by the Christian Brothers; Audubon Park, on the estate formerly owned by Audubon, the naturalist; Fort Washington, on heights 238 feet above the sea, where Lord Percy, with the Black Watch, the Grenadiers, and other British and German troops, defeated and captured 2,600 American troops in 1776; Carmansville, near several ancient seigniorial mansions; and Inwood, at the mouth of the Spuyten Duyvil. There are several summer hotels and great asylums on these breezy heights; and in Trinity Cemetery repose the remains of Bishops Wainwright and Onderdonk; Philip Livingston, the statesman; Audubon, the artist-naturalist; and John Jacob Astor, the merchant-prince. Beyond the Harlem river are the picturesque rolling ridges of the lately-annexed towns of Westchester County, between the Bronx river and the Hudson, with dozens of bright little villages in their valleys and on the high plains. Here are several points of interest to the citizen—Jerome Park, the head-quarters of the American Jockey Club, and the most famous race-course in the United States; the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity, and the Academy of Mount St. Vincent; St. John's College, a Jesuit school with over 200 students; and Woodlawn Cemetery, covering 400 acres, and reached by funeral trains on the Harlem Railway.

### BROOKLYN

is the chief suburb of New York, from which it is separated only by a narrow strait. Incorporated as a city, covering an area of twenty-one miles, and with a population of 566,689, Brooklyn is so far mediatised by New York that it still preserves many of the interests and much of the quietude of a provincial town, and is almost devoid of mercantile affairs, except on its long shore-line and up the busy artery of Fulton Street. The Huguenots were the first

settlers on the *Breucklen* (Broken Land); and a majority of its citizens of the better classes are immigrants from New England and their descendants, who give a conservative tone to the public sentiment which is developed here. In 1776 the great battle of Long Island was fought, on these now populous hills, when 27,000 American soldiers were defeated by a smaller but better-disciplined army of British and German troops, whose leader, General William Howe, was knighted for his victory. The Americans lost 1,650 men, and the city of New York; and the entire army would have been destroyed but for General Howe's indolence and sluggishness. During the remainder of the war, the Americans captured by the royal armies were confined in prison-ships, moored off the Brooklyn shore, and 11,500 of these unfortunates died in their captivity.

The chief reason for Brooklyn's existence is that it is an *annexe* to New York, a convenient and comfortable place where scores of thousands of men who work in the great hive across the river keep their families and their homes. The immense Atlantic Docks and Erie and Brooklyn Basins, on the southern water-front, and the United States Navy-Yard, the chief naval station of the Republic, with the petroleum refineries and lumber-yards beyond the northern water-front, give employment to small armies of labourers; but above them, on the Heights and the broad plateau beyond, stretch leagues on leagues of quiet residence-streets. It has been said that Brooklyn has fewer hotels and more fine churches, in proportion to its population, than any other American city, whence its popular title of "The City of Churches." Of the 250 churches in Brooklyn, the most famous is the plain brick structure, seating nearly 3,000 auditors, where Henry Ward Beecher has preached for many years. The Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity is the handsomest in the city, being a graceful Gothic building of brown-stone, with a spire 275 feet high, and rich stained windows. Then there are Talmage's Tabernacle, an amphitheatre seating 3,000 persons; St. Ann's-on-the-Heights, an ornate Anglican church; two or three handsome Dutch Reformed churches; and the slowly rising walls of an immense Roman Catholic Cathedral.

The public buildings include the City Hall, an Ionic white marble structure, with a tall tower upholding an illuminated clock; the Court House, also of marble, with a rich Corinthian portico and a lofty dome; the Academy of Music and the Academy of Design, adjoining each other, and dedicated to amusements and to art exhibitions; the Long Island Historical Society's house, a costly building containing a large library and museum; and the Mercantile Library, a Gothic edifice enshrining about 60,000 books. In its ring government and municipal corruption, its acrimonious politics, and its public institutions, Brooklyn follows afar off the example of New York, but in the same line. If we seek further analogies, Lower Fulton Street is the Broadway, Clinton Street the Fifth Avenue, and Myrtle Avenue the Bowery of the Puritan suburb.

But Brooklyn has two possessions in which she claims pre-eminence, namely, Prospect Park and Greenwood Cemetery. The first covers 550 acres, and is richly endowed with gardens and lawns, lakes and reservoirs, roads and paths, arches and observatories, fountains and statuary. There are graceful rolling hills, broad meadows, and groves of ancient trees on all sides, and the *élite* and *canaille* of the city find equal enjoyment in its pure air and beautiful scenery. The Lookout Carriage Concourse, nearly a mile around, is on a hill

186 feet high, overlooking the ocean and harbour, and the highlands of Staten Island, Orange Mountain, and the Palisades. The Ocean Parkway, a grand boulevard 210 feet wide and 6 miles long, leads directly from the Park to the sea-beach on Coney Island (of which we shall have something to say presently), and is a favourite drive with Brooklyn's cavaliers.



GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN

Nowhere else in the world is there a cemetery which can compare for beauty with Greenwood, on the heights between Brooklyn and the ocean. It covers 450 acres, and since its establishment in 1842 has received more than 200,000 human bodies. There are eight lakes and several fountains; nineteen miles of drive-ways and seventeen miles of concrete paths; sixteen and a half miles of drainage-pipes, and three miles of water-pipes; and a permanent improvement fund of £120,000. Hundreds of illustrious New Yorkers are buried here—De Witt Clinton, General Strong, General Mitchell, Dr. Mott,

Professor Robinson, Horace Greeley, Professor S. F. B. Morse, and many others, whose names are written in imperishable characters on American letters, arts, or arms. The soldiers', the firemen's, the pilots', and other professional monuments; the mortuary chapels, recalling Père-la-Chaise; the statues, often of great artistic merit, erected over the last goal of eminent men; and the infinite variety of monuments and memorials, in all kinds and colours of stone, and all forms and shapes, diversify the velvety lawns and the shadows of the over-arching trees with a weird and singular beauty. The richly-carved entrances, partaking of the characteristics of triumphal arches and the portals of stately old churches of Lombardy, illustrate the aspect of this mercurial people, British and Dutch blood electrified by Mediterranean air, toward the King of Terrors. It is a popular saying in the rural counties that "New Yorkers always die at forty-five," as if their life of excitement and attrition must needs wear itself out by that time. Without doubt, a pessimist invented this phrase, which the facts in nowise bear out. But it must be sweet, after a generation passed in the turbulent city beyond the East River, to seek rest "until the day break" on this breezy plateau, where the blue lakes dimple in the verdurous glens, and the perfumes of countless trees and flowers drift through the tranquil air. From Battle Hill, over which Grant's Scottish infantry drove Atlee's Pennsylvania troops, after a hard contest, in 1776, and from the adjacent plateau, a magnificent view is enjoyed, including the far-reaching sea, the Bay of New York, the great cities, the level plains of Long Island, and the blue Alleghany highlands which rise in the distant west.

Jersey City and Hoboken, opposite New York, across the Hudson river, have a population of about 150,000, and are devoted to the homes of city merchants and labourers, to local manufactures, and the termini of great railway and steamship lines. Newark, another city in this direction, within nine miles of the Battery, has 137,000 inhabitants; and the adjacent counties are studded with villages and towns, all dependent on the metropolis. It is the same with Long Island and the neighbouring hill-country of Westchester County, where communities closely connected with the city, and public institutions appertaining to the municipality, are seen on every side.

Blackwell's Island lies in the East River, in the latitude of Central Park, and contains 120 acres of land, which are crowded with immense battlemented castles of granite, giving shelter to 7,000 persons. These ponderous structures, rising picturesquely over lawns and groves and gardens, are appanages of the municipality, built for and used as the penitentiary, almshouse, workhouse, lunatic asylum, blind asylum, and hospitals for different purposes. They were erected by convict labour, of stone quarried on the island; and it would be hard to find anywhere else a similar group of buildings combining so much of strength, comfort, and restraining power. Just above is Ward's Island, on the shore of Hell Gate, with great municipal buildings—insane and inebriate asylums, homes for children and invalid veteran soldiers, a house of refuge, and a hospital for immigrants, all surrounded by fine old trees, and on a generous area of 200 acres, where the 3,000 unfortunates who dwell here can at least enjoy pure air and restful prospects of nature. Randall's Island, where the East River leaves Long Island Sound, has 2,500 more unwilling inhabitants, occupying the great House of Refuge (for juvenile delinquents), the idiot asylum, and a group of schools, homes, and hospitals provided by the city for destitute children. On

the mainland is the Roman Catholic Protectory, a long line of imposing Gothic buildings, locally called the Houses of the Holy Angels, where 800 or more destitute or vicious Romanist children are continually under guard, while the boys are being instructed in better ways by the Christian Brothers, and the girls by the Sisters of Charity. Hart's Island, out in the Sound, contains the Industrial School, the city cemetery, and a lunatic asylum and almshouse.

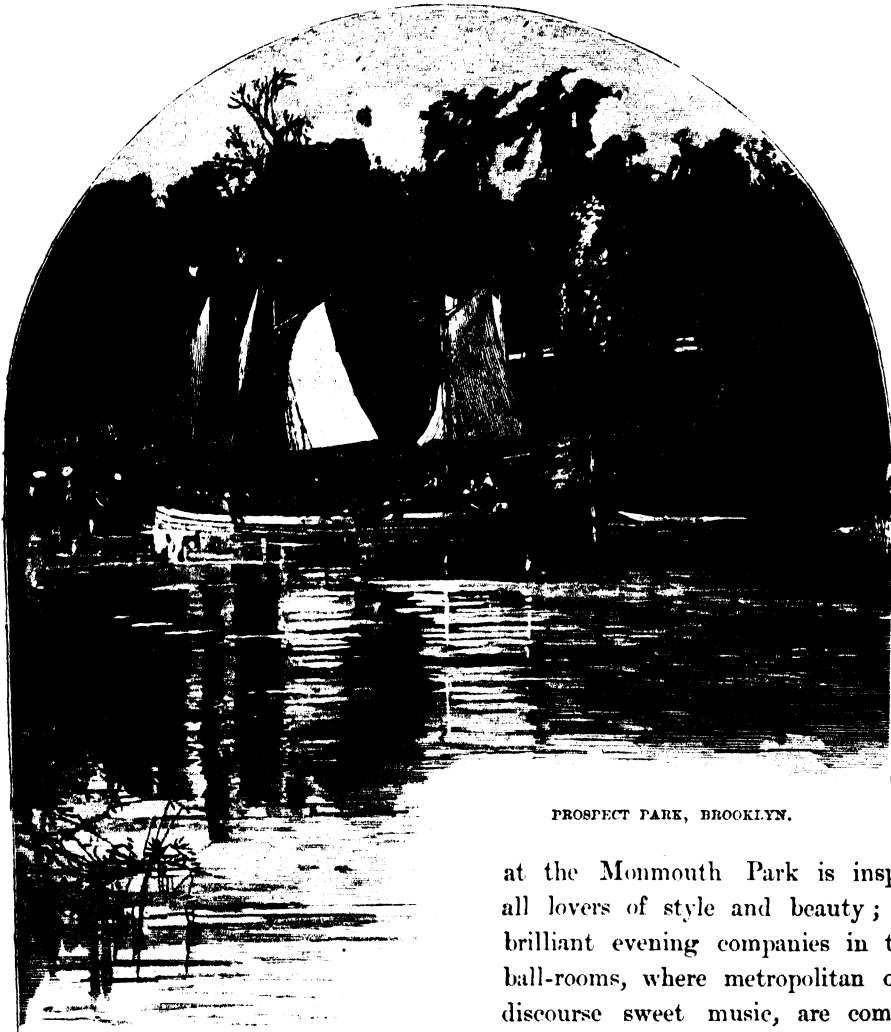
Hell Gate, the narrow strait where Long Island Sound meets the East River, is filled with seething and eddying waters, fretted by rocky ledges and driven by full tides, affording a passage which is much dreaded by vessels bound to and from the New England ports. A few miles to the eastward stand the powerful fortifications on Willet's Point, with Fort Schuyler (318 guns) on a promontory opposite, intended to bar the side-entrance of New York harbour against hostile fleets.

The vicinity of the city abounds in summer resorts and places of recreation, from the German beer-gardens at Jones's Wood and Guttenberg, and the pic-nic grounds along the adjacent rivers and islands, to the aristocratic and expensive hotels up the Hudson, out on Long Island Sound, and on the New Jersey coast. New York has peculiar advantages as a centre for summer journeys, being within two hours' ride of the picturesque spurs of the Alleghany Mountains in New Jersey, or of the bold highlands of the Hudson, with all varieties of lake, river, and rural scenery, quick and sure routes of access, and multitudes of hotels of all grades. As to marine resorts, their number, within a short journey of New York, is almost legion, including scores of hamlets, hotels, and beaches on Staten Island, Long Island, the Connecticut shore, and the coast of New Jersey. In summer, huge white steamboats, three or four storeys high, carry each their thousand or two of excursionists every trip, several times daily, from the crowded wharves of the city to the cool Atlantic strand; while rapid trains, fast following each other, fly across the suburban plains bearing similar myriads. Work and trade are allowed to slacken during the fierce heats of the summer solstice, and the people endeavour to enjoy and spare themselves as far as possible. Dickens said that "the country around New York is surpassingly and exquisitely picturesque;" and this wealth of suburban beauty is, in the eminent domain of the eye, the property of all the citizens.

Long Branch, reached either by railway or steamboat in about an hour and a half, is the most fashionable summer resort near New York, and has a long iron pier built out into the ocean for excursion-boats to land at. There is a wide sandy beach, incessantly pounded by the surf; and above it a bluff, along which for three miles extends a line of hotels and cottages, many of which are attractive in architecture and surroundings. Nevertheless, almost everything is of wood, and hence the effect is less imposing than that of many European beach-resorts, even of such minor places as Scotland's Portobello or Italy's San Remo, whose substantial masonry gives assurance of permanence and security. A brilliant American *feuilletonist* of three or four decades ago aptly characterised the summer hotels of his country as "chalky universes in rural places—unescapable white-paint aggravations of sunshine—mountains of illuminated clapboards—our Mont Blanc hotels with their Dover Cliff porticoes." Long Branch is a favourite resort of actors and actresses, several of whom own cottages there; and of statesmen and politicians, since the time



when President Grant established his quarters on the bluff, and made it practically the summer capital of the Republic. The Branchers bathe in the forenoon, ride in the afternoon, and dance in the evening, filling the months of July and August with enjoyment and excitement, and furnishing countless items for the society papers of New York. The afternoon display of fine horses and equipages, especially when the races are on,

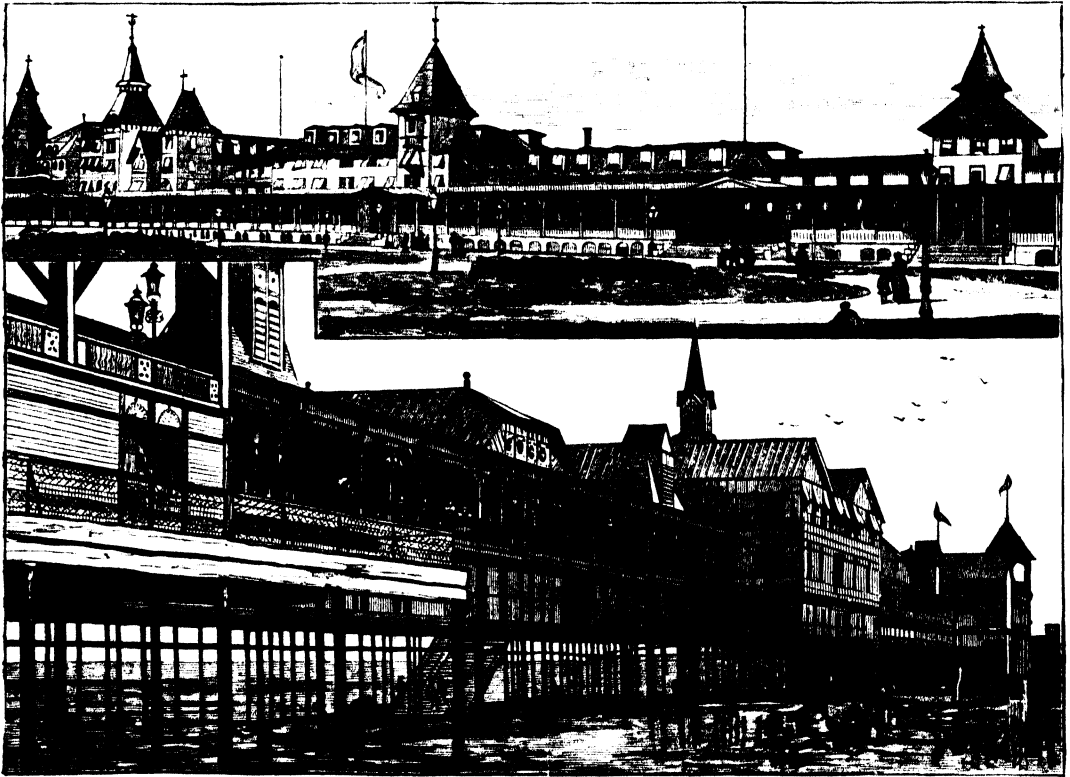


PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

at the Monmouth Park is inspiring to all lovers of style and beauty; and the brilliant evening companies in the hotel ball-rooms, where metropolitan orchestras discourse sweet music, are composed of the flower of the new-risen families of

wealth and social position. A little way north of Long Branch are the famous highlands of Neversink, a picturesque range of ocean-fronting hills, visible for many leagues at sea, and crowned with the costliest lighthouses and the most brilliant Fresnel lights on the coast. Southward from the Branch is Elberon, a very aristocratic summer hamlet, composed of a great hotel and two score of cottages, picturesquely arranged, and built in a quaint and attractive form of Elizabethan architecture. In one of these cottages President Garfield died.

Coney Island is the great excursion point of the million, and its beach is visited by more people than any other in America. It is about a dozen miles from New York, a low and sandy island, five miles long, with beach-grass and laurel growing among its hummocks of white sand, facing southward on the ocean, and affording good opportunities for boating, bathing, fishing, driving, and observing human nature. For many years this shore, secluded by inadequate routes of communication, and infested by the lower classes of society, was occupied only by two small inns, and the name Coney Island opened the



CONEY ISLAND: THE IRON PIER AND MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL.

same ethical vistas as that of the Bowery now does. In 1874 a steam railway was built thither, with a restaurant and pavilion; and since that time the advance of the beach in popular favour has been rapid and steady, until the present time, when it is connected with the city by nine railways and several lines of steamboats, capable of landing 150,000 persons on the island every day. Everything is on a grand scale—beer flows in rivers—cigar-smoke hangs in massive clouds—the bathers are numbered by tens of thousands—the scene is lighted at night by electric lights—railway trains roar up and down the strand—and on a bright summer day the scene resembles a vast fair, and leaves an indelible impression on the memory of the amateur anthropologist. There are four well-recognised divisions of the island. The West End, occupied by numerous small public-houses and

pavilions, is not very popular. West Brighton Beach has a group of hotels of a better class, large restaurants, a broad plaza covered with sea-blown grass, an observatory 300 feet high, ascended by elevators, and an iron pier 1,000 feet long, running out through the surf, and affording facilities for heavy steamboats to lie alongside and discharge their living cargoes. On this pier are promenades, restaurants, saloons, and 1,200 rooms for bathers to dress in. Brighton Beach, the next section of the island, connected with Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, by a magnificent boulevard, is patronised mainly by families from "the City of Churches." The hotel is a handsome wooden structure, three storeys high and a tenth of a mile long, with numerous banner-bearing towers and wide piazzas along its entire front, furnished in Eastlake patterns and Axminster carpets, and with a capacity adequate to satisfy the hunger of 20,000 persons daily. In front is a pavilion surrounded by a huge and grotesque sounding-board, where sixty musicians give concerts twice daily.

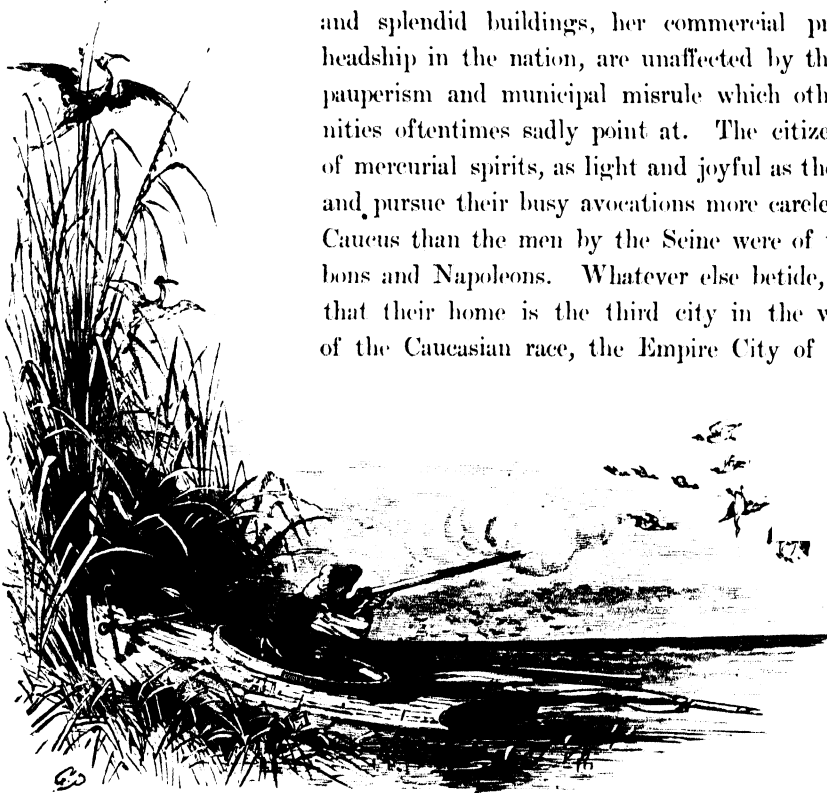
Manhattan Beach has a still larger hotel, more than an eighth of a mile long, and four storeys high, with the same superb appointments, Eastlake furniture, gas, running water; a capacity to feed 8,500 persons at once, and 30,000 in a day; bathers' houses with 2,700 rooms; a sea-fronting amphitheatre, seating 2,000 people, overlooking the bathing-beach, and enlivened by a band of music; anchored floats and patrol-boats outside the breakers, to prevent the drowning of bathers; and another orchestra of sixty musicians under another odd sounding-board. Beside the main hotel there is also the Oriental, highly picturesque in form, 478 feet long, seven storeys high, and crowned by eight circular towers surmounted by minarets 60 feet higher than the lofty enough roof-line. The 450 rooms here are for families, and persons who prefer a greater degree of quiet than they can find at the other hotels. A few miles eastward of Coney Island is Rockaway Beach, reached by independent railway and steamer lines from New York, with a wide iron pier running 1,200 feet into the sea, a mammoth new hotel, a quarter of a mile long, and seven and eight storeys high, with a dining-room where 6,000 persons can sit down at once, and 1,200 rooms for guests. Still farther eastward is Long Beach, with a new hotel a fifth of a mile long, and the customary additions of bathing-houses, music pavilions, and other sources of infinite entertainment for the myriads from the city.

The immense multitudes which pour down upon Coney Island find every variety of amusement awaiting them—music rendered by the best orchestras, summer theatres and museums, the aquarium and the iron pier, the observatory and the dancing pavilion, all kinds of games, billiards, archery, croquet, shooting, bowling, promenading on the double-decked pier, inspecting the life-saving stations, and bathing in the crowded line of surf. The children enjoy the island thoroughly, digging in the sand; riding the little donkeys; watching the immemorial tragedy of Punch and Judy; and feasting on all manner of picnic poisons. Their elders find ample and democratic amusement in sailing and rowing out from Point Breeze; drinking iced milk drawn from a huge mechanical cow; riding up and down on the marine railways, the entire length of the island; buying the wares of peanut and popcorn and spectacle pedlars; watching the electric lights and fireworks at evening; and listening to the fine instrumental music on all sides. There are innumerable strolling minstrels, with harps and violins; and lovers of artistic music can hear the best of American bands, those pertaining to the 6th, 7th, 9th, and 23rd Regiments, several

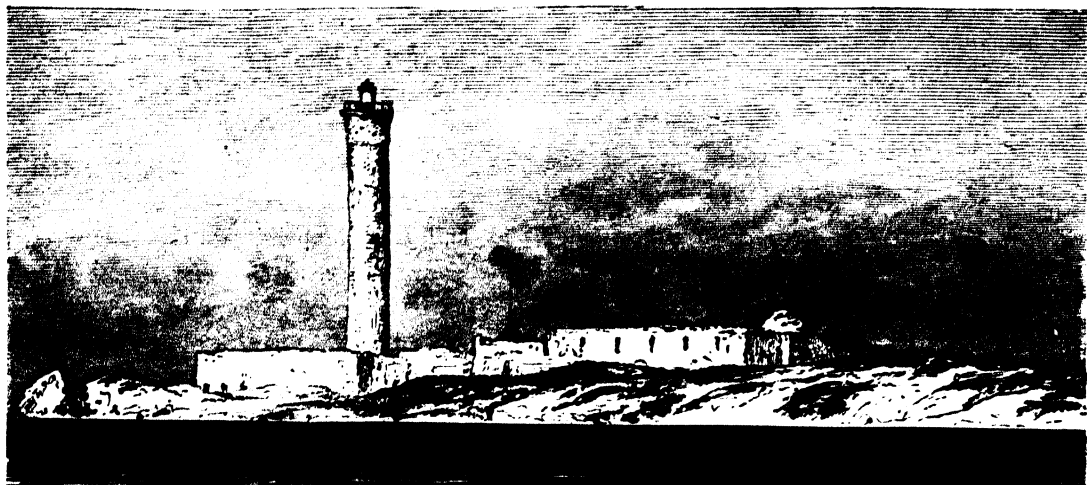
famous orchestras, and the cornet-solos of Arbuckle and Levy. Three or four of the wealthy clubs of New York have rooms in the chief hotels, which are owned, with all their appurtenances, by two stock companies.

All this is very rude and unpolished and *bourgeois* as compared with Boulogne and Trouville, Hastings and Brighton. But it is also delightfully free, democratic, and unconventional. The very architecture echoes the light and easy flippancy of this phase of American life; and the merriment and music of the caravansaries, the undeferential orderliness and quiet self-assertion of Hans and Michael, Jean and Pietro, Giles and 'Arry, under the benignant influence of plain and practical old Uncle Sam, bear witness that the cad and the peer are alike alien to the soil, and that the antique codes of class and routine are obsolete on this western strand. But it is a century too soon to compare the civilisation which meets on the Jetées of Boulogne and that which pours on to the Plaza of Coney Island, and say which is the better, the truer, the more philanthropic.

As Venice was espoused to the Adriatic, so is New York the bride of the Atlantic. Her brilliant avenues and splendid buildings, her commercial prestige and headship in the nation, are unaffected by the imported pauperism and municipal misrule which other communities oftentimes sadly point at. The citizens are full of mercurial spirits, as light and joyful as the Parisians, and pursue their busy avocations more careless of King Caucus than the men by the Seine were of their Bourbons and Napoleons. Whatever else betide, they know that their home is the third city in the wide realms of the Caucasian race, the Empire City of America.



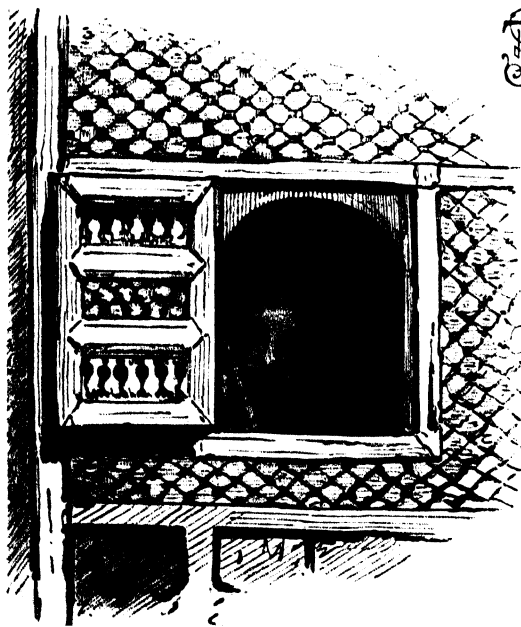
SPORT ON THE NEW JERSEY SHORE.



MODERN LIGHTHOUSE, ALEXANDRIA.

## ALEXANDRIA.

First View of Alexandria—Landing—A Vision of the Past—A City of Contrasts—Alexandria as it was—Foundation of the City—Division into Quarters—The Pharos—The Museum—The Library—The Serapeum—Rapid Historical Sketch—Alexandria under the Ptolemies and Cæsars—The Mohammedan Conquest—Alexandrian School of Theology—Alexandria as it is—The New Harbour—Bazaars—Street Life—Cleopatra's Needles—Pompey's Pillar—A Mohammedan Cemetery and Village—At the Well—The Catacombs—Mahmoodieh Canal—Nicopolis and its Memories.



WINDOW OF THE HAREM.

THE first view of Egypt obtained by the majority of travellers is the City of Alexandria from the sea, and an unsatisfactory view it is. The long alluvial coast-line lies so low that the city cannot be seen at all until the vessel is within a dozen miles of the port. Then it rises suddenly: at first Pompey's Pillar and some mounds used as forts are seen; then the Pharos, lighthouses, windmills, tall buildings, minarets, and a forest of ships' masts become visible, and in an incredibly short time since the cry of "Land ahoy!" was heard on board, the whole city is in sight, and the port is entered—that is, if the vessel has arrived before the setting of the sun; but if otherwise, she will be obliged to lay to until morning, no pilot being at liberty to take his vessel into the harbour after

the sun has set. Although there is nothing remarkable in the view of Alexandria from the sea—unless it be the marvellous beauty of the sunshine, in which the ancient city of

the Ptolemies seems to float, and which glorifies the commonplace houses and barrack-like palaces—there is something remarkable in the scene which invariably follows the entry of a passenger vessel into the harbour. In a moment the ship is surrounded by a fleet of small boats to convey passengers to shore, and while the men in a score or two of these boats retain the oars, shouting and yelling in the most unearthly fashion, their partners spring on to the vessel and, scrambling or crawling up the sides, besiege the deck and bewilder the passengers with their noisy clamour. It seems as if these men represented every nation under the sun, the Arab element, however, largely prevailing. They storm the cabins, drag luggage from the saloons, block up the gangways, and create a very Babel as they cry, scream, or rave for customers, keeping up a hurricane of guttural Arabic.

Having at length, however, settled upon a boat in which to go ashore, and, after landing, having gone through the formalities of having his passport examined, and perchance, to save time, having accepted the hint that a little “backsheesh” will save him the trouble of a Custom House examination of luggage, the traveller tries to realise that he is standing on the threshold of that mysterious land of Egypt to which his fancy has so often wandered, and is already in its second great city, whose history is full of stirring memories of classic days, when, lo! he is beset by touters from hotels, and hurried to an omnibus. Then, when he dismounts in the Grand Square, he finds himself in a city of pavements and gas-lights and big hotels and French shops and English carriages. In the midst of such surroundings it is difficult to believe that this is the ancient commercial city of Egypt, whose outlines “Philip’s god-like son” traced with the contents of a flour-bag—a city which was twelve hundred years old before a building was reared in Cairo—a city which, two thousand years ago, and for centuries afterwards, was the chief *entrepôt* of the world. In the noise and bustle of the life of to-day it is difficult to realise that this is the splendid Alexandria of the Roman Empire, the city that supplanted Athens as the centre of intellectual culture, when, “to the creative inspiration inseparable from the free life of the republics of Greece, succeeded the elaboration of philosophical thought;” the city where the incomparable champions of Christianity and paganism lived and fought their great fight, and where the routed army of paganism tried to rally and re-form itself; where St. Mark preached the Gospel; where Clement and Origen taught, and essayed to harmonise Christianity with the highest culture; and where a theology was set up that affected, and still affects, the whole of Christendom.

The Alexandria of to-day is essentially a city of contrasts, and before the traveller has been in it for many hours he will have been brought into contact with sights, sounds, and phases of life which were old before the foundations of the city were laid, and with sites and memorials which will vividly bring to mind the Alexandria of antiquity.

In our description we shall take a rapid survey of the city as it was, examine the memorials still remaining, and describe the city as it is to-day.

When Alexander the Great had subdued Syria he marched into Egypt, and having conquered Memphis—the key to the whole country—he determined upon building a city as a commercial and military metropolis. When he was on his way to visit the temple of Jupiter Ammon he came to a spot opposite the Isle of Pharos; it was a small town named Rhacôtis, where a guard had from time immemorial been posted to insure the safety

of the frontier. The keen eye of the Macedonian monarch saw at a glance that this spot, with its natural harbour and important situation, was in every way suitable for the foundation of a sea-port which should facilitate the flow of Egypt's wealth towards Greece, and connect the venerable kingdom of the Pharaohs with that widely-extended Greek Empire it was his great ambition to found. He at once ordered the plan of the city to be drawn out by Dinocrates, the celebrated architect who re-built the famous temple of Ephesus, and who had previously proposed to cut Mount Athos into a statue representing Alexander "holding in one hand a city of 10,000 inhabitants, and from the other pouring a copious river into the sea."

Many legends are told concerning the foundation of the city, and one has been generally received as an incident of especially good omen. It is said that while Dinocrates was marking out the lines of the city upon the ground, the chalk in use for the purpose was exhausted, upon which the king ordered the flour destined for the workmen's food to be employed in its stead, thereby enabling him to complete the outline of many of the streets.

Before Alexander proceeded on his journey to the African desert he saw the commencement of the flourishing city which to this day bears his name; he did not, however, see the completion of it, for although the work was commenced immediately, it was not finished till the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, under whom Cleomenes of Naucratis, another celebrated architect, carried out the plans of Dinocrates.

The city was laid out in an oblong form, resembling a Macedonian cloak. It was washed on the north by the Mediterranean, and on the south by Lake Mareotis; in front of the city, at the distance of about a mile, lay the Isle of Pharos, which sheltered the port from the north winds, while a long spit of land called Lochias projected far out into the sea towards the extremity of the Isle of Pharos, and sheltered the harbour of Alexandria on the east. The city was about four miles long, a mile in breadth, and the line of the walls and sea frontage about fifteen miles. It was laid out with wide streets crossing each other at right angles, while a thoroughfare 200 feet wide ran through the whole length of the city.

At right angles to this thoroughfare was another of equal width, extending across the city from the Gate of the Sun to the Gate of the Moon, and opening upon the vast embankment, or mole, which united the city to the Isle of Pharos, and was called the Heptastadium, from its having been seven stadia (1,423 yards) in length. This embankment, considerably enlarged by *débris* from the ancient city, is now more than 1,600 yards wide, and upon it the principal part of the modern town of Alexandria is built.

Strabo has given in the seventeenth book of his Geography a lengthy account of the ancient city of Alexandria, and although it is now difficult enough to identify some of the localities of which he speaks, and still more difficult to identify by the scanty relics that remain the buildings he describes, there are yet some which are comparatively free from doubt. The statement made by Strabo that the city was intersected by two wide thoroughfares crossing each other at right angles was verified by Mahmoud Bey, who in the course of his excavations discovered traces of a rectangular network of streets, and identified the two main thoroughfares, bringing to light fragments of the buildings

which once adorned them, and also blocks of granite of which the old pavement was composed.

The city was divided into quarters. The Egyptian quarter was built on the site of the village of Rhacōtis; the Brucheion or Greek quarter lay on the mainland between Lochias and the Heptastadium; the Jews' quarter was situated at the east of Lochias, between the sea and the main street, the east end of which was closed by the Canoptic Gate; the suburb of Nicopolis lay to the east of the city, and was the scene of the races and quinquennial games; while the Necropolis, or City of the Dead, was at the extreme west end of the city.

Alexandria in its palmy days was worthy the name of its great founder: palaces and temples, public baths, museums, theatres, libraries, schools of learning, treasures of art, and the wealth of commerce all combined to make it the resort of artists, scholars, merchants, and men of culture from every part of the world. There are, as we have said, few traces now of those public buildings which had a world-wide celebrity, and with which the history of Alexandria is most intimately associated; in some cases it is merely a guess as to the part of the town in which they were situated, in others, however, there is no doubt, and these sites have a special interest to modern travellers.

The Pharos, or famous lighthouse, built in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and reckoned as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, stood on a rock at the north-eastern extremity of what was once the "Isle" of Pharos. It was a square building of white marble, several storeys high, and tapering towards the top; a gallery ran round it with staircases so wide that horses and chariots could easily ascend. Its height is said to have been 590 feet. The architect was Sostratus of Cnidos, who earned for himself a questionable immortality by the trick he played upon his patron. The inscription, placed by order of the founder on this marvellous monument which gave its name to all lighthouses afterwards erected, was, "King Ptolemy to the Gods who save those who travel by sea." The wily Sostratus carved this inscription in stucco and placed it on the Pharos, but underneath he cut in the solid stone this inscription, "Sostratus of Cnidos, the son of Dexiphanes, to the saviour Gods, for those who travel by sea." When, therefore, the stucco fell off, as it did in a comparatively short space of time, the name of the architect alone remained, cut deep in the imperishable marble. The Heptastadium, or Causeway, seven stades in length, connected the Isle of Pharos with the shore, and formed a barrier between the two ports, namely, the Great Harbour and the Harbour of Eunostus. (Harbour of the Happy Return). This causeway served as an aqueduct as well as a bridge to the island.

The celebrated Museum was founded by Ptolemy Soter, and men of learning in all ages and all lands owe a debt of gratitude, not only to the founder, but to the illustrious men who came forth from this noble institution to enlighten the world. The renown of the College of Heliopolis, where the sages of ancient Greece had congregated, was transferred to the Alexandrian Museum or School of Philosophy, which became the repository of "the wisdom of the Egyptians." It was chiefly celebrated for its distinguished professors of the exact sciences, including geography, astronomy, mathematics, mechanics, natural history, medicine, and anatomy; and among its celebrated scholars were Eratosthenes and Strabo, geographers; Hipparchus and Ptolemæus, astronomers; Archimedes, the mechanician; Euclid, the founder of geometry; and Herophilus and Erasistratus, the anatomists. Philology

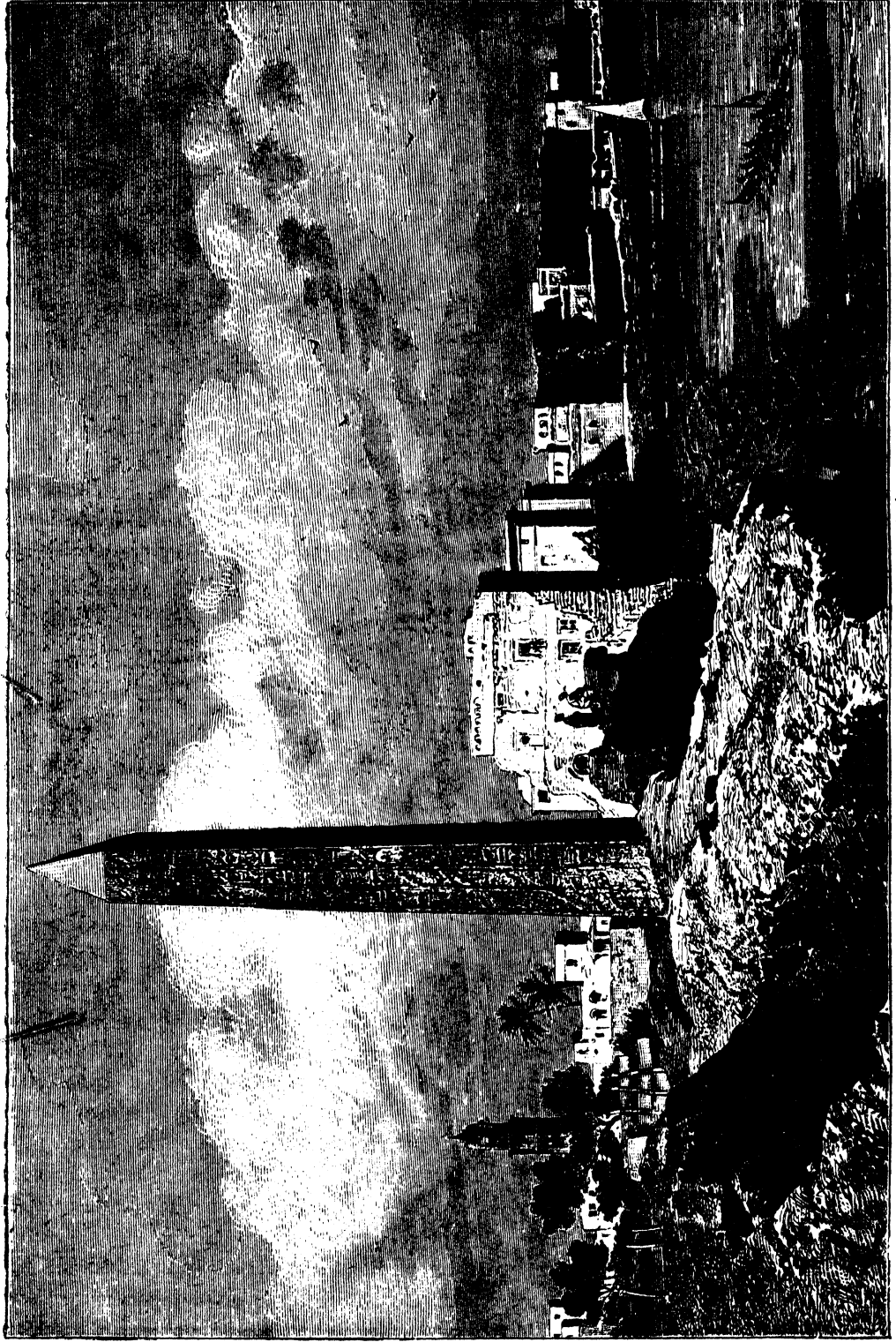


was, however, the branch of learning most successfully cultivated in the Alexandrine School and in summing up the results accomplished by its scholars Parthey says, "The task of transmitting to posterity in a pure form the whole of the knowledge and intellectual creations of an earlier period may perhaps be regarded as the noblest aim of philology, and this task was most ably performed by the philologists of Alexandria. It is to their critical labours that we owe the preservation of the Greek literature which has exercised so great an influence on the culture of the West and on modern history generally."

The famous Library of Alexandria, founded by Ptolemy Soter and greatly increased by Ptolemy Philadelphus, was attached to the Museum, and the volumes being easily accessible to the students enabled them to pursue their studies under unusual advantages. In the time of Philadelphus the library contained about 100,000 volumes, and when during the war of Julius Cæsar with the Alexandrians it was burnt, it is believed that 400,000 volumes—many of inestimable value—were lost for ever. The Library of Alexandria as a whole consisted of 700,000 volumes, 300,000 of which were lodged in the Serapeum. It is said that a copy of every known work was deposited in this famous library; competent persons having been sent into distant countries to purchase books, while every book brought into the country was seized and placed in the library, a copy of it being transcribed and given to the owner in lieu of the original.

The Serapeum, or Great Temple of Serapis—a god brought from Sinope on the Pontus, and introduced by the Ptolemies in order that Egyptians and Greeks might have a deity who should be worshipped with equal honours by both—stood where Pompey's Pillar now stands. The temple was said to be more magnificent than any other in the world except the Capitol at Rome, and if, as is supposed, Pompey's Pillar only formed one column of a forest which surrounded it, some idea of its magnificence may readily be formed. It stood, says Gibbon, on the spacious summit of an artificial mound, raised one hundred steps above the level of the adjacent parts of the city, and the interior cavity was strongly supported by arches, and distributed into vaults and subterranean apartments. The consecrated buildings were surrounded by a quadrangular portico; the stately halls, the exquisite statues, displayed the triumph of the arts, and the treasures of ancient learning were preserved in the famous Alexandrian Library which had arisen with new splendour from its ashes.

When Christianity had taken root in Alexandria, the Serapeum became the scene of conflicts in which weapons carnal and spiritual were used with tremendous vigour. "The votaries of Serapis, whose strength and numbers were much inferior to those of their antagonists, rose in arms at the instigation of the philosopher Olympius, who exhorted them to die in defence of the altars of the gods. These pagan fanatics fortified themselves in the temple, or rather fortress of Serapis, repelled the besiegers by daring sallies and a resolute defence, and, by the inhuman cruelties which they exercised on their Christian prisoners, obtained the last consolation of despair. The efforts of the prudent magistrate were usefully exerted for the establishment of a truce, till the answer of Theodosius should determine the fate of Serapis. The two parties assembled without arms in the principal square, and the imperial rescript was publicly read. But when a sentence of destruction against the idols of Alexandria was pronounced, the Christians set up a shout of joy and exultation, whilst the unfortunate pagans, whose fury had given way to consternation, retired



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

with hasty and silent steps, and eluded, by their flight or obscurity, the resentment of their enemies. Theophilus proceeded to demolish the temple of Serapis, without any other difficulties than those which he found in the weight and solidity of the materials; but these obstacles proved so insuperable that he was obliged to leave the foundation, and to content himself with reducing the edifice itself to a heap of rubbish; a part of which was soon afterwards cleared away to make room for a church, erected in honour of the Christian martyrs. The colossal statue of Serapis was involved in the ruin of his temple and religion. The huge idol was overthrown and broken to pieces, and the parts of Serapis were ignominiously dragged through the streets of Alexandria."

The Library of the Serapeum at the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus contained 42,000 volumes, which at a later period was increased to 300,000, including 200,000 volumes belonging to the kings of Pergamus, presented to Cleopatra by Marc Antony. The whole of this library, or rather all that remained of it after seven centuries of occasional violence and almost constant neglect, was wantonly destroyed by the Caliph Omar, who caused the volumes to be used for six months in lighting the fires of the 4,000 baths of the city. It is said that when John the Grammarian pleaded for the preservation of the library of the captured city the Caliph replied, "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Book of God they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed."

No library ever had such a history as that of Alexandria; it was founded 283 years before the Christian era; it contained a copy of every known work, and it could boast that in the Greek world a public library had never before been known.

The Paneum, or Temple of Pan, was, according to Strabo, situated on an artificial circular mound resembling a rocky hill, to which a winding way ascended. From its summit the whole of the surrounding town could be surveyed in every direction. It is highly probable that the site is identical with that of the Fort Caffarelli.

The Cæsareum, or Temple of the Cæsars, in which Roman emperors, dead or alive, were worshipped with divine honours, stood where the so-called Cleopatra's Needle now stands. Near here was the Palace of the Kings, and also the Royal Mausoleum, called the Sōma (Body) from its containing the body of Alexander the Great. Here also the Ptolemies and Marc Antony were buried. A sarcophagus was taken from this spot by the French, supposed to be that of the great Macedonian monarch; the English captured it from the French and placed it in the British Museum, but when the hieroglyphics upon it came to be deciphered, it was found not to have any reference whatever to Alexander.

As in every ancient city, there were in Alexandria palaces and gardens; a gymnasium with colonnades, more than a stadium in length, with courts of justice and groves in the midst; an emporium, theatre, amphitheatre, and stadium, and the quays and wharves pertaining to a sea-port town. What traces of these remain we shall mention when describing modern Alexandria, but it will be well first to give a rapid sketch of the history of the city.

For successive generations after the death of Alexander the city was embellished by the Ptolemies with the spoils of the ancient towns of Egypt; the population greatly increased, its Museum attracted all the scholarly world, its commerce drew traders together

from every civilised part of the globe, and a large number of Jews, to whom a special quarter was assigned, settled here. In its trade relations it became what Tyre had been, and as a city of pleasure its surpassing beauty made it almost the rival of Rome.

In the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus (B.C. 286-247) the Old Testament Scriptures were translated from the Hebrew into Greek, the new version being called the Septuagint, from the tradition that seventy translators were engaged on the work, or, as some suppose, because the translation was approved by the Sanhedrim, or Council of Seventy of the Alexandrine Jews.

When Pompey was defeated by Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia he sought an asylum in Egypt, but on landing he was slain at Pelusium, at the instigation of the reigning Ptolemy. Cæsar entered Alexandria in triumph, and during his siege of the city the great library of the Museum was accidentally burnt. The charms of Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt, won the admiration of Cæsar, but he did not fall into her toils as did Antony. The latter, having summoned her to Tarsus to account for the conduct of Allienus the general, who, contrary to her wishes, had aided the army of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, became captivated by her beauty and talent, and years of revelry and debauchery were spent by Antony in company with the Egyptian Queen, until at length he was declared by the Roman Senate to be an enemy of his country. Octavianus marched against him, defeated him at Actium, and captured Alexandria. The story of Antony's suicide and Cleopatra's death by the bite of an asp is too well known to be repeated. Egypt then (B.C. 30) became a Roman province, and was governed by Prefects down to A.D. 362.

During that period many interesting events occurred. In A.D. 27, Augustus built the suburb of Nicopolis; in 69, Vespasian was proclaimed emperor by the Alexandrians, and in the same year Titus started from Alexandria on his expedition to Palestine, which terminated in the destruction of Jerusalem in 70. Hadrian twice visited the city, where he was wont to hold public disputations with the professors at the Museum; and Marcus Aurelius, when in Alexandria for the purpose of quelling an insurrection, attended the lectures of the grammarians. Caracalla owed the Alexandrians a grudge for having held him in derision, and he paid it back with merciless cruelty; he treacherously gathered the male population into one place, and then caused them to be barbarously massacred. Under Decius (B.C. 250) the Christians of Alexandria, who had early adopted the new religion, were the victims of cruel persecution, and their sufferings were increased tenfold under Diocletian. In the feuds between the Catholics and the Arians in the fourth century, the streets of the city were often deluged with blood, and many of its finest buildings were destroyed.

After the foundation of Constantinople (330) Alexandria came under the sway of the Byzantine emperors, and lost its position as the centre of Greek thought and science. Then (619) Chosroes II., King of Persia, captured the city, but only held it for ten years, Heraclius recovering possession—but not for long, for the troops of the Caliph Omar I. surrounded the city, and after a prolonged siege captured it.

That was in 641. Soon afterwards the Mohammedan conqueror laid the foundation of the city of Cairo, and from that time Alexandria began to decline. Its fall was rapid. In the Middle Ages the city which once was the wonder of the world had



POMPEY'S PILLAR.

dwindled into insignificance. After the conquest of Egypt by the Turks, in 1517, it fell lower, and still lower under the baneful sway of the Mamelukes; its magnificent buildings fell into hopeless ruin; its harbours were choked with sand; the fertile suburbs

became a desert; the population which had once numbered half a million sank to five thousand, and Alexandria would have ceased to be but for the efforts of Mehemet Ali, under whom, as Pasha of Egypt, modern Alexandria came into being.

Before describing the city as it is to-day we must briefly refer to the Alexandrian school of theology, which exercised so vast an influence over all Christendom.

Under the fostering care of the Ptolemies, Hellenic culture entered upon a new lease of life in Alexandria. The old learning was carefully guarded and critically studied, and much new work produced in the form of didactic, lyric, and elegiac poetry. But forces were at work destined to give to the intellectual activity of Alexandria a distinctive character, and stamp its influence on philosophy and religion for all ages to come. Alexander's Jewish colony had increased—at the time of the Christian era Jews occupied two out of the five quarters of the city, and held high offices in the State. From the mingling of Jewish ideas with Greek philosophy arose the Neo-Platonism of which Philo-Judæus was the chief exponent. The Greek was inclined to believe in revelation to the individual man; the Jew claimed to possess specially-revealed writings as guides and tests for the spiritual experiences of individuals; and so a combination of religion and philosophy was developed. But another mighty force was becoming apparent in the spiritual world. The tenets of the Galilean Teacher were being promulgated by His zealous disciples. It became necessary for philosophy either to explain away these dogmas or effect a reconciliation with them. Hence arose the various phases of Gnosticism, very numerous, and widely differing in their characteristics, but all alike in this respect—that they were systems of speculative thought, in which it was attempted to harmonise various forms of old-world belief with the Christian idea of Redemption.

The Church at Alexandria—planted, according to the legend, by St. Mark, and watered with his blood—had then to contend not only against fiery persecutions from heathen foes, but had also to suffer from the leavening influences of the new philosophical systems. The Gnostics claimed to be admitted into the Church as eclectic thinkers, holding advanced views, not necessarily to be taught to the multitude; in the Church itself there arose false teachers, who worked disastrous mischief. Clement, Master of the Catechetical School of the Alexandrian Church, at the end of the second century, taught doctrines savouring of Gnosticism. In this school the celebrated Origen began to teach at the age of eighteen; he sought to combine with Christianity scattered truths from other systems, and his orthodoxy, or otherwise, is one of the great controversies of the early Church. St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Hilary, and others defended him; but, on the other hand, he was excommunicated by his bishop and condemned by several Church synods.

Early in the fourth century Alexandria drew upon itself the notice of the world as the birthplace of Arianism, of which the distinctive tenet is the denial of the Godhead of our Saviour. Arius was Deacon of Alexandria, but excommunicated, and obliged to flee the city. His doctrines spread rapidly; two bishops, twelve deacons, twelve presbyters, and, according to Epiphanius, 700 virgins were amongst his followers when he sought refuge in Palestine, where he waged war with his pen against those who were anxious to silence him. Constantine endeavoured to mediate in vain, and then summoned a great

General Council of all the Churches of the East and West, to meet at Nicæa in Bithynia. Three hundred bishops, and as many of the inferior clergy, met in June, 325, when a creed—the Nicene Creed still in use—was drawn up and signed, and Arius was banished by the emperor to Illyricum.

Soon after returning from the Council at Nicæa, Alexander, the Bishop of Alexandria, died, and Athanasius, then in his thirtieth year, was chosen to the vacant see. For forty-six years he devoted himself to the defence of orthodox doctrine, and “to his ability and constancy is due, under Providence,” as Robertson supposes, “the preservation of the Eastern Church—and, perhaps, even of the whole Church—from an adoption of the Arian heresy, or from a vague and creedless system which would probably have issued in an utter abandonment of Christianity.”

Of the persecutions of Athanasius, his banishments, his vigorous defence of the faith, and his ultimate return in triumph to his see in Alexandria, this is not the place to tell. Alexandria was the scene of these great controversies, lasting through centuries, and forming one of the most important periods in Church history.

Modern Alexandria is vastly indebted to the ancient city, although so few vestiges of the latter remain. “Alexander,” said Napoleon, “rendered himself more illustrious by founding Alexandria, and by purposing to transfer to it the seat of his Empire, than by his most brilliant victories. This city should be the capital of the world. It is situated between Asia and Africa; within reach of India and Europe; its harbour affords the only safe anchorage along the 500 leagues of coast from Tunis, or ancient Carthage, to Alexandretta; it is near one of the ancient mouths of the Nile; all the navies of the world might moor within it, and in the Old Port they would be sheltered from the winds and all possibility of attack.”

The population—which, according to Savary’s estimate, had dwindled a century ago to less than 6,000—has, since the revival of the commercial prosperity of the city, increased to about 250,000. Of this total it is reckoned that 48,000 are Europeans—who only numbered about 7,000 at the death of Mehemet Ali—and the remainder is made up of Arabs, Turks, Copts, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Maltese, and Levantines “of every shade of mixed blood from Tunis to the Dardanelles.”

The modern city only occupies a part of the site of the ancient, and is for the most part built upon the isthmus connecting what was once the Island of Pharos. This isthmus, or mole, is the old Heptastadium widened by the alluvial deposits of many ages, east and west of which lie the two harbours, called the Old and the New Ports. The New Port—erroneously so called—is only used by small native craft, and that only on emergency, as it is exposed to the north winds, and rendered exceedingly dangerous by rocks and shoals. It was not until 1842 that the Old Port was thrown open to Christian shipping; prior to that date—namely, from the advent of the Arab conquerors—the New Port, or eastern harbour, was used for the vessels of Christian states; the western harbour, or Old Port, being reserved exclusively for Turkish vessels. “The privilege of using the Old Harbour, and of riding on horseback, were obtained by the English, for all Europeans, on evacuating Alexandria.”

One of the most important undertakings in the way of improvement in the modern city is the construction of a new harbour, to contain an area of 1,400 acres of still water, and landing-quays nearly two miles long. The maritime traffic of Alexandria is of considerable importance, the port being entered annually by about 2,800 vessels of all kinds. The port in which the trade is now carried on is exposed to the prevailing south-west wind, and the progress of loading and unloading has always been seriously impeded by the heavy sea. One of the first questions that engaged the attention of the late Khedive after his accession was how to remedy this evil, and when the formation of the Suez Canal was actually commenced, it became a necessity to set about the work at once, as the decrease in maritime traffic was certain unless something was done without further delay. In 1870, therefore, a contract was entered into with Messrs. Greenfield and Co., an English firm, for the construction of the present imposing new harbour works, which were begun in 1871. An immense breakwater has been made, nearly two miles in length, in the formation of which 26,000 solid masses of masonry, each twenty tons in weight, were used, and the whole faced on the side next the sea with natural blocks, each weighing from 15 to 25 cwt., while 130,000 tons of large and small rubble stones were sunk in the foundation of the great work. The harbour thus formed is nearly 1,800 acres in area, and from 20 to 26 feet in depth. When the works are completed, large vessels will be able to come up alongside the quays to load and discharge in all weathers, and a branch railway will connect the mole and quays with the Alexandria and Cairo line, and thus with the whole railway system of the interior. Before, however, the harbour will be accessible at any hour of the day or night, it will be necessary to blow up the ledge of rock known as the Three Fathoms Shoal, lying in the middle of the central passage. It has been retained as a safeguard against a sudden hostile attack from an enemy's fleet, but the increased power of modern cannon has deprived it of all strategical value.

The whole of the stone employed in the construction of the new harbour has been quarried at Mex, about five miles distant from Alexandria, on the sea-shore, where quite a little town has sprung up, inhabited by the employés and workpeople of Messrs. Greenfield and Co.

The commerce of Alexandria—which in the Middle Ages received its sentence of death, by the discovery of the sea-route to India round the Cape of Good Hope, and its death-blow by the discovery of America—has of late years increased with marvellous rapidity, and notwithstanding the opening of the Suez Canal, which at one time it was feared would materially reduce the commerce of the city, its port is entered annually by about 2,800 vessels, consisting of 70 men-of-war, 370 mail-packets, 2,030 sailing merchantmen, and 330 steam traders. The exports, principally to England and France, are cotton and cotton-seed, wheat, gums, sugar, coffee, wool, flax, elephants' tusks, ostrich feathers, and mother-of-pearl. The imports, principally from England, are manufactured goods, wood, oils, wine, liqueurs, raw silk, provisions, and marbles. The chief industries of Alexandria carried on by the natives are the working of gold and silver embroidery, the weaving of native garments, and the manufacture of pipe-stems, arms, and saddlery.

If modern Alexandria cannot boast of handsome buildings and vast intellectual culture, it can certainly lay claim to being abreast of the times in steam appliances, mills, factories,



railways, telegraphs, gas, and all the instruments of progress, and for these things it is greatly indebted to the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha.

The great centre of life is the Place Méhémet Ali, or Grand Square, where, contrary to the rules of the Mohammedan faith, which forbid "pictorial or plastic representations of



THE PLACE MÉHÉMET ALI.

the human form," stands the equestrian statue of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the reigning dynasty of Egypt. This is in the Frank quarter of the town, and stands farthest away from the port in consequence of the restriction of which we have spoken as to Christian shipping—a restriction which was in force when the majority of the present buildings were erected.

The modern improvements in the city consist of long streets with European shops, lighting, paving, police supervision, and cleanliness, so that in many respects Alexandria

is equal to good second-rate towns in France and England, and far ahead, in a sanitary point of view, of almost any town under Mohammedan rule. To the majority of visitors the most interesting sight in Alexandria is its street-scenes; but interesting as these are, there is so strong an admixture of European manners, customs, habits, and buildings with the Eastern, that a very imperfect idea of a truly Oriental city can be formed. That, however, may be obtained to perfection at Cairo, which is distant now only a five-hours' railway journey.

In the bazaars of Alexandria will be found what can be found to the same degree in no other city — the most curious collection of all nations, kindreds, people, and tongues that can be gathered together. And this bizarre scene suggests at once "the transition that is in progress from the semi-barbarism of the East to the civilisation of the West, and in its sharp contrasts of Oriental and European, its wealth and its squalor, its busy new life rising like a tide over its old conservatism, you have a fine symbol of modern Egypt as it is."



LADY OF ALEXANDRIA WITH BLACK ATTENDANT.

The first things which strike attention in the streets are the Babel of many tongues and the blaze of curious costumes. Then when the eye gets accustomed to the scene it is interesting to stand in some commanding position and look steadily at the motley crowd as it surges by ceaselessly. Here are Syrian Jews, with their hair in ringlets; there is a majestic Turk, with a capacious turban and flowing robes, elbowing Greek and Levantine out of his path; these high-capped and black-habited men are Copts, the direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians; here are Bedouins from the desert, in rough camel-hair mantles, and with dirks, daggers, and pistols, in alarming array, stuck in their girdles; here is an Albanian in his white kilted dress and bandaged legs; those blackies are

Nubians; and here, in the stream constantly pouring onwards, come English midshipmen from some vessel in the harbour, American sight-seers with guide-book under their arms, French dandies, Italian beauties, Coptic priests, dervishes—"Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia and in India, in Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia"—every nation under the sun seems to have sent forth its representatives to Alexandria. Now comes a string of camels swaying their long necks with a melancholy motion, and bringing with them a whiff of the desert; they are laden with merchandise and drive the surging crowd before them on to the paths, if there are any, where vendors of fruit and cooked-mysteries are plying their trade; then there is a shout as adventurous donkey-boys urge on their trotting beasts burdened with colossal Turks, or ladies enveloped in black *babara*, and the curious muslin veils which only allow their dark eyes to be seen gleaming from behind them. Now music is heard, and a crowd collects round a wandering minstrel, soon to be dispersed as a bare-legged Arab "runner" shrieks to the people to "make way" for the carriage of a grandee. And amid all the uproar, grim old Turks sit cross-legged on the carpets of their divans, or the dais of their stalls, and smoke their narghillies and sip their coffee, as though they were in profound solitude.

Scenes like these are not confined to one part of the city; every street and alley swarms with people, everywhere there is ceaseless noise, bustle, and confusion, and everywhere there is novelty, but not the novelty—let this be kept carefully in mind—of a thoroughly Oriental city.

As with the people so with the houses and streets, there is a curious medley of style; side by side with a mud-coloured Oriental building with terraced roof is a house that might have come straight from Oxford Street; leading out of some street, the only plan of which seems to have been to deepen the shade by bringing the houses in it so close together that the dwellers on either side can almost shake hands from the upper windows, is a street that might be mistaken for a part of Paris or New York; next door to a shop, miserable in appearance but concealing wondrous treasures, over which watches a crouching old merchant smoking his chibouque, is a café blazing with gas, and thronged with Frenchmen and Italians. All this incongruity gives a strong impression of unreality; it seems as if the city must be *en fête*, as if a grand masquerade were taking place, a carnival in which the whole population is bearing an active part.

Perhaps the incongruity is never more felt than during an evening stroll. A marriage procession passes, and the bridegroom is going for his bride, accompanied by a crowd of friends carrying lamps or lanterns, and preceded by a band playing wild Turkish music; a monotonous sound is heard, it proceeds from an Arab coffee-house, where, on a raised dais, a professional story-teller is reciting an Arab poem, or telling one of the stories of the Thousand and One Nights, while a group of turbaned men sit on their mats smoking their narghillies; then passing a brilliantly-lighted café there are heard the strains of *Les Cloches de Corneville*, or the last new comic song from London. As the night comes on, the streets suddenly become quiet—for people do not as a rule keep late hours in Egypt—and then may be seen the watchmen asleep in their white calico dresses on mats spread on the pavement, or on wicker-work lounges not unlike rout-seats. In side-streets,

if the weather be at all chilly, there will be seen groups of Arabs squatting round charcoal fires burning in small brown earthen pans; tired donkeys lie stretched in the sandy roadway, and the still more tired donkey-boys, who have driven and beaten them all day long, sleep "under their lee" for warmth, while pariah dogs set out in companies on marauding expeditions, and make night hideous with their yells.

The two great monuments of Alexandria are Cleopatra's Needle and Pompey's Pillar, and curiously enough each monument is improperly named—Cleopatra's Needle having nothing to do with Cleopatra, and Pompey's Pillar having nothing to do with Pompey.

To the traveller who has never seen any of the startling antiquities of Egypt, except in museums in Europe, the sight of such a wonderful monument as Cleopatra's Needle in the land to which it is proper, under the same sky which has always looked down on it, and in the midst of groups of natives of the soil, is not easily forgotten.

Until the past few years there were two obelisks here; both of them embellished the Cæsareum, or Temple of Cæsar; they were the only remaining vestiges of that temple, and the only striking relics left in the city which Strabo saw and so graphically described. One of these obelisks stood overlooking the sea—a conspicuous landmark seventy-nine feet in height. The other has in recent times had a different history, and one with which most readers are familiar. Like its companion it was hewed out of the granite quarries of Syene, and for centuries stood at Heliopolis, whence it was removed by one of the Roman emperors, and sent down the Nile to adorn the Cæsareum. An earthquake threw it down, and for ages it lay in the sand unnoticed, till, in 1801, some English sailors wished to remove it to England, but failed to get any support from the Admiralty. Again it lay unnoticed in the sand until Mehemet Ali offered it as a gift to England; but no steps were taken to remove it, and still beside the sea it lay for tourists to gaze at when the sand-drifts did not entirely obscure it, until Mr. (afterwards Sir) Erasmus Wilson, a private English citizen, undertook to do what a fleet was prevented from accomplishing and a Prince Regent feared to attempt, and at his expense Cleopatra's Needle was brought from its dishonourable resting-place in the dust and placed on the Thames Embankment in London, where it now stands, flanked on either side by a Sphinx, whose ungraceful and ludicrous attitude gave rise to much merriment and some grave comment upon the uninformed taste of the authorities responsible for their erection.

The inscriptions upon it, which have kept their contour almost perfect while three empires rose and fell—while Egypt, Macedon, and Rome played their parts in history—describe Thothmes III. as the "strong bull crowned in Thebes," the "son of the sun," the "best of existences," the "strong bull beloved of Ra" (the rising sun); and Rameses II. as "the strong bull, son of Tum" (the setting sun), the "lord of diadems," and the "golden hawk"—a puzzling list of titles to those who are unfamiliar with Egyptian mythology.

The Arabs, who ascribe to Cleopatra all the great works of the capital, call these monoliths *mesellah*, a word which stands for either a packing-needle or an obelisk; hence the inappropriate name the monuments bear.

Before passing away from the subject of Egyptian obelisks, we must call to mind

the great passion there has always been, and still is, for possessing them. In the year B.C. 664, if all accounts be true, Assurbanipal, King of Assyria, removed two of them from Thebes to adorn the city of Nineveh. The Romans showed a keen appreciation of obelisks; the one now standing in the Piazza del Popolo was brought from Egypt by command of Augustus, who set it up in the Circus Maximus; and the same place was adorned by Constantius with the huge monolith, the largest of its kind, which now stands in the Piazza of San Giovanni Laterano. The celebrated obelisk of the Vatican was brought to Italy as early as the reign of Caligula, and like that of Monte Cavallo, is remarkable as bearing no hieroglyphics. Altogether there are now twelve obelisks standing in Rome, and it is not at all improbable that others may be lying buried in the earth.

On a high piece of ground near to the vast cemetery stands the most striking monumental relic in Alexandria—Pompey's Pillar. It is a handsome Corinthian column of red granite, from Assouan, 105 feet high including the capital and base, and is believed to be the sole existing relic of the famous Serapeum. It was erected on its present site, overlooking Lake Mareotis and the modern city, in honour of the Emperor Diocletian, some say to commemorate his siege and capture of Alexandria in A.D. 296, after the rebellion of Achilleus, while others, who find a chronological difficulty attaching to this view, say it was erected in commemoration of a gift of corn, presented by Diocletian to the citizens in a time of famine. At the foot of the column are heaps of rubbish, in which are to be found plenty of architectural remains, fragments of columns, portions of sphinxes, and so forth, supposed to have formed part of the Serapeum; and if, as is also supposed, that wonderful temple, once containing the famous library burned by Omar, was surrounded by a colonnade of 400 columns, of which Pompey's Pillar formed one, it is not improbable that the modern scientific excavator may turn up from this site some interesting memorials.

To most people the surroundings of Pompey's Pillar are more interesting than the pillar itself. Close at hand is the Mohammedan Cemetery, a wilderness of stones with neither fence, nor rail, nor any such thing to seclude it from the common roadway. Many of the stones have a turban roughly carved on the top, and some are painted green, showing that the deceased had in his day made a pilgrimage to Mecca, or was a descendant of the Prophet. It is a usual thing to see a group of women sitting round an open grave, rocking themselves to and fro and wailing for the dead; there is no need to draw near to hear the lamentations they make, for the low mournful dirge with which they begin soon increases to a loud monotonous howl; nor is there any need to shed the sympathetic tear, for these women are paid so much for the job, and inspire no more feeling of solemnity than the palls and feathers hanging in an undertaker's shop do to the passer-by.

A short distance from the cemetery is a well, and it is an interesting and novel sight for the European to watch the people who come hither to draw water. There is a man filling a skin, and a curious appearance it presents as the water fills up the legs and then the body, till the limp skin he held in his hand a few minutes ago assumes the shape of a well-stuffed beast, which he carries away on his shoulder. There stands a group of women, some in the ordinary blue cotton dress, some in white, and all closely veiled,



PALACE OF THE KHEDIVE, ALEXANDRIA.

with their pitchers on their heads, waiting patiently till the men have finished drawing—a scene which Goodall would love to paint. These pitchers, or large earthen jars, called *goollehs*, are identical with those that have been in use in Egypt for many thousands of years, and are carried in the same fashion on the head. Seeing that until very recent times almost every drop of water used in Egypt for domestic purposes was drawn by women from wells, the river, or canals, in these earthen jars, it is not surprising that huge hillocks of broken pottery have been the distinguishing signs to indicate a buried ancient city. It is estimated that each jar when full of water weighs a little over forty pounds, and it is really surprising with what agility, when the jar is placed upon her head, even a frail young girl will trip off with her burden, apparently almost unaware that she has it there.

Overlooking the cemetery and the road is an Egyptian village, or its equivalent. To the untutored eye it appears to be nothing more or less than a huge mud-heap, and the dwelling-places mere cells burrowed in the mud. The people, happily, seem to dwell outside their houses more than in, and it is well they do, or the population would soon die off, for the dwellings are stifling and filthy, and altogether in a horribly unsanitary condition. It is puzzling to conceive how people who delight in white dresses,

and wear their faces veiled, can by any possibility enter such places without being begrimed; and yet women in apparently spotless raiment may sometimes be seen emerging from them, although the majority, who squat listlessly upon the mud-heaps, are the very picture of filthiness. The children, who are unencumbered with clothes, are not so repulsive, their dark skins giving them an air of tolerable respectability.

In the neighbourhood of the Serapeum are the Catacombs, which suggest a very different train of associations. Of the many tomb-chambers once in existence only one is in a tolerable state of preservation. It was discovered in 1858, when the workmen were engaged in quarrying the rocky ground out of which the Catacombs were hewn. Entering by a flight of ancient steps, the visitor finds himself at the threshold of these chambers. In one there is an apse with the remains of a fresco representing Christ, with Peter and Andrew on either side; in another there are remains of tasteful stucco decoration and paintings in three recesses, representing the Women at the Sepulchre and the Ascension, while in the centre there is a painting of Christ treading upon serpents, and the quotation, in Greek, "He shall tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shall He trample under foot" (Ps. xci. 13). On either side of this central figure is a large Greek cross with the inscription, "Jesus Christ conquers." There is little else to see, for there is now a quarry here, and soon all traces of these Catacombs will have gone; already a lower series of tombs has been closed up, and interesting tomb-chambers, which were open for inspection, have altogether disappeared. It is a pity; but the chambers which remain open up an interesting chapter in Church history to the visitor.

There are very few vestiges of the old canals of Alexandria. The modern Mahmoodieh Canal was constructed by Mehemet Ali in 1819, and was named after the reigning Sultan, Mahmoud. It is said to have cost £300,000; to have employed 250,000 labourers for one year, of whom 20,000 perished by accident, plague, or hunger—a horrible state of things, of which we shall have more to say when writing about the Fellahheen, or peasant population of Egypt, in our account of Cairo. It is interesting to remember that a part of the course of this canal is identical with that of the old Canoptic Branch of the Nile, and the old canal of Fooah, which was used in the time of the Venetians for carrying goods to Alexandria, and existed, though nearly dry, in Savary's time, 1777. On the right bank of the canal are the houses and gardens of wealthy Alexandrians; and here, too, are the public gardens, where are to be found a profusion of exotic plants thriving lustily in the open air, and the fashionable promenade where, when the roads are in a decent state, equipages roll by which would not disgrace the "Ring" in Hyde Park. Of the roads in Alexandria generally, it may be said that they are execrable, while in the old part of the town there are no roads at all. There were once good roads, but they have fallen into decay, as almost everything does under Turkish rule.

Although mosques abound in Alexandria, there are only two which are of any interest. One is called the Mosque of the Thousand-and-one Columns, and is supposed to mark the site of the Church of St. Mark, where the Evangelist is reported to have been put to death. When the crusaders were besieging Damietta, in 1219, this church was destroyed by the Moslems. The Copts have a convent in Alexandria dedicated to St. Mark, and they pretend to have his body preserved there, but there seems to be little doubt that if the body of

the Evangelist rests in any religious edifice at all, it is in that of the Church of St. Mark at Venice. (See p. 127.)

The other mosque of interest is that of St. Athanasius, which in all probability stands upon the site of a church of that name; it was from this mosque that the so-called tomb of Alexander—now in the British Museum—was taken.

There is one spot, two or three miles outside Alexandria, of great historical interest. It is Nicopolis—so named as being the “Town of Victory” where Augustus overcame Antony and his partisans. “The first battle on this spot was followed by the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra. The second one is famous in the annals of English history. In order to put an end to French supremacy in Egypt an expedition was sent out by the British Government in 1801; part of the troops comprising which, under the command of Sir David Baird, proceeded down the Red Sea with the intention of landing at Kossier and marching across the desert into Egypt, while the remainder, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, disembarked at Aboukir Bay, the scene of Nelson’s victory three years before. Advancing on Alexandria, the English attacked the French, under General Menou, on the 13th March. Sir Archibald Alison says, ‘The ground occupied by the two armies was singularly calculated to awaken the most interesting recollections. England and France were here to contend for the Empire of the East in the cradle of ancient civilisation, on the spot where Pompey was slain to propitiate the victorious arms of Caesar, and under the walls of the city which is destined to perpetuate to the latest generation the prophetic wisdom of Alexander.’ On the 21st of March, 1801, the decisive engagement took place which ended in the defeat of the French, though the victory was dearly purchased by the death of Abercromby.”

Alexandria, as we have said, is but the threshold of Egypt—it is ancient compared with Cairo, but it is modern in comparison with that Orientalism which is to be found in Cairo, in a degree unsurpassed by any city of the East.



GOSSEPS.





IN THE VENETIAN LAGOON: THE TOWN HALL, CHIOGGIA.

## VENICE.

Origin—The First Doge—Venice as it is—The Piazza San Marco—The Church of St. Mark—Removal of the Body of the Saint—Interior of the Church—The Bronze Horses—Barbarossa and the Pope—The Palace of the Doges—The Councils of Venice—The Council of Ten—The Story of Marino Falieri—of Francesco Foscari—of the Count of Carmagnola—The Lion's Mouth—The Golden Book—The Hall of the Grand Council—The Bridge of Sighs—Again in the Piazza—The Campanile—"Between the Columns"—The Arsenal and the Arsenalotti—Wedding the Adriatic—On the Grand Canal—The Rialto—Art and Artists—The Churches of Venice—The Brides of Venice—Scenes and Incidents of the Past.



THE FISH MARKET, CHIOGGIA.

**W**HEN Attila, "the Scourge of God," invaded Northern Italy (A.D. 452), leaving his track in ruined towns and desolated villages, a body of Italians, natives of Venetia, a district of Lombardy, fled before him to the islands of their lagoons in company with some citizens of Padua. Attila succeeded in destroying many cities, but quite involuntarily he was the means

of creating the fairest one that the world had ever seen. The islands to which these fugitives fled were formed at the head of the Adriatic by means of mud and sand sent down by the rivers flowing from the Apennines and the Alps. On these islands—namely, Malamocco and Palestrina—the fugitive Veneti settled in peace and security, occupying themselves with their fisheries and salt works. By-and-by, however, as population increased, the people



THE RIALTO.

spread themselves over other islands, increased the means of subsistence, built substantial dwellings instead of the mean huts they at first erected, threw bridges across from island to island, and thus grew Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic."

At first each island was governed by a Tribune; afterwards one Tribune exercised authority over all the islands; but the system proved a failure, and in A.D. 697 Paola Luca Anafesto was elected Doge, or Duke, and this form of government by Doges continued down to the year 1798, except for a period of five years, during which time a chief magistrate was appointed annually under the title of *Maestro della Milizia*.

Malamocco was the capital for many years, but in the early part of the ninth century Pepin, King of Lombardy, the father of Charlemagne, attacked and seized the neighbouring islands of Chioggia and Palestrina, and then prepared to invade Malamocco. The people, counselled by Agnello Participazio, their leading man, fled before the foe to the island of the Rialto. The pursuing galleys, unable to thread the narrow and shallow channels of the lagoon, were stranded and burnt; and the isle of the Rialto\* became the future capital of the Republic.

From this time forward the progress of Venice in trade and commerce, in naval and military power, and in art and science was greater than that of any other state in Christendom, until at the commencement of the sixteenth century she had reached the zenith of her glory. In the middle of the seventeenth century her power began to decline, and declined as rapidly as it had risen, so that early in the nineteenth century she presented to the eye of a famous traveller "a most deplorable aspect of decay and desolation."

But Venice never became a ruin. To-day the Queen of Cities is substantially the same as in the golden age of art—the sixteenth century—and we ask the reader to follow us through the Venice of the present, to read in her imperishable monuments the history of the Venice of the past.

Many persons are under a great misapprehension as to the means of transit or locomotion in Venice. It is a mistake to suppose that there are no streets, and that it is absolutely necessary to go from place to place by gondola. It is true that only three bridges—the Rialto Bridge of the Middle Ages, and two modern iron bridges—span the Grand Canal which divides the city into unequal halves; it is true that the city is built upon 117 islands, intersected by 150 small canals and 2,480 passages; but almost every one of the water-streets has a quay or footpath bordering it, while 400 bridges unite island to island. So that it is quite possible to go to every part of the city on foot, although few perhaps would care to do so, for there is not in all the world a more difficult place for the traveller, guided only by the "light of nature," to find a given spot. That spot may be only a few hundred yards away, but to reach it he may have to cross half a dozen bridges, some leading to the right and some to the left, and traverse as many squares, of which there are 396; 127 being large squares (*campi*) and 269 smaller squares (*campielli*).

Let the reader suppose himself to have arrived in Venice by an evening train, and after entering his gondola to have been rowed through the darkness, along silent streets and water-ways, until he has been set down at the steps of his hotel. Then in the early morning let him come forth into one of the busy narrow streets, and, guided so as to get the most imposing effect in one full burst of vision, let him pass by La Fenice, the celebrated Opera House, and emerge suddenly in the Piazza San Marco, or Great Square of St. Mark.

Before him is a broad open space 576 feet long, with a breadth varying from 185 to 269 feet, well paved with marble and dark stone, surrounded with a continuous colonnade, and presenting a *coup d'œil* of magnificent buildings without a parallel in the world. To the right and left are the Old and New Procuratie, or palaces of the Procurators, or

\* *Rivo Alto*, from whence the name is derived, meaning "Deep Stream."

Churchwardens, of St. Mark's; their office consisting in the supervision of the Piazza, of St. Mark's and its treasures, the management of the church revenue, the direction of poor and trust funds, and such matters. Immediately in front of the spectator is the sumptuous façade of the Church of St. Mark, its magnificent campanile or bell-tower standing in the Piazza, some distance in advance of the Cathedral.

To the right of the Piazza is the Piazzetta—a smaller open space, having the Doges' Palace on the side adjoining the Church of St. Mark, and the Mint and Library of St. Mark on the other side, while on the Molo at the end stand the magnificent columns of Oriental granite surmounted with the statue of St. Theodore and the Winged Lion of St. Mark.

The Piazza San Marco is the very heart of Venice; "from this beats her life in every direction through an intricate system of streets and canals that bring it back again to the same centre." Here, of necessity, were enacted the scenes which developed the great drama of her existence; here stand the world-renowned buildings with which the greater part of her history is connected. Let us examine first the Church of St. Mark, and next the Palace of the Doges, and we shall by this means get some idea of the history of Venice.

The most remarkable event in her early history was the translation of the body of St. Mark, and the adoption of that saint as the patron saint of the Republic. The story, as related by the oldest of the Venetian chroniclers, is very curious. It seems that when the Caliph of Alexandria, who was bitterly opposed to the Christian religion, was building for himself a magnificent palace, he gave orders that the most precious marbles were to be procured for its adornment, and to this end the Christian temples were to be stripped of their chiefest ornaments. A raid was made on the Church of St. Mark at Alexandria, where the body of the saint was said to exist in a state of spiritual repose, and so great was the grief of the two Greek priests who officiated in the temple, that their cries and lamentations came to the ears of two Venetian merchants who chanced to be trading in that port. No sooner did these merchants hear of the cause of distress, than they offered to take away the body of St. Mark and secure for it a kindly reception by their countrymen. The priests demurred at first, but when the profanation of the temple actually commenced, and the work of demolition began, they accepted the offer of the merchants. It was a work attended with great risk to which they had pledged themselves, for St. Mark was in the habit, it was said, of working miracles, and was consequently held in great estimation by the people; nevertheless they cut the wrapper in which the sacred remains were enfolded, removed the body, and substituted the body of St. Claudian therein. In order to bear away the body of the Evangelist in safety, the merchants had to resort to a curious stratagem. Placing the corpse in a large basket covered with herbs and savoury joints of pork, they bore it along the streets, crying "Khawzir! khawzir!" (Pork! pork!)—a cry hateful to all true Mussulmans. In this manner they reached their vessel in safety, where, in order to make sure of their prize, they concealed the body in the sails suspended to the mainmast until the moment of departure.

The Venetians received the sacred remains with wild demonstrations of joy. A succession of fêtes was given; ceremonies were held in honour of the saint; pilgrims flocked to the shrine from all parts of the world; a revival in the fortunes of the Republic followed,

and very soon there came one of those curious transitions of affection expressed best by the phrase "Off with the old love and on with the new." St. Theodore, who had hitherto taken Venice under his protection, was ousted by St. Mark, whose image and name quickly came to be stamped on her coins and woven in her banners; and in after-times the rallying battle-cry in many a bloody fray with powerful states was *Viva San Marco!*

To secure a fitting resting-place for the body of the Evangelist, the Church of St.



THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

Mark was built. In 977 a fire destroyed the first edifice, and then the Doge Pietro Orseolo began to rebuild it more grandly and splendidly than ever. It was not completed and consecrated till 1085, when Vitali Falieri filled the ducal chair; nor did it attain the acme of its splendour until after the conquest of Constantinople and other cities, when the plunders of war were added to the treasure. During the whole time of its construction every Venetian galley trading to the East was required to bring back some article of spoil to enrich the work.

The church is in the form of a Greek cross (with equal arms), covered by a Byzantine dome in the centre and one at the extremity of each arm. The interior is beautiful and impressive beyond all description. But not all in one blaze of vision. You do not





THE WEST FRONT OF ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE.

at first discover that all around you rise columns of porphyry and malachite and verd antique, panels glittering with gold and gems, pavements dazzling in *vermiculato* and mosaic-work. It is only after you have been for some little time in the church, and have grown accustomed to the "dim religious light," that you begin to realise the splendours with which you are surrounded. Perhaps no one has succeeded better than Mr. Ruskin in picturing the scene in words. "There opens before us," he says, "a vast cave hewn



PIAZZA OF ST. MARK.

out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures, like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours upon the floor; what else there is of light is from torches or silver lamps burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof, sheathed with gold, and the polished walls, covered with rich alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into gloom. Under foot and over



head a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together, dragons and serpents and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolised together, and the mystery of its redemption: for the mass of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone, sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapped round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all is the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse."

The church is completely draped with mosaic, and in every direction tapestry of stone, paintings of marble—here a picture of Paradise, there a glimpse of hell—figures and landscapes, groups and individuals are seen, and all represented by fragments of coloured glass embedded in a ground of gold. In every direction, too, marbles from every land and in every style meet the eye; column and cornice, pilaster, pillar, altar—the spoils of Greece and Byzantium, of Palestine, Asia Minor, and Syria—in alabaster, jasper, porphyry, serpentine, and verd antique.

It would be as easy to describe the contents of the British Museum in a brief article as to tell of the treasures contained in this marvellous cathedral. "The Basilica of St. Mark is the history of Venice in marble, where every event is immortalised by a column, a bas-relief, a relique—by a statue or legend, an inscription or tomb." Almost at a glance we may comprehend in one view a magnificent mosaic, the oldest in the church, dating from the eleventh century and representing the Virgin and St. Mark; a porphyry basin for holy water, resting upon an old Greek altar; the baptistry with its sculptured font, and for an altar-piece a massive granite slab, on which it is alleged that Our Lord stood when He preached to the inhabitants of Tyre; the tomb of Andrea Dandolo, the friend of Petrarch, the first historian of Venice, the descendant of "Blind Old Dandolo," and the last Doge to have been buried within the walls of St. Mark's; the Oratory of the Cross, crowned with the largest agate in the world; the choir, rich with Byzantine spoils; the Chapel of Cardinal Zeno, with a noble monument to a noble man; the high altar ablaze with gold and gems. Everywhere scattered about the church and clustering in the Treasury are relics and works of art innumerable, and it is only by visiting the cathedral again and again that any idea can be formed of the enormous wealth of the collection of treasures in this great Ecclesiastical Museum.

The exterior of St. Mark's is scarcely less remarkable than the interior. It fills up nearly the whole of the eastern side of the Great Piazza, and is gorgeous in Greek, Gothic, Arabic, and Byzantine architecture, while its immense mosaics, its noble gates of bronze, and its masses of domes, spires, statues, arches, and columns fairly bewilder the beholder who gazes upon them for the first time.

In a gallery over the principal portal are the four famous Bronze Horses, long supposed to be the work of Lysippus, a Greek, but now generally presumed to be of Roman workmanship of the time of Nero. These horses—which weigh two tons each—have been wonderful travellers. They were at one time on the triumphal arch of Nero,

and then on that of Trajan; Constantine sent them to Constantinople, from whence they were brought to Venice by "Blind Old Dandolo," in 1204; Napoleon seized them in 1797, and for eighteen years they stood on the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel, in Paris; until at the peace of 1815 they were restored to Venice. When the Genoese, under Doria, in 1378, reduced the Venetians to submission, so that the Doge was willing to make peace at any price, provided he could secure the independence of the Republic, the boastful Doria replied to his overtures:—"By God above, ye Signors of Venice, you must expect no peace from the lord of Padua or from our Republic till we ourselves have bridled your wild horses of St. Mark! Place but the reins once in our hands, and we shall know how to keep them quiet for the future." The taunt roused all the fire of the Venetians, who not only held their own, but avenged the insult by causing the Genoese to surrender.

Immediately in front of the Church of St. Mark a scene occurred in the year 1177, which was one of the most remarkable ever witnessed, and one that marks an epoch in early Venetian history. In the fierce conflict between Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, the former at the ebb of his fortunes took refuge with the Venetians, who espoused his cause and gained for him a complete victory over the foe. The emperor was obliged to sue for peace and submit to the most humiliating terms. He was brought into the presence of the Pope, who sat on a throne at the door of St. Mark's, attended by cardinals, prelates, representatives of foreign Powers, and officers of state. Assuming a lowly attitude, the emperor approached the foot of the throne, and prostrated himself before the Pope to kiss his feet. But Alexander, seeing with his mind's eye the sufferings and persecutions of eighteen years, and in the intoxication of the moment feeling himself the instrument "chosen by Heaven to proclaim the pre-destined triumph of right," planted his heel upon the neck of the emperor, and borrowing the words of the Psalmist, exclaimed, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." "It is not to thee, but to St. Peter that I kneel," muttered the fallen tyrant. "Both to me and St. Peter," insisted the Pope, at the same time pressing his heel more firmly on the neck of the indignant and outraged emperor. Not until there was an appearance of acquiescence did the Pope relax his hold or allow the emperor to rise. A *Te Deum* ended this memorable ceremony, and on quitting the cathedral the emperor held the stirrup of the Pope and assisted his tormentor to rise. A porphyry slab in the pavement marks the spot where—

"In that temple-porch  
Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,  
And kneeling, on his neck received the foot  
Of the proud Pontiff."

The Palace of the Doges, adjoining the Church of St. Mark, is rich beyond description in many-coloured marbles, columns, arches, ogives, and curiously sculptured windows, and is, as Ruskin says, "a piece of rich and fantastic colour: as lovely a dream as ever filled the imagination." It has been often said that there is no building in existence more familiar to the world than the Ducal Palace of Venice; we shall not, therefore, attempt a description of its architecture or external adornments, but let our illustrations speak for themselves.

When Participazio removed the seat of government from Malamocco, it is said that he built the first Doge's Palace on this site. Since that time it has been thrice partially and twice totally destroyed by fire, as well as being nearly demolished in early times in a popular insurrection. But from all disasters it has arisen more beautiful and more perfect, and it stands the enduring monument of a thousand years of strange and eventful history.

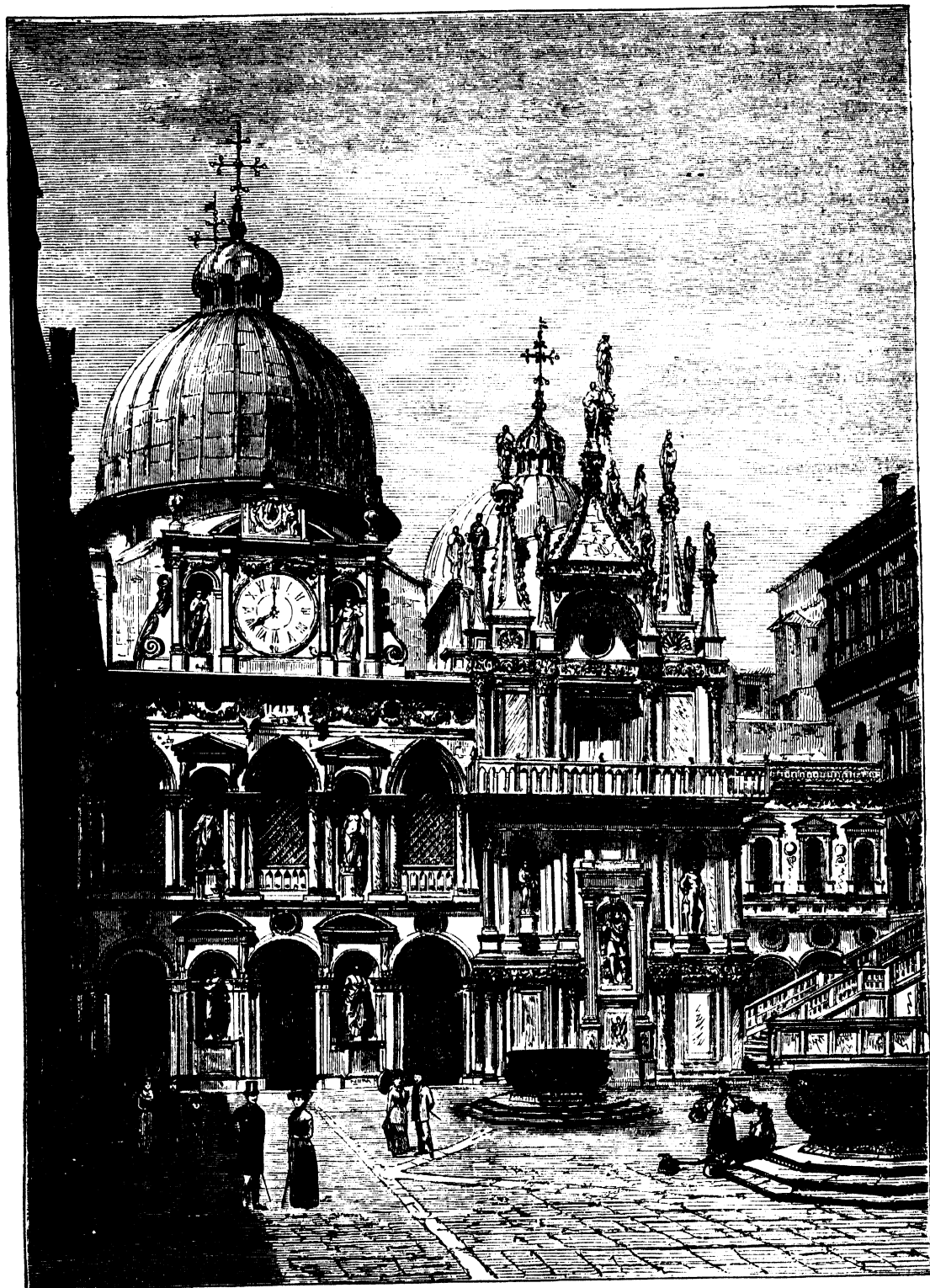
Perhaps it will lead to a better understanding of some of the remarkable episodes of that history, and of the interest attaching to the palace, if we here tell briefly of some of the Doges, their office, and the times in which they lived.

The power of the Doge was, for a period of more than three centuries, nearly absolute. He made war or peace, commanded the army and navy, selected his councillors, appointed officers, condemned or pardoned the accused, and often designated his successor. In the ninth century curtailment of his powers commenced, and continued from year to year and age to age, until hardly a shadow remained. "By his oath of office he engaged to seek no augmentation of power; to keep secret affairs of state; to read no letter from abroad, save in presence of his councillors; to send no despatch; to give audience to no ambassador; to return no response to any demand; to receive no gifts; to possess no property without the Dogado; to erect or repair no monument; never to leave Venice without permission; never to receive in private generals of the Republic; and to permit no member of his family to exercise governmental, ecclesiastical, or commercial influence within Venice or without. His sons were compelled to reside in Venice, and to have no connection with foreign states or princes. His wife, the Dogressa, was forbidden to entertain foreign ministers. Each month the councillors of the Doge read to him his oath anew, and also a decree that after his death his body would for three days be exposed in public, that all demands upon him might be satisfied by his family. He was limited in the amount of largess he should give the people on his election, in the amount he should give for charity, in the amount he should expend in certain fêtes; while his household was reduced to an usher, a master of ceremonies, a few priests, and fifty guards. In the Grand Council he had but a single vote, and no voice."\*

The office of Doge would appear never to have been one to be much coveted. Of the fifty Doges who held office in succession up to the year 1172—the period prior to the curtailment of their liberties—five abdicated, nine were exiled or deposed, five were banished and their eyes put out, and five were massacred. Yet such times were preferable to those that followed; and had it not been a law that no qualified person could refuse the Dogeship or resign it without the permission of the Council, many would have done as Andrea Contarini, who fled and sought concealment in disguise. But even that was unavailing, for he was sought out, and compelled to submit to his elevation, on pain of having his property confiscated, his name stigmatised, and himself declared a traitor to his country.

There were seven different governing councils in Venice. The most remarkable of these were the Council of Ten and the Council of Three. The former owed its existence to exceptional circumstances. In the year 1310 there was a conspiracy afoot, headed by Tiepolo, who counted two Doges amongst his ancestors; a riot took place, and but for

\* Flagg's "History of Venice."



THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

the courage and energy of the Doge Pietro Gradenigo, would have ended disastrously for the state. The plot, which had been brewing for several months, only came to the knowledge of the Doge the day before it was to be put into execution, and so great was the sense of insecurity that ten members of the Great Council were nominated to watch over the safety of the State. "It was armed with all the means, emancipated from all the forms, relieved from all responsibility, and held all heads dependent upon its pleasure." Its term of office was to be ten days—this was extended to ten days more, later on for a year, then for five years, till in 1325 it was declared perpetual. As it grew in duration so its functions increased, until at last it usurped the entire administration. It was authorised to maintain the integrity of the laws and constitution, to judge traitors, to foster peace among the different classes of the community, to punish the aggressions of the nobles, and to act as overseers of public ceremonies and festivals. All classes of the people, not even excepting the Doge, were subject to it, and notwithstanding that it was hated by the nobles it maintained itself in office till the downfall of the Republic.

The Council of Ten was the most terrible tribunal in the whole world, not even excepting the Vehm Gericht of Westphalia; its proceedings were shrouded in mystery, its police was the most perfect, and the offender or suspected person was enclosed in an invisible mesh, and hurried silently and secretly to death. Out of the Council of Ten grew another council even yet more terrible, the Council of Three, whose control in the State was without limit and without appeal. The accused was never brought face to face with the accusers, witnesses were sworn to secrecy, punishment was swift and secret, and generally by strangulation in prison, or by drowning—hands tied and body weighted—in the Canal Orfano; and sometimes "the early passer-by saw the corpse of one hanged over-night between the pillars of the Piazzetta, swinging from the gallows there, a veil concealing the face, and a placard affixed to the body stating in a few obscure words the offender's crime, but suppressing his name." No one dared to inquire; any one showing anxiety as to the fate of a friend stood in imminent danger of a similar fate; no net was to be thrown in the Canal Orfano under penalty of death; everywhere there was dread and mystery. As Rogers says:—

"A strange mysterious power was there,  
Moving throughout: subtle, invisible,  
And universal as the air they breathed;  
A power that never slumber'd, never pardon'd;  
All eye, all ear;—nowhere and everywhere;  
Most potent when least thought of—nothing dropt  
In secret, when the heart was on the lips,  
Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly  
Observed and judged—a power, that if but glanced at  
In casual converse, be it where it might,  
The speaker lower'd at once his eyes, his voice,  
And pointed upward, as to God in heaven.  
But, let him in the midnight air indulge  
A word, a thought against the laws of Venice,  
And in that hour he vanish'd from the earth!"

So much at present regarding the office of the Doge and the Councils of the State; we shall hear more of these as we pass through the rooms of the palace. But before doing so, it will be well to tell the story of the fates of Faliero and the two Foscari, and of Carmagnola: stories which have always excited the interest of all who have studied the history of Venice.

Marino Faliero, the conqueror of Zara, became Doge in the year 1354, and the commencement of his term of office was rendered memorable by the disastrous defeat of the Venetian fleet by the Genoese, under Doria. A four months' truce with Genoa was hastily concluded, and before that truce was over strange events took place in Venice. Faliero had been a successful soldier and a powerful noble, but as Doge he found himself little more than a decorated puppet in the hands of the Venetian aristocracy. He was a man of a hot temper and ambitious, and he chafed at the galling restraint. It was not long before circumstances of a personal character transpired to incite him to throw off the chains that bound him.

Although an aged man, his wife was young and beautiful. At a banquet given shortly after his election, Ser Michele Steno, who loved one of the damsels of the Dogaressa, so offended him that the Doge ordered him to be thrust off the platform. Steno avenged himself by scribbling some insulting lines upon the throne of the Doge, reflecting upon the private character of the Dogaressa and the senility of the Doge. The writer was soon discovered, and Faliero brought the matter before the Council of Forty, thinking they would hang, or at least banish, Steno for the insult; but they took into account the offender's youth, and only sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, to be followed by a year's banishment.

Soon after this the Admiral of the Arsenal, Bertuccio Israello, had his face cut in a quarrel by a blow from the jewelled hand of Barbaro, a noble. The Admiral came to the Doge for redress. "How can I help thee?" said Faliero. "Think of the shameful gibe written concerning me, and how lightly they have punished the ribald Michele Steno who wrote it: that will show you how the Council of Forty respect our person." "My Lord Duke," the Admiral is said to have replied, "if you wish to be a prince indeed, and not only in name, I have the heart, if you will support me, to make you absolute prince of all this State, and you may then punish them all."

The seditious words fell on willing ears, and a plot was hatched to destroy the whole of the Venetian nobility. Numerous adherents to the scheme were found, and the conspiracy seemed likely to succeed. On a certain day a street commotion was to be got up, to give the Doge an excuse for ringing the bells of San Marco. When the nobles came out to see what was the matter, they were to be massacred. But on the eve of the intended massacre one of the conspirators solicited a friend, a nobleman, to remain at home on the morrow. The suspicions of the nobleman were excited, and he caused his friend to be detained and examined, and the result was that he confessed everything. The Council of Forty met without delay, and prompt measures were taken. The ringleaders were seized and hanged, and the Doge Faliero beheaded within the walls of his palace. One of the Ten rushed out on the gallery, and waving the bloody sword, cried, "The terrible doom has fallen on the traitor!" Then the gates were flung open, and the people

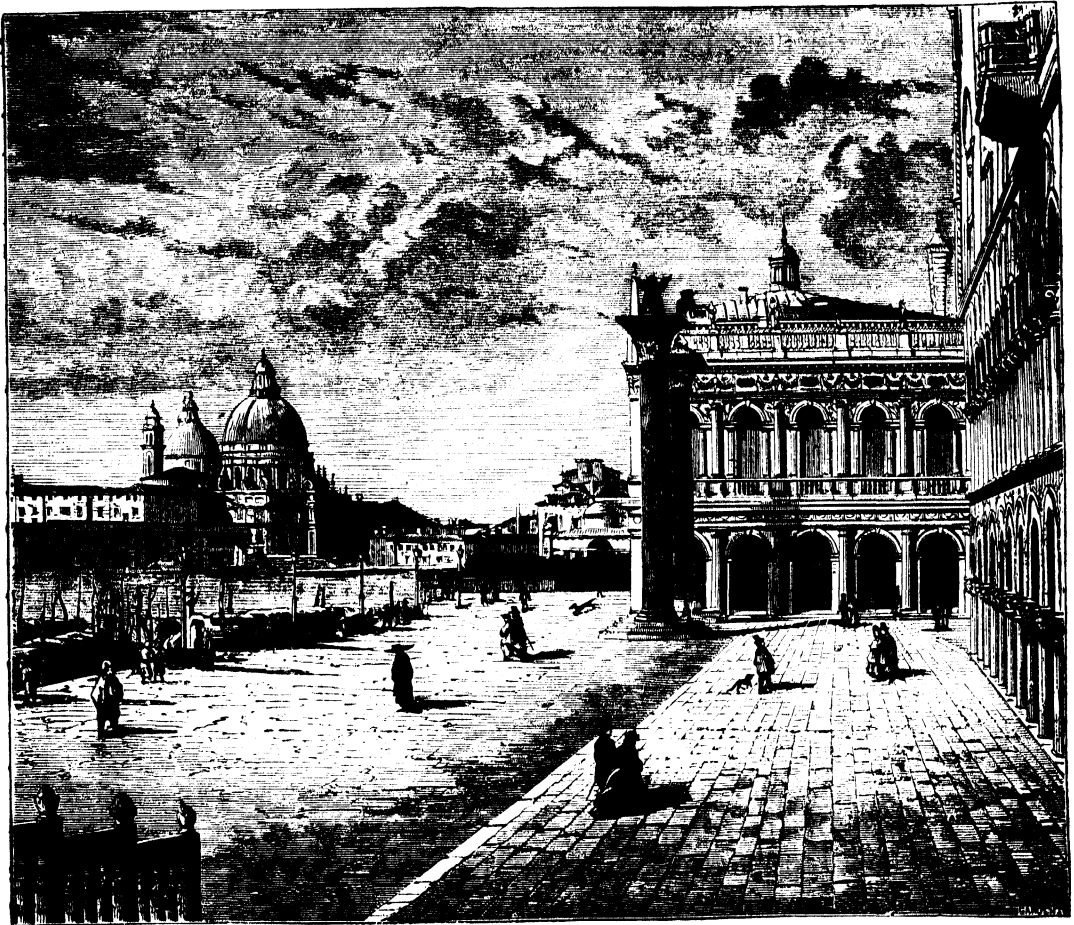
gazed on the bleeding corpse of the old Doge. Forty-six years afterwards Michele Steno was proclaimed Doge of Venice.

The story of Doge Francesco Foscari has been told so brilliantly by Lord Byron in the well-known tragedy, and is, like that of Marino Faliero, so familiar, that it will only be necessary to give the merest outline in this place. Francesco Foscari had distinguished himself as an able general in his youth, and his term of office as Doge was long and brilliant — lasting from 1423 to 1457 — but embittered by severe domestic sorrow. His son Giacompo was accused of “having received presents from foreign princes;” he was tortured on the rack, pronounced guilty, and the Doge, in spite of his paternal anguish, was compelled to pronounce his sentence of banishment to Napoli di Romania. Some years after this a senator named Donato was murdered in Venice. Giacompo’s servant was seen in the city that night; he was suspected and tortured, but no information could be obtained from him. Young Foscari was then recalled from his place of exile and severely racked, but although nothing could be elicited from him or proved against him, he was banished for life to Candia. He wrote incessantly to his friends to intercede for him, and, forgetful of prudence in his distress, he appealed to the Duke of Milan. By Venetian law this was treason; his letter was seen, and he was again brought before the Council of Ten, and sentenced to thirty stripes. Being questioned as to his letter, he confessed that he purposely broke the law to be brought back to Venice, where he might once more see his wife and family. The inexorable Ten, only exasperated by this confession, again sentenced him to banishment, to commence with a year’s imprisonment. They granted him a parting interview with his aged father and mother, and with his wife and family, but only in their presence, and the story of that interview is pathetic as ever story was told. Then they hurried him to the vessel that was to convey him to his lonely prison in Candia. Scarcely had he gone, however, when Erizzo, a Venetian nobleman, confessed on his dying bed that he had slain Donato, the senator; but the confession came too late: Giacompo had died, broken-hearted, on reaching his prison.

Francesco Foscari had twice sought to abdicate, and twice the Council had refused to accept his resignation; now, at the instigation of an enemy, they determined to depose him from his dignity, and commanded him to leave the Ducal Palace in eight days. As the old man at the appointed time was leaving the palace which had been his home for thirty years, he fainted with anguish; and five days later, when he heard the great bell of St. Mark ring out its loud peal, announcing the election of his successor, he ruptured a blood-vessel, and died almost instantaneously. Malipieri, the new Doge, was the only Doge in the history of Venice who was present at the funeral obsequies of his predecessor.

The story of Carmagnola furnishes another instance of the terrible power exercised by a Venetian tribunal. When Florence was in the height of her prosperity, Filippo-Maria, the Duke of Milan, envious of her successes, prepared to make war with her. Florence secured the alliance of Venice, but the Duke of Milan, confident in the generalship of the Count of Carmagnola, a man who had risen from a simple cuirassier to be the most brilliant commander of his day, was not to be turned aside from his projects. Imprudently,

however, in the very hour of his need the duke allowed a feeling of jealousy to overcome his judgment; he quarrelled with the general on account of his popularity with the army, withdrew his confidence when he should most have extended it, and finally, in a fit of rage deprived him of his command. Carmagnola could brook these



THE MOLO, VENICE.

injustices no longer. He went to Venice forthwith, offered his services, which were readily accepted, took up arms against his late master, and defeated him once, twice, and thrice.

Unhappily for Carmagnola, in course of time his interests were not identical with those of Venice; he fought for ransom—Venice fought for blood. One episode was fatal to his interests; he decoyed the cavalry of the Duke of Milan into a morass, where, as they sank, he poured in his foot-soldiers, who killed every horse of the enemy, but took not the life of a single man, his object being to get a heavy ransom for the prisoners. This embittered the Senate against him, and, under the pretence of conferring with him, they recalled him to the city. Everywhere as he came along he was



greeted with acclamation, and the city as he entered it rang with enthusiastic cheering. But as he came to the Palace of the Doge his attendants were dismissed on the ground that the conference would detain them too long, and Carmagnola entered the palace alone. His heart sank as the gates closed behind him suddenly, but it was too late to act. He was instantly seized, and despite the most violent efforts to free himself, was dragged away and thrust into a dungeon. Then, while still bearing unhealed wounds received in the service of the State, he was put to the torture, and although no evidence of treachery could be produced, he was publicly executed with a gag in his mouth.

Now let us enter the Doge's Palace, and note not so much the objects of artistic interest, which abound in every direction, as those things more intimately connected with the history of Venice and the men who made her what she was and is.

The court of the palace is entered by the *Porta della Carta*, or Gate of the Paper, built at the expense of the Doge Foscari, and so named from the ancient practice of affixing here all decrees of the civil authorities. Passing the court-yard, where are the famous public wells which supply the best water in Venice, and where picturesque groups may be seen at all hours of the day, we ascend the Giants' Staircase, so named, not on account of the size of the stairs, but of the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune on the landing above. On this landing the newly-elected Doge was crowned by the oldest member of the Council, and received the *baretta* of his office, and after hearing mass in the adjoining Church of St. Mark, was borne on the shoulders of the *Arsenalotti* round the Piazza; here the aged Foscari fell fainting as he went forth from the palace a broken-hearted man; and in this place—although not upon these actual stairs, for they were not built till a century later—rolled down the head of Faliero.

At the head of the staircase are the "Lions' Mouths," to be found also at the portals of the palace, at the entrance to the Chamber of Ten, and elsewhere. In the "Lion's Mouth" were placed those terrible secret letters and denunciations, anonymous or signed, which were to countless victims the prelude to arrest, torture, conviction, and mysterious disappearance.

Traversing a long colonnade, in which are busts of the heroes of Venice, we ascend the *Scala d'Oro*, or Golden Staircase, so named because it might only be trodden by those whose names were inscribed in the Golden Book. It was in the year 1315 that the *Libro d'Oro* was instituted, being a register of all who at that time had sat in the Great Council. It became the index and standard of Venetian aristocracy, and in it were carefully registered all births, deaths, and marriages taking place in noble families. When the Republic was hard pressed for money, additions to the list of the privileged were made, and 100,000 ducats, cash down, would at such times enable a baker or a grocer to rank with nobles. Crowned heads, illustrious foreigners, and men of mark were allowed to inscribe their names—an honour not dissimilar to receiving "the freedom of the City" among Londoners.

The Golden Staircase leads to the Hall of the Grand Council, a most magnificent room, which dazzles with its splendour—a room, too, full of memories, for the portraits of all the Doges, from Anafesto to Manin, stare from the walls at the intruder—all

save one, and there, where should be the portrait, is inscribed on a black tablet the crime and the fate of Marino Faliero: "*Hic est locus Marini Falethri decapitati pro criminibus.*" It was in this room that Morosini was arraigned for the surrender of Candia, and here, triumphantly acquitted, was he subsequently laden with honours and proclaimed Doge. Here too the great Pisani was falsely condemned, and here, brought straight away from a dungeon, was invested with supreme command in defence of Venice during the perils of the war of Chioggia, one of the most critical events in the history of Venice. This is the story. Genoa, the deadly enemy of Pisa, became the equally dangerous enemy of Venice, and in 1378 conquered the Venetians in a famous sea-battle. Gallantly as Victor Pisani faced the position, he was obliged to draw off all that remained of the fleet, of which he was Admiral, and returned to Venice, when he was brought before the Grand Council assembled in this room, condemned, and cruelly cast into prison. On came the Genoese fleet within sight of Venice, and to prevent the possible entry of the enemy, the Senate caused the passages intersecting the islands to be closed by chains and guarded by vessels of war. But Pietro Doria, the Genoese Admiral, was not to be beaten thus; he forced a passage, took Chioggia by storm, captured 4,000 Venetians, and when overtures of peace were proposed by Venice, he replied, as we have already recorded, contemptuously, "You shall have no peace from us till we have put a curb in the mouth of your wild horses of St. Mark!" Goaded to desperation by the taunt, they determined to resist to the death, but in their extremity the Venetian Senate could find no one so able to assist them in the defence of their city as Victor Pisani, whom they had so cruelly wronged. They sent for him in his prison, brought him again into this room before the Grand Council, and he, having only the good of his country at heart, gave no heed to the indignity to which he had been subjected, but bravely resumed the command. The canals were fortified, the most strenuous efforts made for action, and with the assistance of the Doge Contarini, who led the attack, and reinforced by Carlo Zeno, a celebrated Venetian Admiral, who unexpectedly returned from the Levant at the critical moment, the Genoese were overcome and compelled to surrender.

The Hall of the Grand Council is full of memories, as in it were enacted some of the most striking scenes in the history of the city—many of them commemorated in the historical paintings of Tintoretto, Veronese, and others, covering both the walls and the ceiling. In this room also is Tintoretto's famous picture, "The Glory of Paradise," the largest picture ever painted on canvas, and which Ruskin regards as "the artist's *chef-d'œuvre*, and the most precious thing that Venice possesses."

A corridor leads from the Hall of the Grand Council to the Hall of the Ballot, where, after secret debate, balloting and voting took place in public. Any one might watch the nobles as they cast the gilded balls into the white, green, or red urns, denoting respectively affirmative, negative, and neutral votes.

Passing by the Archæological Museum, occupying five rooms, and full of interest, we come to the Bussola, or ante-chamber of the Council of Ten, where once yawned a "Lion's Mouth" for the reception of secret intelligence, which was to this terrible tribunal as the breath of life. Entering the Hall of the Council of Ten, there blaze

before us gorgeous paintings by Veronese and Zelotti, and exquisite marbles, but not a trace of the sombre and awful associations of the place. Yet it was in this room that Marino Faliero stood undismayed to hear his doom pronounced, while a terrific storm was raging without, in the midst of which his fellow-conspirators were being strangled in the dungeons of the palace. Hither came Carmagnola, agonising from the torture-chamber, to learn his doom, and to go forth at dawn, gagged and blindfolded, to die between the fatal columns in the Piazzetta. Here Carrara of Padua was charged with having conspired to poison the cisterns of Venice, and was strangled with his two sons in a dungeon; and here the Ten watched with omniscient eye not only over the city itself, but over every spot where the Winged Lion held sway, and to this hall were brought delinquents from all parts to receive stern judgment and secret execution.

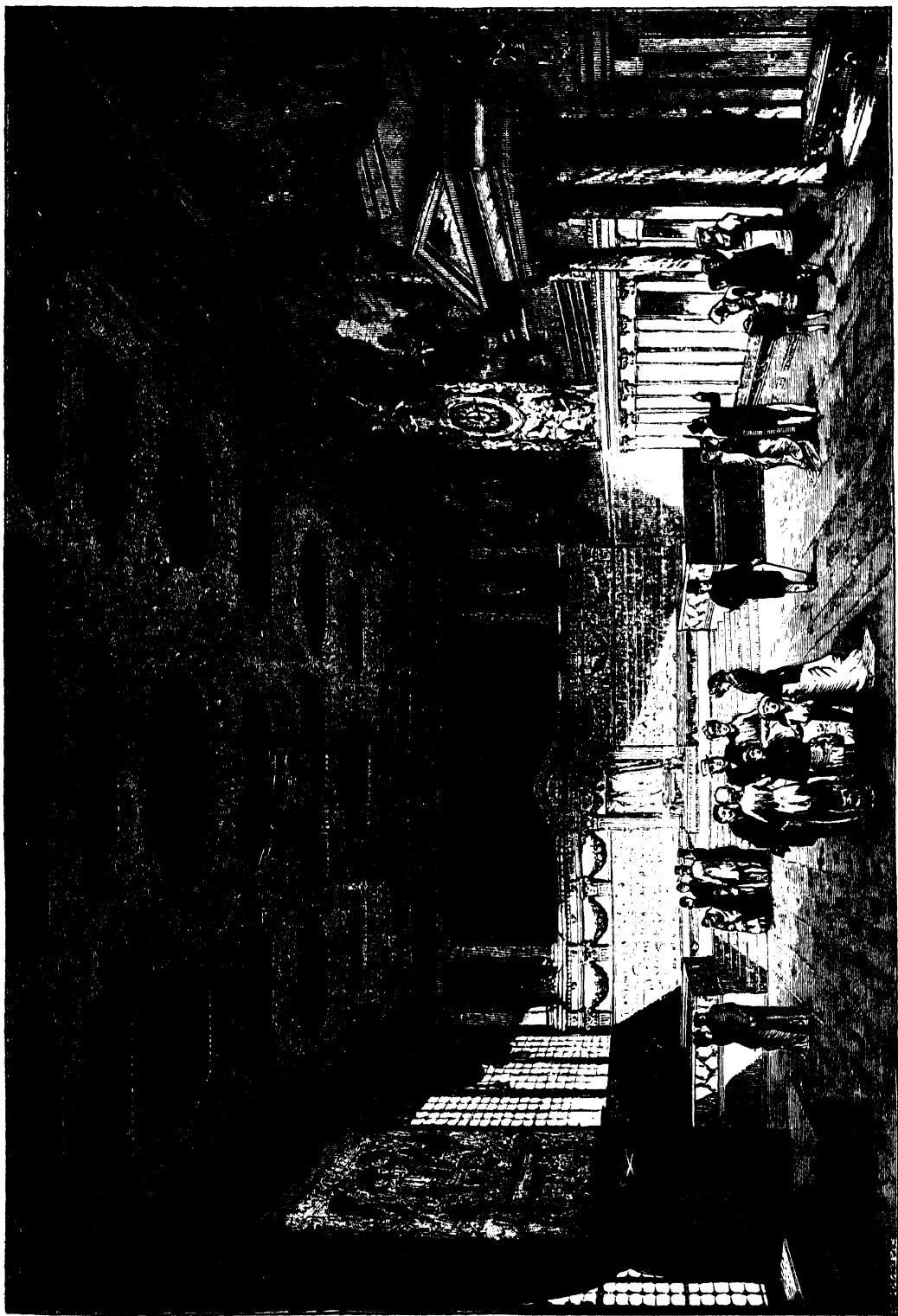
Close by the Hall of the Council of Ten is the Cabinet of the Three, where, concealed, the terrible inquisitors sat and listened while their secretary questioned a witness or accused person, and recorded the answers. We have hinted already at the state of terror in which Venice lived while the Three held sway. It is difficult to select instances of their mode of procedure, but a couple of stories will give some idea of the system of vigilance and punishment prevailing under State inquisitors and a secret police.

"A foreigner of distinction, having had his pocket picked, indulged in some harsh expressions against the police. Some days afterwards he was quitting Venice, when his gondola was stopped, and he was requested to step into another. 'Monsieur,' said a grave personage, 'are you not the Prince de Craon?' 'Yes.' 'Were you not robbed last Friday?' 'Yes.' 'Of what sum?' 'Five hundred ducats.' 'Where were they?' 'In a green purse.' 'And do you suspect any one of the robbery?' 'A *valet de place*.' 'Should you recognise him?' 'Yes.' Then the interrogator pushes aside a dirty cloak, discovers a dead man holding a green purse in his hand, and adds, 'You see, sir, that justice has been done. There is your money, take it; and remember that a prudent man never sets foot again in a country where he has underrated the wisdom of the Government.'"

"A Genevese painter, working in a church at Venice, had a quarrel with two Frenchmen, who began abusing the Government. The next day he was summoned before the inquisitors, and on being asked if he should recognise the persons with whom he had quarrelled, he replied in the affirmative, protesting that he had said nothing but what was in honour of the Signory. A curtain is drawn, and he sees the two Frenchmen with the marks of strangulation round their necks. He is sent away half dead with fright, with the injunction to speak neither good nor evil of the Government. 'We have no need of your apologies, and to approve us is to judge.'"\*

From the Cabinet of the Three, secret doors and narrow stairways lead to the *Piombi*, small prison cells under the leaden roof, in one of which Silvio Pellico was so long confined; and to the *Pozzi*, dungeons in the lowest foundations of the palace. These cells have not been much used since the sixteenth century, when the new prison was built, which is connected by the Bridge of Sighs with the Ducal Palace.

\* Quoted in an article on "The Republic of Venice: its Decline and Fall," *Quarterly Review*, No. 274.



HALL OF THE GRAND COUNCIL. DUCAL PALACE.

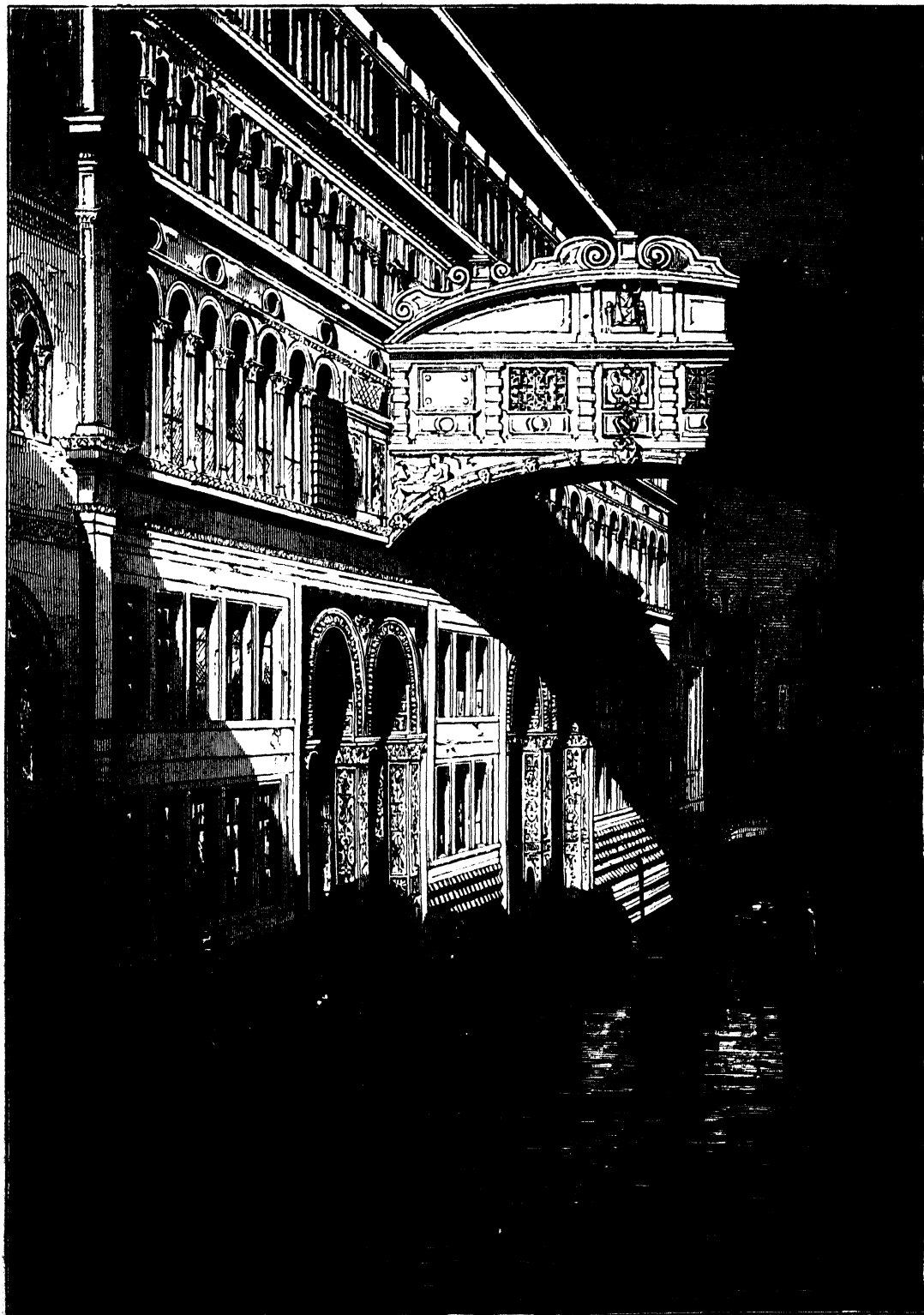
The Bridge of Sighs—immortalised by Byron, and which Howells, the American writer, designates as “that pathetic swindle”—is best seen from the Ponte della Paglia—where, by-the-by, Pietro Tradonico, the thirteenth Doge, was barbarously murdered by the populace, when on his way to attend vespers in the Church of St. Zaccaria. The bridge is not in itself ghastly or dreary, and derives its name from the fact that criminals were brought from the prison across this bridge in order to hear their sentences and meet their doom. The arrangements of the prison were spoken of approvingly by John Howard the philanthropist, who inspected it in the course of his visits to the prisons of Europe.

There are many other halls and chambers in the Ducal Palace, gorgeous in decoration and rich in historical interest, but those we have referred to bring us most closely to the heart of the story of Venice. Let us come now once more into the Piazza San Marco, and there examine some of the memorials of the past and see some of the life of the present.

There is no more magnificent square in Europe or in the world than the Piazza San Marco. Napoleon said of it, “*La place Saint Marc est un salon, auquel le ciel seul est digne de servir de voûte!*” It is magnificent in itself; it is grand in its historical associations, as almost every event in the history of the Republic was notified or celebrated here; and it is crowded with objects of present interest. We have already referred to the palaces of the Procurators of St. Mark covering the whole of the north and south of the Piazza; at the western extremity stands the Royal Palace, erected by Napoleon in 1809. Beneath these palaces, forming a promenade on three sides of the Piazza, are arcades, in which are shops as tempting as any in Europe, and cafés such as Florian’s, known to every loungeur in the world. In the great open space hundreds of pigeons assemble to be fed at two o’clock at the expense of the State, in grateful remembrance of services their ancestors rendered to Admiral Dandolo in conveying important messages when he was besieging Candia in the thirteenth century. In the afternoon or evening, according to the season of the year, a band plays in the Piazza, and all Venice turns out to promenade. Here, too, on Sundays the Tombola, or Lottery, is held—an amusement or business which has a strange fascination for the people. A writer, speaking of the Tombola as it was not many years ago, says:—“The very mendicants speculated, and a kind of superstition existed which gave rise to an incessant, unwearying, elaborate, often fraudulent study on the finding or revealing of lucky numbers. They were dreamed of by night; the Virgin was supplicated to point them out; the cradles of infants were watched for signs; the coffins of the dead were opened in search of some mysterious indication; and when any of the ticket-holders died, lively were the rejoicings in this camp of Mammon. Their ages, and days, and hours of birth were eagerly inquired and adopted as promises of luck.” Here, too, the Carnival of Venice—once so celebrated, but now rapidly degenerating—is held, and certainly no place in Italy—not even the Via di Po in Turin, admirable as that is—can vie with the Piazza in means for gorgeous illuminations and decorations.

As we have said, the Piazza is the heart of Venice, through which all the life of the city circulates, and it is amusing to watch in the morning the stream of people





THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

going and coming from the Merceria, the principal commercial street in the city. In Venice everything has to be bought, nothing is produced. Venice providing its dinner has been compared to a huge ship in port taking in provisions. Padua and Vicenza have brought their corn and oil; the islands have sent their exquisite fruits; Friuli, Istria, Illyria, and the Turkish archipelago contribute grain, meat, game, preserves, and pickles; while Austria, Hungary, and Dalmatia supply wine.

In front of St. Mark's rise three tall masts of cedar, fixed in handsome bronze pedestals and surmounted by the Winged Lion. From these masts, in the days of the Republic's power, floated the silken standards of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, replaced now on festival days by the flag of free Italy.

But the most striking object in the Piazza is the Campanile, or Bell Tower of St. Mark's, which, in accordance with the almost universal custom in Italy, stands at a little distance from the main edifice. It is a square-built mass of brickwork, having a width of forty feet at the base; to the summit of the pyramidal pinnacle with which it is crowned it measures over 350 feet, and the whole is surmounted by a golden angel with outspread wings. The ascent to the summit is by a winding inclined plane, easy and well lighted, and the view from the gallery is very fine, the whole of the city and lagunes lying at the feet of the spectator. Curiously enough, the city appears to be built on one huge island, the canals not being visible from that height.

The Campanile is tenanted night and day by watchmen, whose duty it is to strike the hours on the huge bells in echo to those struck by the sledge-hammers of two effigies of Moors on the platform of the Torre dell' Orologio (Clock Tower) in the Piazza, to peal the changes required by the innumerable and almost incessant services of the Roman Catholic Church, to give the alarm in case of fire, to sweep the port and the Adriatic with glasses, and announce the approach of vessels.

The Campanile stands in the angle of the Piazza and the Piazzetta, and is therefore seen from both. The Piazzetta—or "Little Square"—is not much more than a hundred feet wide by a hundred yards long, yet in the same space there is not to be found anything more exquisite anywhere. To the east, and in a line with the cathedral, is the Palace of the Doges, and opposite are the celebrated Library of St. Mark and the Zecca, or Mint. Both are built on arcades, and under the former, centuries ago, the promenade dignified with the name of the Broglio was the privileged lounge of the patricians. At the southern extremity of the Piazzetta, close by the head-quarters of the gondoliers on the Grand Canal, stand two monolith pillars of red and grey granite, familiar to every reader from their frequent representation in works of art and photography. On the red column is a statue of St. Theodore, the earliest patron saint of Venice, standing, with a sword in his left hand and a shield in his right, on the back of a crocodile; while on the grey column is the Winged Lion of St. Mark, the emblem of the tutelary saint who, as we have shown, supplanted St. Theodore. A curious story attaches to these columns. They were brought from Syria by the Doge Michiele, in the twelfth century, and were intended for the decoration of St. Mark's, but being too large to be utilised, they lay for half a century after their arrival on the quay. At length one Nicoló, a Lombard, maintained that the engineering difficulties in raising them were not insuperable, and to prove his faith in his own words he offered to



raise them, on condition that he might name his own reward if successful. He was successful—probably because he wetted the ropes—and claimed from the Senate as compensation that games of chance, then strictly prohibited under severe penalties, might be played between the columns. To keep faith with him, permission was granted, and for four centuries this was tolerated. But evil sprang out of the arrangement, and at the expiration of that time, in order



GONDOLA AND GONDOLIER.

to get rid of the mischief the same spot was devoted to public executions, and was therefore soon vacated by the gamblers. To “pass between the columns” became a sign of ill-omen, and the place was shunned. It is stated that when the unhappy Marino Faliero landed, on his return to Venice, after having been chosen Doge, as already narrated, he inadvertently “passed between the columns” in a dense fog that prevailed.

These columns stand upon the Molo, or quay, which stretches away eastward past the Ducal Palace, and is succeeded by the Riva degli Schiavoni and a continuous line of quays,

extending to the Public Gardens at the extremity of the island, where, by the way, the only horse in Venice is kept. Close by the Gardens is the Arsenal.

Next to the Church of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace, there is no place in Venice which



THE PALACE FERRO.

brings us so nearly in contact with the history of the past as the Arsenal. It has occupied its present local position from the year 1104, when the fleet for the recovery of the Holy Land was fitted out, and has retained its present size since the close of the fourteenth century.

Venice owed her greatness to her naval superiority, and a visit to the Arsenal introduces us to many a stirring story of the days of her prosperity. When the leaders of the Fourth Crusade solicited the co-operation of Venice, in the days of Blind Old Dandolo, the State was prepared on certain monetary conditions to provide for the almost immediate transport of troops, estimated at 4,500 knights, 9,000 esquires, 20,000 *sergents* or foot-soldiers—in all about 30,000 men and 13,000 or 14,000 horses—besides furnishing fifty armed galleys “for the service of God and the pilgrims.” The Crusaders failing in their payment of the contract-money, the Doge Dandolo proposed a compromise, to the effect that the Crusaders should lend their aid to Venice in re-taking Zara, in Dalmatia, held by the King of Hungary. This was agreed to, and Blind Old Dandolo, although over ninety years of age, volunteered to take the command of the fleet. In that expedition Trieste and certain towns on the Dalmatian coast were made to sue for terms to the Venetians; Zara was re-taken; Corfu and Negropont were laid under tribute; and then the original idea of the Crusaders was set aside while Dandolo led the fleet to Constantinople, where, after a gallant attack, he conquered the city, amassed enormous spoils, and annexed to the title of Doge the addition of “Despot of Romania: Lord of one-fourth and a half of the Roman Empire,” a title used by his successors till the middle of the fourteenth century.

In the zenith of her prosperity Venice was the greatest commercial emporium in the world; her mercantile marine numbered over 3,000 vessels, the private property of the citizens; the Government “sent annually four or six large galleys each to call at all the principal ports within the known range of navigation;” and the Arsenal contained in the sixteenth century 16,000 workmen and 40,000 sailors, and could turn out a fleet of eighty-five galleys at an incredibly short notice. When Henry III. of France visited Venice, one of the spectacles with which he was entertained was the building, launching, and equipping of a galley in one day.

On the possession of the Arsenal all the hopes of Venice and her dependencies hung; if nothing, therefore, was the Republic so jealous, nor were any servants of the State better cared for than the trusty Arsenalotti. They formed a particular caste, were born and bred in the Arsenal, and were in receipt of salaries from their tenth year. No wonder that they called the Republic their “good mother,” and raised the cry night and morning of “*Evviva San Marco!*” Special duties and special privileges belonged to the Arsenalotti. They guarded the Mint and the Bank and the treasury of St. Mark as well as the Arsenal. They carried the newly-elected Doge on their shoulders during his first tour of the city, they rowed the State barges on the occasion of the wedding of the Adriatic, and they guarded the Grand Council during its session in the palace. In the sixteenth century they numbered 16,000, in the eighteenth not more than 3,000, and at the present time about 1,000 workmen only are employed in the Arsenal.

At the handsome gateway, dating from 1460, and forming the entrance to the Arsenal, stand four antique lions, brought from Athens in 1687, when that city was taken by the Venetians under Francesco Morosini. Two of them are colossal, and stood originally in the Piræus, in the Lion Harbour; they are of antique workmanship, and have been celebrated in verse by Goethe. On the back of one is carved a Runic inscription, which has only recently been deciphered and explained by M. C. C. Rafu, the learned Northern archæologist, and

which records the capture of the Piræus by Harald Hardrada, the famous King of Norse. The Arsenal contains a most interesting collection of weapons, trophies, and banners of historical value, but the most interesting curiosity of all is to many persons the remains of the *Bucentoro*, or *Bucentaur*.

When Venice assisted Pope Alexander III. to successfully resist the onslaughts of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, the Pope, in return for these good offices, presented the reigning Doge with a ring, saying, "Take this ring, O Doge, and with it as my donation the dominion of the sea, which you and your successors shall annually assert on an appointed day, so that all posterity may understand that the possession of the sea was yours by right of victory, and that it is subject to the rule of the Venetian Republic, even as a wife is to her husband."

For six centuries the wedding of the Adriatic was annually observed with great pomp and splendour. On Ascension Day the Doge went forth in the richly carved and gilded vessel called the *Bucentaur*, the papal nuncio and all the diplomatic corps attending in pleasure-boats, to a small island a few miles from Venice, and then, after the offering up of prayers, he dropped a ring into the sea, saying, "I espouse thee, O Sea, in token of perpetual dominion."

It is tantalising to attempt a description of the Grand Canal in a limited space. It teems with legends and stories; every house is historical; even Ruskin's graphic, learned, and ponderous volumes, "The Stones of Venice," do but deal with the external descriptions of the architecture of the palaces which line the canal in unparalleled succession.

The canal is nearly two miles long, and winds in serpentine fashion through the city from north-west to south-east, dividing it into unequal halves. Along its course, rising from the water, are churches, palaces, and public buildings. Of the palaces there are over sixty, which present most tempting inducements for us to tarry and tell again the strange stories connected with them.

Let the reader imagine himself to have taken a gondola at the Piazzetta, and to be slowly gliding on the silent waters, while we point out a few of the most interesting places. There are the palaces—six in number—of the Contarini, from whose family came eight Doges and celebrated beauties innumerable. It was Andrea Contarini who was Doge when Genoa and Venice were closing in deadly struggle, till Pisani and Zeno defeated the Genoese and saved Venice. There is the Ca' del Duca, a perpetual reminder of the jealousy of the Ten, who, after giving permission to the Duke of Milan to build a palace, forbade the continuation of the work as soon as the basement of the intended palace was seen. There is the gorgeous Palazzo Foscari, a splendid example of the Gothic architecture of the fifteenth century. The Doge whose name it bears added another storey to the palace received from the State, in order that he might overlook his neighbours. This magnificent palace was often appropriated to the use of crowned heads, guests of the Republic—Henry III. and Francis I. of France, the King and Queen of Poland, the Emperor Frederick, Casimir of Hungary, and many others. The palace overlooks the course in which the regattas of former days were held, and emperors, kings,

and princes have looked down on the sports from its balcony. Regattas were held at irregular intervals, and were instituted for the purpose of inciting the populace to make use of the oar. From the splendour of the attendant barges, the universal interest taken in these displays by all classes of the people, and the exceptional facilities for gorgeous decoration, the scene was one that could not be equalled in any other city, and it was the custom therefore to entertain foreign princes with a regatta. The Emperor Frederick III. was thus entertained in 1451, Henry III. of France in 1586, the Duke of York in 1764, Napoleon I. in 1807, and in 1866 the King of Italy, Vittorio Emanuele, to celebrate his entrance into the city. The prizes given at the regatta were money and banners, the last winner receiving, according to a very old custom, a sucking-pig. From the Palazzo Balbi, the home of the great geographer, Napoleon and Josephine were in the habit of sitting in the balcony to watch the aquatic sports in the canal. In the Palazzo Mocenigo lived Lord Byron (1818), and here he wrote the first cantos of "Don Juan," the Venetian tale "Beppo," a part of the tragedy of "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," and the "Vision of Judgment." Here, too, he was visited by his friend Thomas Moore. In the Palazzo Corner-Spinelli dwelt Taglioni, the celebrated *danseuse*, who also owned half a dozen other palaces, one the Ca' Doro, as celebrated and striking as any in Venice. From one end of the canal to the other, palace succeeds to palace—the Loredan, where Federico Cornaro-Piscopia entertained the King of Cyprus; the Barbarigo, where Titian lived and painted; the Giustiniani, in which Chateaubriand sojourned as the guest of Venice on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem; the old palace of the Querini, half demolished and confiscated by the State, who turned it into a slaughter-house as a punishment to the family for their share in the conspiracy of 1310; the Bembo, where once lived the lover of Lucretia Borgia before he received the red hat from Pope Paul III.; the Ferro and Salviati; the palaces of Enrico Dandolo and Marino Faliero, "the glory and the shame" of Venice; and the Palazzo Manin, the residence of the last of the Doges.

The Grand Canal is spanned by three bridges, two of iron and of modern construction, and the Rialto Bridge, one of the most familiar objects in Venice. Its architect was the famous Antonia da Ponte, whose design was accepted in preference to the designs of Sansovino, Palladio, and Scamozzi. It is very simple and very strong, and its single arch of ninety feet span is extremely graceful. Like all the smaller bridges of Venice, it is crossed by means of ascending and descending steps, while on the top are two ranges of shops, dividing the bridge into three parallel streets. The Rialto Bridge is often confounded with the Rialto so frequently mentioned by Shakspeare. It is to the latter, the district, that Shylock refers when he asks, "What news on the Rialto?" a phrase equivalent to the saying of to-day, "What news in the City?" the City standing for all the business life of London, as the Rialto stood for all the business life of Venice. Travellers seek in vain for the house of Shylock, the "Merchant of Venice," in the neighbourhood of the Ponte di Rialto; the more probable place to seek it would be in the Ghetto, or old Jewish quarter in the Cannareggio. There the Jews who were driven from Germany, Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere congregated, and their condition was pretty much as it is described by Shakspeare. Although allowed to worship according to conscience, they were compelled to wear a badge, to occupy this particular quarter of the city—where they

were locked up from sunset to sunrise—to pay exceptional taxes, and to be looked down upon as dogs, so that a patrician might spit upon them with impunity.

In the neighbourhood of the Rialto Bridge and in other parts of the Grand Canal



COURTYARD OF THE SALVIATI PALACE.

are to be found interesting traces of the past and present commerce of the city. There is the Riva dell' Vino, the wine market; the Fondamenta dell' Olio, the oil market; the fish and vegetable markets, whither at sunrise every day come barges full of produce from the islands and shores of the lagunes; the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, the old business place of the

Germans, and the residence of the independent corporation of German merchants, who were early settlers in Venice, and carried on a large trade with the Levant; and the Fondaco dei Turchi, where were the former warehouses and dwellings of the Turkish merchants. The situation of Venice, half-way on the route from the east to the west, made her the most important trading station in the world—

“ Thus did Venice rise,  
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came  
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet  
From India, from the region of the Sun,  
Fragrant with spices—that a way was found,  
A channel opened, and the golden stream  
Turned to enrich another—then she felt  
Her strength departing.”

This was literally the case. “ It was from their ambassador at Lisbon that the Venetians received the first intelligence of the new passage (1497), and the arrival round the Cape of Good Hope of vessels loaded with the richest products of the East.” Venice thus received a blow from which she never recovered, and the discovery of America by Columbus gave a fresh direction to European enterprise, and further assisted in bringing about the decline and fall of the Queen of the Adriatic.

Prior to taking a glance at some of the principal churches—the crown and glory of Venice—we must stop our gondola at the steps of the Academy of Arts, on the Grand Canal, and take a hasty survey of the rise and progress of art in the City of the Sea. Examples of the works of all the great Venetian painters are to be found in the Academy, and many of their masterpieces are scattered among the churches. Of the early fifteenth-century painters, the most conspicuous were the Vivarini family, Carpaccio, and the two Bellinis. Portrait-painting, just beginning, was established in Venice, its later stronghold, by Gian Bellini. A long line of illustrious successors followed, who sustained Venetian ascendancy in art till it culminated in the marvellous power of life-like delineation and richness of colouring in Titian. Among the celebrated painters who made Venetian art famous, and whose works may be studied in the Academy, were Giorgione, Jacopo Palma, Bordone, Pordenone, Tintoretto, Veronese, Jacopo da Ponte of Bassano, Bonifazio, Bonvicini, Morone, Palma Giovine, Padovanino, and “ Canaletto.”

One of the grandest pictures in the world, “ The Assumption,” by Titian, is in the Academy at Venice; it was only surpassed by his noble work the celebrated “ San Pietro Martire,” which was destroyed in the fire at the Church of St. John and St. Paul.

In architecture Venice boasts the names of the Lombardi, Sanmicheli, Sansovino, Da Ponte, Palladio, Scamozzi, and Longhena, while Canova, the son of a Venetian, and the Lombardi and Sansovino, were renowned as sculptors.

Venice as a State made even religion itself subservient to her interest; at the same time it was universally acknowledged that the laws of her citizens were wonderfully characterised by domestic and individual religion. As a State, she defied the Head of the Church, whenever her State policy or commercial interests conflicted with his wishes. In the twelfth century, in spite of the Pope, she utilised the Fourth Crusade to her own ends by diverting its armies

to Zara and Constantinople. A century later she held Ferrara in her grasp, in spite of the double interdict of Clement V. On other occasions we see her figuring as the dutiful child of the Church, but always, and only, when secular interests made it desirable. And even when most fully recognising the Pope as a spiritual head, she gave him no temporal authority in her borders. The very Inquisition of the Holy Office itself was in Venice always subservient to the Council of Ten; the proud aristocracy would brook no papal interference in their affairs. In 1606, Paul V. protested against the appointment as Doge of his bitter enemy, Leonardo Donato, but Venice would elect no other, and Rome found herself impotent to prevent it.

And yet no Italian city—unless, perhaps, Rome itself—had more churches in proportion to its population. There was a parish church on every islet, with a group of minor shrines around it; the great nobles seemed to have vied with each other in church-building, and the people never seemed to weary in the observance of religious rites and ceremonies.

Although many of the churches have of late years been devoted to secular purposes, there are still over sixty which are full of interesting associations, artistic and historical. It is obvious we cannot attempt a description of them; but just a passing notice of a few may suffice to show how vast is the store of interest.

Next to St. Mark's, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute—the principal object in Turner's well-known picture of the Grand Canal—is most admired. It stands at the entrance of the Grand Canal, a hundred statues adorn the three façades, the massive foundations rest on 1,200,000 piles, and the interior is lavishly ornamented. It owes its origin to a vow. In the year 1631 sixty thousand inhabitants were swept away by the plague, when the Doge Contarini and the Patriarch Tiepolo vowed a vow to build a costly church in honour of the Virgin. On the day the vow was made the plague stayed, and every year the event is commemorated in an aquatic festival, called La Sagra.

In the Church of the Frari are some magnificent tombs. There is the costly monument to Titian erected by Ferdinand I. of Austria in 1853, nearly 300 years after the great painter's death by the plague of 1576; the monument of Canova, designed by himself for Titian—a pyramid of Carrara marble, with figures of Religion, Art, and Genius passing in funeral procession towards the open doors of a tomb. Only the head of Canova is here; his right hand is preserved in an urn in the Academy, and his body rests in the lovely temple at Passagnano, at the foot of the Alps. Here too is the tomb of the unhappy Doge Foscarini, whose story we have told, and of the Doge Pesaro, who "ought to have been the greatest man in Venice, judging by the size of his mausoleum."

The Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo is the Westminster Abbey of Venice, and contains the tombs of many generations of Doges. In front of this church is the only public equestrian statue in Venice.

In the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, opposite the Piazzetta, is the tomb of the Doge Domenico Michele, who roused his countrymen to join the Crusades, and conquered Tyre, Jaffa, and the isles of the Archipelago. His tomb bears the inscription "*Terros Græcorum jacet hic.*" San Stefano is a church in which it is stated Martin Luther once said mass when on his way to Rome. In the magnificent Church of San Salvatore is the monument to Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, represented as offering to the Doge the



crown of her island kingdom. One of the greatest curiosities is the Church of the Jesuits, with walls, columns, floor, ceiling, altars, and pulpit made entirely of Carrara marble ingrained with verd antique—a most costly work, but the effect is only to deceive people into the idea that it is all of common tapestry. The Gli Scalzi is also entirely of marble of the rarest and most lovely kinds, and is in such good taste and so marvellous in its effects, that the Venetians are prouder of it than of any other church, except St. Mark's. The Church of St. Pietro di Castello was, until the year 1807, the Cathedral Church of Venice; it contains an old marble throne, said to have been the chair of St. Peter at Antioch, and is the scene of the legend of the "Brides of Venice." It was an ancient usage among the Venetians for twelve poor virgins, endowed by the State, to be united to their lovers on St. Mary's Eve, in the Church of St. Peter, at Olivolo. On this auspicious day the parents, friends, and kinsfolk of the betrothed used to assemble on that island, and from an early hour barges, gaily decorated with flowers and streamers, might be seen gliding along the canals bearing the happy couples, their dowers and marriage presents. On one of these occasions, in the tenth century, some daring corsairs of Trieste pounced upon the maidens as they stood at the altar, and bore them and their dowers away. The Doge summoned the people to arms, and a body of trunk-makers in the parish of Sta. Maria Formosa rushed to the rescue, overtook the delinquents, and, after releasing the maidens, inflicted a terrible retribution on the pirates. The brides came back to Olivolo with their treasure, and from that time forth for centuries an annual procession of young virgins, attended by the Doge and clergy, paid a visit of ceremony to the parish of Sta. Maria Formosa, where they received a hospitable welcome from the trunk-makers.\*

It would be pleasant to linger awhile in some of the mosaic manufactories, and watch the modern processes in an art for which Venice has so long been famous. Mosaic-work was brought to the Italians by the Byzantines, and the oldest pictures in Venice are in mosaic. Venice has also always been celebrated for her glass pearls, beads, and other glass wares, made at one time in the city, but subsequently in the island of Murano, where the glass furnaces were removed from the neighbourhood of the Rialto on account of the numerous conflagrations they caused. Pleasant too it would be to visit the islands: Torcello, with its curious relics; San Lazzaro, with its Armenian convent; the Lido, with its magnificent views of Venice on the one hand, and the mountains of Friuli, the Tyrol, and the Alps on the other.

But we can only take up the kaleidoscope and turn it once again to catch a few of the changing hues and colours of Venetian life and story. And what do we see? We see Torquato Tasso, the immortal author of "Jerusalem Delivered," writing his stanzas, and delighting to hear them sung by the gondoliers. We see Galileo in 1609 scanning the heavens from the Campanile of St. Mark's with his newly-invented telescope, and then presenting it to the Doge Donato. We see Petrarch in his palace on the Grand Canal, appropriated to him by the State, receiving a visit from Boccaccio. We watch young Marco Polo conning over the rough map spread before him on a table in the street of St. Giovanni Chrisostomo, or playing at ships with his companions on the canals,

\* Hazlitt's "History of the Republic of Venice."

or, when all his voyages are over, receiving the homage of the Venetians on his return, and settling down as a member of the Grand Council. We gaze upon Ignatius Loyola again and again, passing through the narrow streets of Venice, sometimes begging his bread, and always sowing the seeds of the new doctrines which culminated in the establishment of the Order of Jesus. We see Goldoni writing his immortal comedies in the old Gothic palace near the Frari. We watch the brave Sarpi—Paul the Friar—resisting the wrath of Rome, personified in Paul the Pope; we see him nearly assassinated by the nuncios of the papal court, but fearfully wounded though he be, recovering so as to fight nobly in the cause of the Republic again.

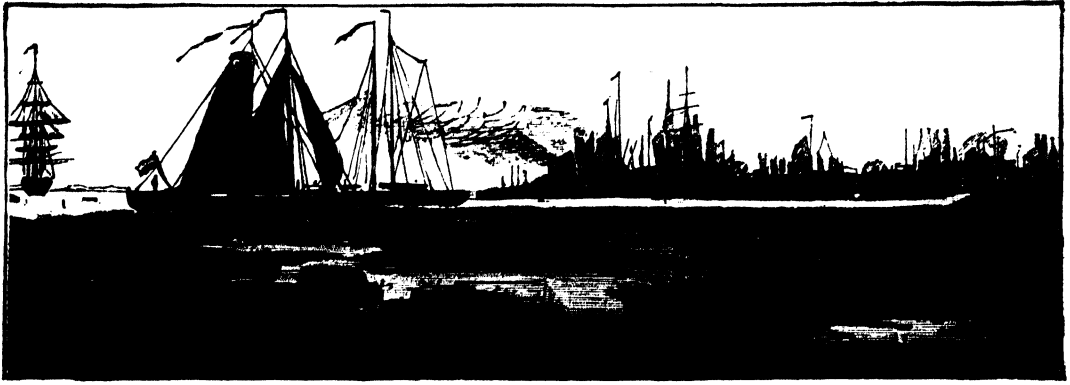
We enter at the house of Titian, whom kings and emperors delighted to honour, and see him surrounded with a gay and witty throng at one of his famous garden parties, and hear the sarcasm of Sansovino and the wild laughter of Aretino, the profligate poet; or we look in later on, while the plague is raging, and the old man in the agony of death sees his house robbed by ruffians, who are carrying away some of his choicest pictures as the eyes of the painter film in death. We see the first book printed in Italy issuing from the press at Venice, and note the excitement among the Venetians as they hold in their hands the "*Gazette*"—sold for a *gazetta*—the first newspaper ever published; or watch the excitement on the Rialto when the first bill of exchange was issued, and the first bank of deposit opened.

We hear Malibran, Pasta, Catalini, Grisi, Rubini singing in the Fenice Opera House; we see Byron meeting Teresa, Countess Guiccioli, for the first time at the palace of Madame Albrizzi; we see Josephine ruling as Queen of Venetian society; we mark old Doge Manin fall senseless as he is about to take the oath of allegiance to Austria; and we hear the ringing shouts of gladness as the Venetians welcome Victor Emanuel, King of Italy.

And so we leave Venice, calling it, as Goethe does, "a grand and reverend work of collective human effort—a glorious monument, not of a ruler, but a people."



THE WINGED LION OF ST. MARK.



ON THE Y.

## AMSTERDAM.

Characteristics of Holland—Its Origin—Its Disadvantages—The Waterstaat and its Work—Enemies—Summary of Political History—Site of Amsterdam—The Harbour—History of the City—Commerce—The Great Canals—The Dam—The Palace—The Exchange and its Legend—The Churches of Amsterdam—Monument to De Ruyter—Religious Toleration—The Pilgrim Fathers—Diamond Cutting and Polishing—Dutch Art; its Characteristics—The Museum—Manners and Customs in Amsterdam—Charitable Institutions—Environs—Broek—Zaandam—Alkmaar—HAARLEM—The Siege—The Groote Kerk—A Tulip Mania—Coster, the Inventor of Printing—The Great Sea of Haarlem.

“Holland is a conquest made by man over the sea—it is an artificial country. The Hollanders made it. It exists because the Hollanders preserve it. It will vanish whenever the Hollanders shall abandon it.”—E. DE AMICIS.



AN AMSTERDAM POLICEMAN.

IT is impossible to present anything like a comprehensive view of a Dutch city until the country itself has been described, and therefore it will be necessary, in the first place, to tell how the country came into existence, and how its existence has been maintained.

In some countries the history of great people and great events clusters round one or two of the chief cities. This is not the case with Holland. Obscure little towns have as much historical and biographical interest as the political capital or the commercial capital, and therefore, in our descriptions, while taking Amsterdam and the Hague as the two principal places for consideration, we shall endeavour to bring in some account of famous towns and villages, in order that the story of the lives of great men, and the history of great events, may be told with more completeness than could otherwise be done.

Holland, at the first, was a wild, desolate land, in the midst of lakes and seas, with here and there a forest of oaks and alders. Hither came adventurous German tribes, who reared their rude mud hovels, and entrenched themselves as well as they could against the approach of wandering rivers and incursions of the sea. Enemies beset them on every hand—winds, rain, and fog; but the brave pioneers held their own, and defied, as long as

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possible, the furious tempests. Sometimes it would happen that their settlements would be covered by the invading waters of the sea that poured into the very heart of the country, in which case they moved away, and pitched their tents elsewhere, living as they could on fish and game, and sea-birds' eggs.

In course of time it became apparent that if ever those wandering tribes should be able to make themselves into a nation, and their land habitable, they must create a spot free from the invasion of waters from the sea, the rivers, and the morasses. To this end they built dykes round their tiny settlements, then they enlarged their borders by driving back the sea, cutting channels for the rivers, and protecting their separate provinces, until finally they were able to protect the whole land. They drained the lakes and morasses, and turned them into valuable tracts of land, where they built their towns and villages; the rivers and canals they pressed into their service as means of easy communication from one place to another, and from time to time they extended their conquest over the sea.

The disadvantages under which the Hollanders laboured are almost inconceivable. "The soil, which in other countries is a gift of nature, is in Holland a work of men's hands. Holland draws the greater part of her wealth from commerce, but before commerce comes the cultivation of the soil, and the soil had to be created. There were sand-banks, interspersed with layers of peat, broad downs swept by the winds, great tracts of barren land, apparently condemned to an eternal sterility. The first elements of manufacture—iron and coal—were wanting; there was no wood, because the forests had already been destroyed by tempests when agriculture began; there was no stone, there were no metals. 'Nature,' says a Dutch poet, 'had refused all her gifts to Holland; the Hollanders had to do everything in spite of nature.' They began by fertilising the sand. In some places they formed a productive soil with earth brought from a distance, as a garden is made; they spread the silicious dust of the downs over the too watery meadows; they mixed with the sandy earth the remains of peat taken from the bottoms; they extracted clay to lend fertility to the surface of their lands; they laboured to break up the downs with the plough, and thus in a thousand ways, and continually fighting off the menacing waters, they succeeded in bringing Holland to a state of cultivation not inferior to that of more favoured regions."

Holland may, in many respects, be regarded as the most wonderful country in the world; her great cities, as Amsterdam and Rotterdam, are built upon piles driven in the sand; the land is lower than the sea, and is protected by dykes, the work of men's hands; the rivers are diverted from their natural courses, and made to pass in beds which men's hands have made, and the whole country is dependent upon the unceasing watchfulness of the inhabitants to prevent its being carried away.

The Waterstaat is the official organisation for watching and controlling the water—that great enemy which has so often threatened to destroy the whole country—an enemy which, if left unwatched or unchecked, would soon reduce the country to a state of absolute and hopeless ruin.

The sources of danger are, in the first place, from the "outer water," caused by the "reflux of the Atlantic waves, which after being driven round the north of Scotland into the German Ocean, and thence southward towards the Atlantic again, are unable to find a

sufficient outlet through the Straits of Dover, and are thus thrown back against the low-lying coast of Holland ;” and secondly, the “inner waters,” consisting of “the numerous rivers laden with all the drainage of the highlands in Central Europe, which make their way northwards to the sea.”

In some parts of Holland the people live below the level of the sea, in other parts they live below the level of the rivers, and the danger from the latter is often greater than from the former, for every year the rivers need the utmost attention, while the sea once conquered remains as a rule a conquest. Among the causes which render the rivers such formidable enemies is the breaking-up of the ice along the upper course of the Rhine and the Meuse, before the ice in the lower parts is sufficiently melted to give it an outlet. The danger of the accumulated water bursting the artificial banks and swamping the country—as it did in 1861—is then very great. Another cause of apprehension is that the mud deposited by the river should choke up the beds, for in proportion as the bed of the river is raised is the danger of the pressure on the banks being too great for them to sustain it. It is a curious fact that in some parts through which the Rhine passes the inhabitants live below the bed of the river, although that river may have twenty feet of water in it.

As we have said, the very existence of the country depends upon the unrelaxing vigilance of the people. The Waterstaat is therefore obviously the most important organisation in the country ; it takes the place of first importance in the public service, and every person in the land is subject to its mandates. Should an alarm be given of a threatened inundation, the people of the district, and of the districts surrounding, are summoned by ringing of bells and booming of cannon. No one is exempt from service ; old and young, rich and poor, soldiers and public servants generally, all are bound to gather together and fight the common foe.

Of course a large sum of money has to be devoted to the purposes of the Waterstaat, and it is stated in an official report of its operations that during the last 200 years an aggregate capital of over £300,000,000 has been so appropriated, and that the annual cost of repairs and superintendence amounts to £1,000,000 more.

It is under the superintendence of the Waterstaat that so much of the land has been reclaimed ; lakes have been drained, morasses and waste lands have been made fit for habitation, and on these fertile spots people have eagerly settled, notwithstanding that the taxes for the support of the Waterstaat have been proportioned to the fertility.

It is not only from the rising of waters and the bursting of dams that the safety of the country is threatened. In the Museum of Leyden there are exhibited some pieces of wood full of holes like a sponge ; these were once portions of piles and sluice-gates, and they are memorable in the eyes of all Hollanders, for they call to mind a danger which in the middle of the last century threatened to destroy the whole country.

A little shell-fish (the bivalve mollusc, *Teredo navalis*) was brought, it is supposed, by some ship returning from the tropics. With marvellous rapidity it bred, and increased and multiplied to such an extent, that when the threatened danger was discovered every inhabitant of the land was in terror lest the defences of the country should be destroyed and the enemy let loose upon them. Night and day an immense body of men were at work ; neither labour nor expense was spared ; they lined the sluice-gates with

copper, restored the perforated dykes, built up masonry around the piles, and partly by these means, but more by the severity of the climate which eventually destroyed the pestilent mollusc, the danger was averted. But "a 'worm' had made Holland tremble."

If the physical history of Holland has been wonderful, her political history has not been less so, and in closing these general remarks we cannot give a more comprehensive glance at that history than in the graphic words of Edmondo de Amicis:—"This small territory, invaded from the beginning by different tribes of the Germanic races, subjugated by the Romans and the Franks, devastated by the Normans and the Danes, desolated by centuries of civil war with all its horrors, this small people of fishermen and traders saves its civil liberty and its freedom of conscience by a war of eighty years against the formidable monarchy of Philip II., and founds a Republic which becomes the ark of salvation to the liberties of all the world, the adopted country of science, the Exchange of Europe, the station for the commerce of the world—a Republic which extends its domination to Java, Sumatra, Hindostan, Ceylon, New Holland, Japan, Brazil, Guiana, the Cape of Good Hope, the West Indies, and New York—a Republic which vanquishes England on the sea, which resists the united arms of Charles II. and Louis XIV., and which treats on equal terms with the greatest nations, and is for a time one of the three Powers that decide the fate of Europe."

"If Amsterdam could be turned bottom upwards, it would present the appearance of a vast forest of trees without branches or leaves." So says a modern writer, having in his mind at the time most probably the old joke of Erasmus, who said he "knew a city whose inhabitants dwelt on the tops of trees like rooks."

The city lies at the influx of the Amstel into the Y, or Ij—pronounced "eye"—and is built upon ninety islands, almost all of rectangular form, and connected by means of about 350 bridges. The city is in the form of a semicircle; the fosse surrounding the walls and girdling the city from one end to the other is in the shape of a tightly-bent bow of which the Ij is the string. The entire circumference is about nine miles, and four great canals—the Prinsen, Keizers, Heeren, and Singel Gracht—follow the course of the outer fosse, circle within circle. Other canals, to the number of seventy, or it may be more—to look at them from a height they seem countless—run at various angles to these main canals like the threads of a spider's web.

The population of Amsterdam in 1880 was 317,021, including 70,000 Roman Catholics, 30,000 German and 3,500 Portuguese Jews. It contains 30,000 houses, and almost all of them are built upon piles. The thought of the enormous difficulties in the construction of such a city bewilders the imagination, while at the same time it kindles the warmest admiration for a people who could grapple with such difficulties and by patient unrelaxing industry overcome them. The foundation of Amsterdam is sand, and before a house could be built a substructure must be established on which to lay the foundation of the house. Millions of solid beams, whole forests of sturdy trees and closely-driven piles, driven through many feet of superincumbent bog-earth into the sand, form the supports on which the city stands. It would be impossible to calculate the enormous sums of money spent in building that portion of the city which lies below the surface, for each

piece of timber may be said to have been imported, as except near the Hague and on the sandhills that lie around Arnheim, even scrubby woods are a rarity in Holland. In addition to this, clay is scarce in many places, and bricks are dear; while as for blocks of stone, every ounce has been brought from England, Scandinavia, or places even more remote.

Amsterdam is a very picturesque-looking city, with its six broad belts of water and its hundreds of smaller canals and water-lanes, beside which rise rows upon rows of tall, dark houses with curiously-carved gables—houses higher than in any other Dutch city, and, in the old quarter of the town, in streets as narrow as any to be found in Genoa or Venice. Draw-bridges are everywhere; every outlook is bounded by windmills; every street seems to be a dockyard; tar is the prevailing odour; ships and carriages pass up and down the same streets; masts and trees vie with one another for supremacy; “shops are reflected in the water, sails are reflected in shop windows.”

A strange and interesting spectacle is presented by the appearance of the Harbour. “On every side you see dykes, bridges, locks, palisades, and basins, presenting the aspect of an immense fortress, so constructed as to baffle the curiosity of any one who might seek to discover its form. This can only be done by help of a map and after several hours’ walk. From the centre of the city, at a distance of a thousand metres from each other, two great dykes on arches start in opposite directions, and embrace and defend from the sea the two extremities of Amsterdam, which extend beyond the semicircle of her houses like the two horns of a half-moon. These two dykes have each a lock furnished with gigantic gates, close in two basins or harbours capable of containing a thousand ships of large tonnage, and several islets on which are storehouses, arsenals, and workshops, where thousands of workmen are employed. From the two great dykes advance several smaller dykes made of robust piles, and serving as landing-places for the steamers. On all these dykes there are houses, sheds, barracks, among which swarm a throng of sailors, porters, passengers, women, boys, carriages, and carts, brought there by the arrivals and departures which go on from dawn to night. From the two extremities of these dykes the eye embraces the interior of the harbour, two forests of ships with flags of every colour lying in the two basins; vessels coming from the North Sea and entering the Zuyder Zee with folded canvas; boats and barks crossing and re-crossing each other from all sides; the green coast of North Holland, the hundred windmills of Zaandam, the long file of the first houses of Amsterdam, with their thousand-peaked black roofs cut against the sky, and the innumerable columns of sooty smoke rising from the city against the grey horizon.”

The history of Amsterdam is not less singular than its appearance and form. In the eleventh century it was altogether unknown, and at the end of the thirteenth century consisted only of a few poor fishermen’s huts on the banks of the Zuyder Zee. At the beginning of the thirteenth century the lords of Amstel built a castle here, and a little later on the dam was constructed which has given its name to the city—Amstel-dam, or dyke. Towards the middle of that century it became a small town, and obtained a municipal government. In 1296 it was attacked and plundered by the neighbouring Rennemers, on account of the participation of Gisbert of Amstel in the murder of Count Floris of Holland; and in this way Amsterdam, together with the surrounding district, came under the sway of the Counts of Holland, who subsequently granted the city many

privileges. It rose rapidly in importance and in wealth, acquiring an important commerce in the Baltic Sea; and then followed the various successes and reverses, the rise and fall, the progress and decline which have been the fate of all important cities of the world. We can but sketch rapidly a rough outline of this changing history.

In 1421 a third of the town was destroyed by a conflagration, but it came out of the flames purified; in 1482 it was walled; in 1490 the Emperor Maximilian I. gave the city the privilege of using the imperial crown as the crest in its armorial bearings. In 1525 John of Leyden and his Anabaptists attempted in vain to seize the city in a night attack. In the sixteenth century Amsterdam became the grain emporium for the whole of Southern Europe, it depopulated the flourishing cities of the Zuyder Zee, and gathered into its hands the commerce of Seville, Lisbon, Antwerp, and Bruges. The Spanish war had ruined Antwerp; its extensive trade was therefore transferred to Amsterdam, whither also large numbers of merchants and artisans sought an asylum through fear of the Inquisition. In 1560 Guicciardini says of the port, "Ships are constantly seen in great numbers coming in and going out, not only to and from other parts of the Netherlands, but of France, England, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and other places." Amsterdam was much favoured by Prince Maurice of Orange, and between the years 1585 and 1597 the population of the city nearly doubled itself, and when in 1609 peace was concluded and the East India Company was established, the zenith of its prosperity was reached. In 1587 Leicester attempted to take the city by treachery, and William II., in 1650, by surprise; but both attempts were frustrated by the burgomasters, who now acquired so much weight in the assembly of the States-General that their authority during the greater part of the seventeenth century rivalled that of the hereditary Stadtholder. In 1602 sixty thousand of the inhabitants died by pestilence. In 1609, after the celebrated Bank of Amsterdam was instituted, vast stores of wealth were accumulated, the city became the emporium of all the produce of the East and West, its harbour was full of shipping, and then began the period of its decline.

In 1653 the commerce of the city was greatly injured by the war with England; grass grew, it is said, on the floor of the Exchange, and four thousand of the principal houses were left tenantless. Nevertheless, three years afterwards the citizens were at work enlarging and improving the city, and surrounding it with new walls and gates. In 1672 the invasion of Louis XIV. was repulsed successfully, and the danger threatened by his campaign overcome. Then for a long period commerce flourished evenly, not being greatly disturbed even by the disquietude of the stormy years 1790-4.

When the Dutch Republic was dissolved in 1806, and the forced alliance of Holland with France ensued, King Louis Napoleon took up his residence in Amsterdam (1808), which subsequently shone with ephemeral glory as the third city of the French Empire.

With the restoration of the independence of Holland, trade, which had been annihilated or stagnated, revived, and from that time to the present Amsterdam has held one of the most important places in the commerce of Europe, a position she seems likely to enjoy in even a greater degree in the future.

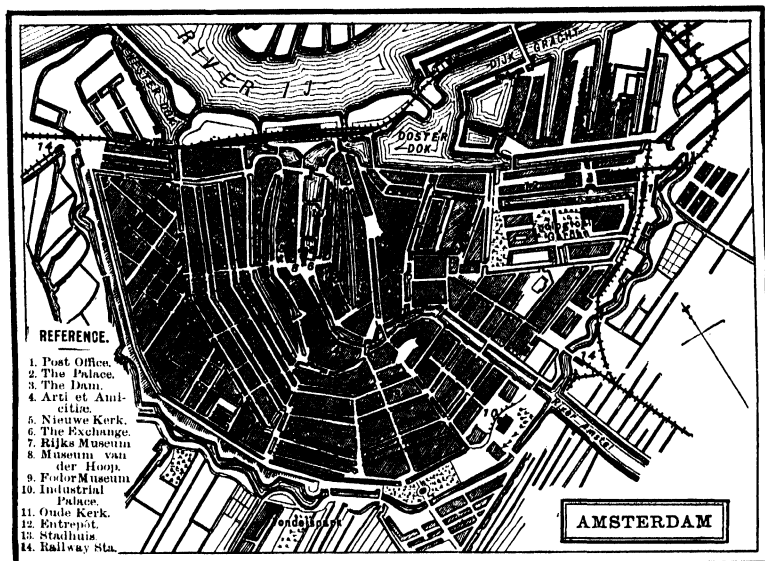
At one time the commerce of Amsterdam was carried on by way of the Zuyder Zee; but that was in the good old times when the vessels of the East Indian fleet used to be



absent for at least a year or two; when a few days more or less passed between the Texel and the port of destination was of no importance, and when the great bulk of the European coasting trade was carried on in craft that drew little water. In course of time, however, the merchants grew tired of having to trans-ship the cargoes of deeply-laden East-Indiamen; the Zuyder Zee grew shallower and more shallow; a dangerous bar accumulated at the mouth of the Ij, and frequent storms made the journey perilous in the extreme. Moreover, it became the fashion to build bigger ships than in past days; and all these evils combining, the good citizens found that their trade was gradually slipping away to Rotterdam. So they subscribed capital, obtained Government aid, and set to work to render themselves independent of the Zuyder Zee by the construction of the North Holland Canal. It was commenced in 1819, and at the end of six years was completed, at a cost of eight millions of florins. The canal extends from Amsterdam to Nieuwe Diep, near the Helder, a distance of forty to fifty miles; it is 130 feet broad and 20 feet deep. It seems that the scheme was carried out in opposition to the expressed wishes of the reigning monarch, who was in favour of another route—since adopted, as we shall see by-and-by. For a time the North Holland Canal was a success. Five thousand sea-going vessels, most of them of considerable size, traversed it annually, and it was of enormous benefit to the Hollanders, and a great improvement on the dangerous passage of the Zuyder Zee. Soon, however, it was seen that the construction of this canal was a partial mistake; the prevailing winds forced the ships ashore; large vessels had to leave a part of their cargo at Nieuwe Diep, and these delays and disadvantages were felt just as steam was coming into general use, and time became a more important consideration with freighters than it had ever been before. So, unless they would see Amsterdam neglected, and her commerce diverted to a rival city, a more direct and expeditious route to the German Ocean must be found. With characteristic resolution and industry they set to work again, this time to make their port accessible to all comers by cutting a canal direct to the North Sea. It was a daring undertaking in every way. Trade had already begun seriously to decline, and the expense would be enormous; the engineering difficulties, too, were almost insuperable. But having decided that it must be done, it was done. The Government, the municipality, and private persons settled the question as to ways and means; and the late M. Thorbecke, Minister; M. Jitta, president of the company; Sir John Hawkshaw and Mr. Julius Direks, and the contractors, Messrs. Lee and Sons, of Westminster, came to an understanding as to overcoming the engineering obstacles. The construction of the North Sea Canal was begun on the 8th March, 1865; it was opened for traffic by the King in person on the 1st November, 1876; and in August, 1877, the passage was practicable for the largest and most heavily-laden vessels. The canal is sixteen miles long, 65 to 110 yards in width, and 22 to 26 feet deep, and the total cost of the undertaking was £2,000,000—about half of which amount, it is apprehended, will be repaid by the sale of land reclaimed from lakes and marshes in the formation of the canal. Dry figures like these do not, however, convey any idea of the gigantic work, every part of which was, as a writer in the *Saturday Review* remarks, “a feat of original engineering in one way or another. The magnificently massive masonry of the locks at Schellingwoude is laid on a substructure of piles, and the foundations of the dyke which faces the sea there are simply

bundles of fascines sunk in the mud. Repeated experiments had failed before that simple solution of the problem was hit upon. The canal-bed to within a few miles of the west coast had to be dug out of the treacherous bottom of a shallow lake. Beyond this lake of the Y there was only a wilderness of loosely-heaped sand-hills, so that the banks must necessarily be formed of a material that was set in movement by a puff of wind or by the plash of each passing vessel. Finally, the North Sea Harbour had to be constructed artificially for a refuge at a spot where, so far from there being natural facilities, there was nothing but a forbidding line of sand-hills. Enormous breakwaters of stupendous blocks of stone and concrete, each breakwater being nearly a mile in length, throw out their long arms in a wide swoop into one of the stormiest of seas; while locks of suitable stability were indispensable to protect the country behind from sudden submersion."

On the Zuyder Zee there are dead cities that were once seaports in the most convenient trading situations; now they are "left high and dry by accidents which their citizens were powerless to control. The sea ebbed away slowly, the sands steadily silted up, choking the harbours and channels, until the outlay on repairs grew in excess of the income, and their flourishing trade was stifled. Municipalities that once sent squadrons to sea, and made peace or war on their own account, now see the grass growing in their market-places, while they ship a few tons of cheese in canal barges."



PLAN OF AMSTERDAM.

The largest square in Amsterdam is in the very centre of the city, near to the ancient dyke to which the city owes its origin. Towards this square, called the Dam, all the principal streets converge. Here are the Royal Palace, the Exchange, the New Church, and the monument called the Metal Cross, commemorating the war of 1830; here all the life of the city centres, for the Dam is to Amsterdam what the Piazza San Marco is to Venice, or the Puerta del Sol to Madrid; here, too, the trams start for various points of the city; and on the landing-stages, closely adjacent, innumerable local steamers discharge their passengers. Curious costumes of all parts of North Holland may be met with here, and almost as many languages heard as on the Galata Bridge at Constantinople.

The Palace is a heavy though imposing structure, the handsomest building in Amsterdam, and the first of the palaces in Holland. It was built in 1648 as a Town Hall, at a cost of eight million florins. The labour involved in the preparation of the site seems incredible; 13,700 enormous piles—a whole forest of big trees, brought from Norway or Sweden—were driven in for a foundation, while every stone used in the foundation, as well as in the building itself, had to be carried from a distance. In 1808 the city presented the palace to King Louis Napoleon, who made it his residence, and who here, and at his palace near the Hague, commenced the formation of that collection of Dutch pictures which is now one of the chief attractions of Amsterdam. The Palace has an additional historical interest as the place where Louis Bonaparte abdicated the throne of Holland, and since the year 1813 no foreign regiment has ever been quartered in its precincts. The interior of the palace is exceedingly rich in marble, the walls being covered with it from top to bottom, and every ounce of it brought from Italy. All the rooms are adorned with sculptures in white marble, and bas-reliefs, friezes, and other ornamentations of great richness. The Reception Room, Ball Room, or Hall of the Burghers, is said to be the largest and handsomest room in Europe. It is certainly very magnificent, being entirely lined with white marble, which of course greatly increases the effect of size. The room is slightly shorter than the Guildhall in London, but wider and very much higher, being 100 feet, whereas Guildhall is only 35 feet. Scattered throughout the building are some interesting pictures and the curious paintings of De Wit in imitation of sculptures, which are singularly deceptive, and are considered the finest works of this master. From the tower of the Palace, where there is a pleasant belvedere, all Amsterdam and its environs can be seen to better advantage than from any other place. Below are the narrow streets and intricate canals bordered by trees, quaintly-gabled and red-roofed houses, and in every direction forests of masts, while on the outskirts are pleasant gardens and pastures, and in the farther distance may be seen the reclaimed lake of Haarlem, "ploughed now by the share and not by the keel," the church of Haarlem, the towers of Utrecht, the houses of Zaandam, the church at Alkmaar, while, according to M. Havard,\* "10,000 windmills may be counted," and the great North Holland Canal shines on the plain in a long, straight, silvery streak.

Opposite the Palace is the Exchange—a handsome modern building, resting on a foundation of 3,469 piles. It has on the outside a fine Ionic colonnade, and the interior hall is covered with glass. Between one and three daily a busy crowd may be seen in this hall, and it is interesting to watch the characteristics of the people as they transact their business. There is plenty of excitement, but it differs altogether from that to be witnessed at the Bourse in Paris or in any other Continental city. Instead of the shouting and gesticulating to be found there, only low murmurs and quiet whispers are to be heard in Amsterdam; the eagerness, the hard bargain-driving, are just as great, but business is conducted with that stolidity which characterises Dutchmen. A story is told of a Dutchman who was walking in one of the shady streets of his own city one day when a keg of gunpowder exploded at a short distance behind him. He held a pinch of snuff between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and his spectacles in his left hand.

\* "Amsterdam et Venise." Par Henri Havard. Paris, 1876.

and it is recorded that he duly sniffed the snuff and adjusted the spectacles on his nose before turning round to see the cause of the uproar behind him. A panic on 'Change in France reminds you of "Bedlam broke loose;" a panic on 'Change in Amsterdam reminds you of a Quakers' meeting.

There is an old Dutch joke concerning the two buildings of which we have been speaking—the Palace and the Exchange. The former has no handsome entrance-door, a conspicuous defect in the building; the latter has a huge porch sustained by seventeen columns; hence the Palace is generally called "the house without a door," and the Exchange "the door without a house."

A curious custom prevails in the Exchange during one week in August and September, the time when the Kermesse—literally "Church-mass," the anniversary of the foundation of the church—is celebrated. The building is then thrown open to all the children of the city, who make a very Babel of the place. This privilege is in commemoration of an incident in the War of Independence, when some boys made the discovery that the Spaniards had a boat in the canal laden with gunpowder, with which they intended to blow up the city. The boys gave warning to the authorities, and the result was that the Spaniards were foiled in their diabolical purpose.

The churches of Holland are not, as a rule, interesting, the Reformation having robbed them of those adornments which make the neighbouring churches of Belgium so attractive. Nor are the historical associations of the churches to be compared in interest with those in other great cities on the Continent. Amsterdam has no Notre Dame, no San Marco, no St. Gudule, no Westminster Abbey; and in many a little town—such as Delft, for example—there is far greater historical interest in the church than in the great churches of the cities. The Nieuwe Kerk, on the Dam, is one of the finest churches in Holland. It still retains the name of New Church, though it was erected in 1408, restored, after conflagration, in 1578 and 1645, and its tower completed in 1847. The style is late Gothic, and the shape cruciform. The interior is very plain, the only ornaments of any note beyond the monuments being a splendidly-carved pulpit and a handsome brazen screen separating the nave from the choir. The services of the church are as plain as the building, consisting of prayers, readings, sermons (generally advertised beforehand), and unscientific but hearty congregational singing.

One peculiar feature of services in Dutch churches is that during the delivery of the sermon the congregation sit with their hats on or off as it pleases them, much as members of the English House of Commons do; another is that the minister is robed in the black Puritan cloak and a ruff round the neck—the costume in vogue in the time of Charles I.; and a third is the intense earnestness with which the whole congregation listens to the discourse.

Among the principal monuments of the Nieuwe Kerk is one standing in the place where the high altar stood in Roman Catholic times, to the memory of the great Admiral de Ruyter, the man who ventured to sail up the Medway and burn the English fleet, and threatened to sail up the Thames and destroy London.

In 1617, when De Ruyter was only ten or eleven years old, he distinguished himself by climbing to the highest point of the church-tower of Flushing. For this and kindred

scrapes he was sent to sea, and for many years was engaged in vessels trading with the West Indies. Taken captive at one time by pirates, penniless and in rags, he begged his way on foot through Spain, France, and Belgium. At the age of forty-nine, having married a third wife and amassed a small fortune, he determined to quit the sea and settle down to a quiet pastoral life. But the fates were against him; his talents were needed, and, against his will, he was made an admiral. He fought a successful battle with Monk and Prince Rupert, but they in turn, a few months later, defeated him. These engagements form the leading incidents of Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis 1666."

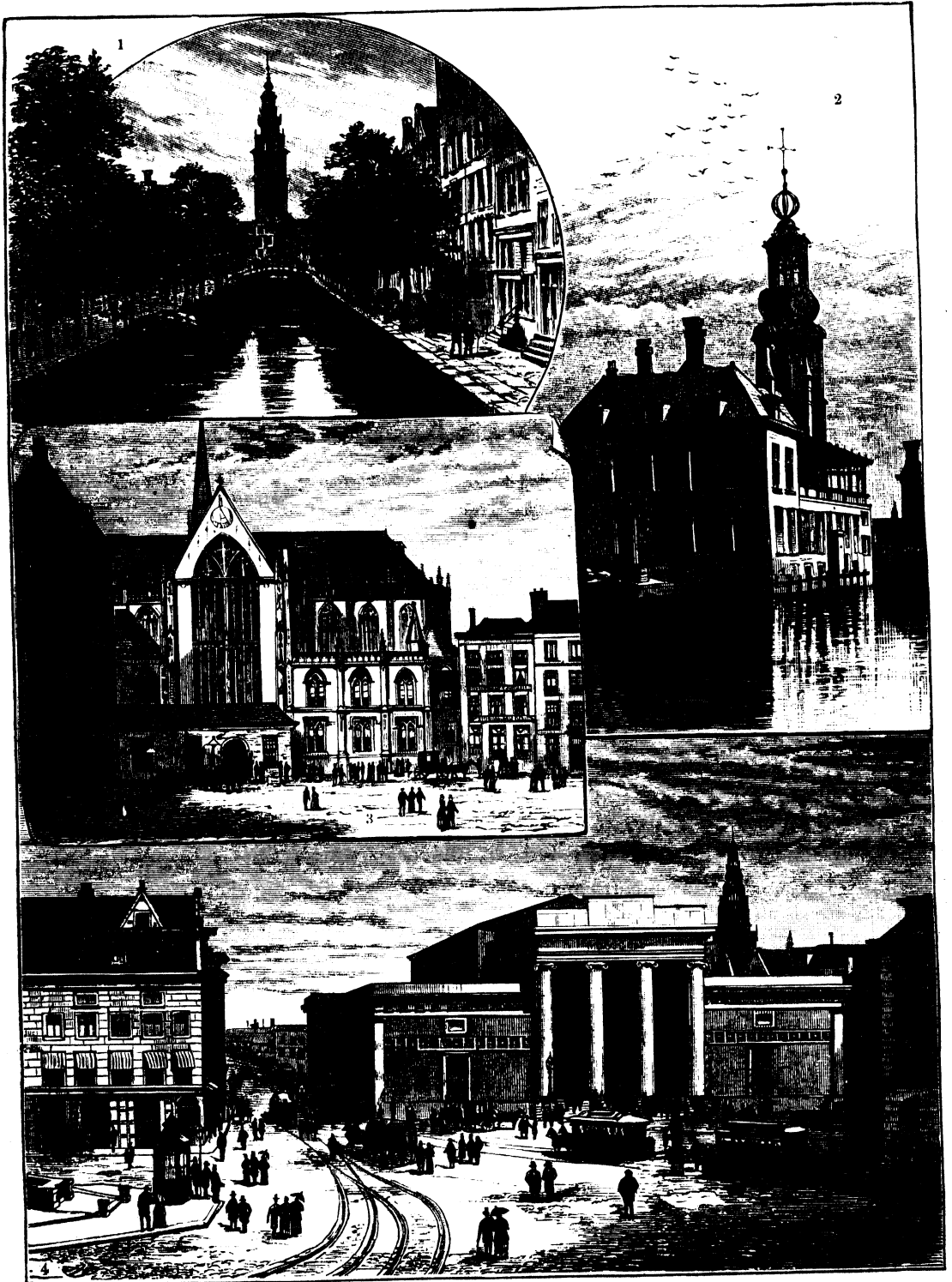


THE ROYAL PALACE.

De Ruyter was never permitted to enjoy the repose he coveted when, at forty-nine, he wrote to the Government—"I have beaten about the seas from my very childhood, and braved so many dangers that I would fain end my days in rest."\* Till he reached the age of sixty-seven he was constantly fighting the English or the French, and in one of these battles, as an ally of Spain, he received his death-wound in the Mediterranean.

There is something melancholy in visiting the graves and thinking over the careers of the great Dutch admirals. They fought gallantly, but vainly, to promote the transfer of maritime empire, and with it colonies and commerce, from England to Holland. The odds were always against them, and it is strange that there should have been such

\* "Great Dutch Admirals." By Jacob de Lic'de.



VIEWS IN AMSTERDAM.

1, South Church; 2, Mint Tower; 3, Dam Square; 4, Exchange.

dogged perseverance for so long a time in a cause which had failure written on it from the first.

There are several other interesting monuments in the Nieuwe Kerk, none more so than that of the modern Dutch hero, the gallant young commander Van Speyk, who when his vessel stranded in the Scheldt, in 1831, rather than fall into the hands of the Belgians, blew up his ship, by which he lost his life and the lives of twenty-eight of his men. The memorial records how "he maintained the honour of his country's flag at the cost of his life." Here, too, are monuments of Admiral Bentinck, who fell in a naval battle near the Doggerbank in 1781; of Admiral Van Galen, and others noted in the sea-fighting history of the country, as well as of Joost Van den Vondel, the most distinguished of old Dutch poets, who wrote tragedies with choruses, one of which, based on the legend of the destruction of the city of Amsterdam in 1296, is still occasionally performed.

In Amsterdam almost every form of religion has its church. There are Jewish synagogues; churches for Reformed Calvinists, for Lutherans, for Remonstrants, for Mennonites, for Walloons, for Roman Catholics and Jansenists, for Greeks, for English Episcopalians, English Presbyterians, Free Brethren, and for almost every other sect. The city has always been distinguished for the kindness with which it has received the victims of religious persecutions.

Amsterdam was for a time the home of the Pilgrim Fathers. Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford, the fathers of the Pilgrim Fathers, fled here about 1608—unable to dwell any longer in safety in the land where Queen Elizabeth's Parliament had passed "an Act for the punishment of persons obstinately refusing to come to church." In an obscure street, a few minutes' walk from the Old Bible Hotel, there is still to be seen the house where the Nonconformists had a church as early as the year 1592. It is now only a common and somewhat dirty lodging-house; but it is interesting to Englishmen and Americans, for here preached and prayed and worshipped some of the men who, without dreaming of it, were to exercise a mighty influence which should affect every nation of the world. The church at Amsterdam was, unhappily, very contentious, and Robinson and Brewster on that account only remained with it one year, and then removed to Leyden, which became the head-quarters of the English refugees and of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Few refugees for conscience' sake ever came to Amsterdam in vain. "Holland," wrote Bale, "was the Great Ark of the Fugitives." The magistrates not only freely conferred on them the rights of citizenship and the liberty to exercise their respective callings, but granted the Huguenots exemption from local taxes for three years.

M. Havard mentions a curious fact in connection with the limited degree of toleration formerly extended to Roman Catholics. They were allowed to have churches or chapels, but only on condition that there was nothing visible outside which might indicate the religious use of the building, coupled with another stipulation that Protestant ears should not be offended more than Protestant eyes. The consequence is that to this day many Roman Catholic churches in Amsterdam have the outward appearance of ordinary dwelling-houses in a street, and bear names very like inn-signs, such as the Parrokeet, the Star, or the Post-Horn.

Among the special industries of Amsterdam is diamond-cutting, which is carried on to great perfection, and almost entirely by Jews, who have large mills with tall chimneys where they do their work. The trade is so difficult, and requires so much aptitude and acquired skill, that the workmen earn very high wages. In 1873 the common wages were twenty-eight shillings a day, supposing the workman to work six days in the week; but first-rate hands could earn almost as much again. This is probably the most highly-paid manual labour in the world, if considered simply as manual labour; but it is contended that a good deal of intelligence is required as well. Until quite lately the Jews of Antwerp and Amsterdam almost held the monopoly of the diamond-cutting and polishing trade, an art which was unknown in Europe before the fifteenth century. Latterly, however, the trade has been carried on to a great extent in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, in London, where there are establishments which threaten to equal, if not to rival, those of Amsterdam. The process of polishing consists in pressing the diamond against a rapidly-revolving iron disc, moistened with a mixture of oil and diamond-dust, the latter being found to be the only substance which will make any impression on diamonds. Hence the proverb "Diamond cut diamond." Stones to be cut or sawn through are operated upon by means of wires covered with diamond-dust. The largest diamond-cutting establishment in Amsterdam is that of M. Koster, who employs 400 workpeople in this interesting labour. It was here that the famous Koh-i-noor was polished.

In the museums of Amsterdam and the Hague, as well as in the private collections in these and other towns of Holland, there are to be found the finest specimens of the Dutch School of painting, and it will be well to say in general terms what we have to say concerning Dutch art in this place. Although in every picture-gallery of Europe there are to be found good examples of the works of Dutch painters, there are no collections equal to those of Amsterdam and the Hague for studying the complete works and characteristics of the Dutch School.

The principal painters of this school are Rembrandt, Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, Brouwer, Gerard Douw, Mieris, Metzu, and Terburg; these excel in portraits and "conversation" pieces; of landscapes and cattle Wouvermans, Paul Potter, Berchem, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Adrian Vandervelde, Both, and Cuyp are among the best exponents; of buildings, Vanderheyden; of sea-views, W. Vandervelde and Backhuysen; of dead and live game and birds, Weenix and Hondekoeter; of flowers, De Heem, Vanhuysum, Rachel Ruish, and Breughel; and of interiors and perspectives, Peter de Hooghe. These form the bulk of the Dutch School.

"Almost all these great painters were born in the first thirty years of the seventeenth century, or in the last part of the sixteenth; all were dead after the first ten years of the eighteenth, and after them were no more. Holland had exhausted her fecundity."

When Holland was under Spanish rule, and when Roman Catholicism was the established faith, Dutch painting had few, if any, distinctive characteristics. It was not until that rule was overthrown, and the liberty and independence of Holland were proclaimed, that true, national, and characteristic art had a place in the country. Before that time Dutchmen painted saints and virgins, madonnas and martyrs, as others



painted them; but when liberty and reformation came, then a new school sprang up distinct from every other.

The pictures of Holland are mirrors which reflect the sky, the sea, and the shore of the Low Countries, and the manners and modes of thought of the people. The chief characteristic of the school is truth; there is little invention and less idealism; it responds simply to the physical geography and to the character of its people; but however uninteresting the subject, there is always pleasure in the contemplation of the truth of the imitation.

"Granted the existence of a democratic form of government, a people addicted to commerce and agriculture, a nation dwelling in lowlands bordering on the sea, trading towns ruled by well-to-do burgomasters, religious communities who do not ask of the arts aids to devotion, who do not call for the intervention of saint or angel, who do not require that a picture shall give imaginative warmth to worship, or permit that the work of man's hands shall come between God and the conscience—and we almost of necessity find just that style of art which now meets the traveller at every turn in the midst of the plain, picturesque, and plodding people of Holland."

Walk in the streets of Holland, and you see ordinary sights characteristic of the people—a boer smoking a pipe, bargemen lazily drifting down canals, cows ruminating under willows, women tending their hyacinths and tulips, men drinking at a tavern bench, poulterers selling dead game. Enter the picture galleries of Holland, and you see exactly the same scenes on canvas. Dutch art is the mirror, the expression, so to speak, of the country. It is painting in prose, as Amsterdam is Venice in prose. "It is the country looked at through the wrong end of a telescope."

The minute is one of its prevailing characteristics. Dutch artists depict a scrap of sea, a tree, or a sandhill; never the ocean, a forest, or a mountain. There are hundreds of paintings of hum-drum home life, but there is not one great painting extant depicting the soul-stirring events of the War of Independence—a war which lasted for almost a century, and was full of strange and terrible vicissitudes, among which may be mentioned the sieges of Haarlem and Leyden.

Another characteristic of Dutch art, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the most superficial observer, is the patience which has been bestowed on the minutest details. "Every vein in a piece of wood, every fibre in a leaf, every thread in a piece of cloth, the stitches in a patch, every hair upon an animal's coat, every wrinkle in a man's face," are depicted.

It would be out of place to enter into anything like a detailed account here of the styles and peculiar excellences of the several great Dutch painters; some of them will be referred to in connection with certain celebrated pictures we shall meet with in the various galleries and museums. But it may be remarked generally that technical excellence is characteristic of the whole school. As Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "Painters should go to the Dutch School to learn the art of painting, as they would go to a grammar-school to learn languages. . . . Here he may learn the art of colouring, composition, a skilful management of light and shade, and, indeed, all the mechanical parts of the art as well as in any other school whatever."



A STREET-SCENE IN AMSTERDAM (KALVEE STREET).

The finest collection of pictures in Holland is contained in the Rijks Museum, in Amsterdam, founded by King Louis Napoleon. There are 538 pictures of the Dutch School of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and among them are many of world-wide fame. Here is to be seen Rembrandt's largest and most celebrated work, "The Night-Watch"—a marvellous picture, full of life and action; and the wonderful group of portraits in the picture called "De Staalmeeesters," representing the Directors of the Guild of the Cloth-makers seated round a table on which is spread a rich Oriental cloth. Here, too, are some of the finest works of Van der Helst, especially "De Schuttersmaaltijd," or Banquet of the Arquebusiers (*Schutters*) of Amsterdam, who, on 18th June, 1648, are celebrating the conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia in the shooting-gallery of St. George. There are twenty-five life-size portraits in the picture, the details of which are simply marvellous. It has been often remarked that the hands in this picture are so strikingly true to nature and characteristic of their owners, that if they were all thrown together in a heap there would be no difficulty in restoring them to the figures to which they respectively belong. In this museum will be found depicted every phase of Dutch life and manners, and every variety of object dear to a Dutchman's heart. There are, for example, village carousals, village inns, old toppers, old smokers; quack-doctors, shepherds, merry fiddlers; canals and windmills, cattle crossing fords, scenes on the ice, winter nights in chimney-corners; sea-pieces and landscapes; birds, beasts, and fishes, alive and dead. Here is the exquisite "Floating Feather" of Melchior Hondekoeter—"the faintest breath of wind would blow it away"—and eight other pictures of cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, and chickens. "He understands these families," says Burger, "as thoroughly as the Italians their Holy Families, and expresses the maternal love of the hen as admirably as Raphael has done in the case of his Madonnas."

There are very few good historical pictures. Govaert Flink's "Arquebusiers of Amsterdam Celebrating the Conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia" is perhaps the best; but the collection of portraits is finer than in any other museum in the country.

There are several other good collections of paintings in Amsterdam: the Museum Van der Hoop, bequeathed by a banker of that name to the city in 1854, and containing about 200 works of the Dutch School; the Fodor Museum, founded by a wealthy merchant of that name who died in 1860; the Historical Gallery, consisting of 200 pictures, representing scenes in the history of the Netherlands, the property of the Arti et Amicitiae Society of Painters; besides numerous collections the property of private citizens, but usually accessible to the public.

In Amsterdam, as in fact in any of the cities or towns of Holland, there is a fascination to those who have studied Motley's history, to watch the people and note their characteristics—characteristics which have for the most part been born out of the physical peculiarities of the country. There is to be found in the Dutch great firmness and immovability, combined with calm and constant courage. Their patience is inexhaustible, and is seen in matters of cleanliness and general utility, in well-kept gardens, and fresh-painted boats, as well as in greater matters. There is among even the common people a certain dignity, the result of labour and conquest and independence. In a word, they are practical, stable, laborious people, holding tenaciously to the memories of the past and the

observance of ancient customs, undisturbed by the innovations of surrounding nations, not hasting to be rich, but slowly, diligently plodding on, following at a fair pace in the path of civilisation, but meanwhile content with such things as they have—a nation of practical, persevering, and industrious men.

One of the peculiarities of Holland is that almost every house has its pleasure-garden and summer-house, either attached to the dwelling-house or at no great distance from it. They are to be found everywhere, and for the most part arranged according to a stereotyped design. Nothing can exceed the dainty prettiness of some of these gardens, with their weedless walks, brilliantly bright flower-beds—whereon a dead leaf is never to be found—and box-borders cut into fantastic shapes with mathematical precision. Almost every garden has its summer-house, where of an evening the heads of the household and their neighbours sit and smoke, work or chat, or drink their beer or coffee, while the young folk walk demurely, as if in the vain search of a straggling twig or a decaying leaf. Every garden has also an iron gateway, or a door through the cut box-hedge; and over many of these, mottoes are inscribed, such as “Pleasure and Ease,” “Happy and Content,” “My Desire is Satisfied.” In almost every garden there is a pool of water, and as a rule every garden is bounded by a stagnant ditch covered with duckweed and exhaling vile odours. It is a singular thing that the Dutch, who have such a mania for making everything that would offend the sight clean, have apparently no objection whatever to the most abominable stench. In these pleasant gardens of theirs, what strikes a stranger more than anything else is that on the one hand there is the perfume of every delicious flower that wealth and care can produce, and on the other the vilest stench with which it is possible a stagnant ditch or canal can poison the air.

At almost every house of any importance little mirrors, consisting of two pieces of glass placed at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  to each other, are seen projecting from the sides of the windows, by means of which the occupants of the rooms can see reflected all the passers-by without having the trouble, or committing the indecorum, of gazing out of window.

It is said that the Dutch clean everything they possess once every day, and three times on Saturday. Certainly there is never to be found in any of their houses a spot, or stain, or particle of dust. A cobweb in a Dutch parlour would be as strange an anomaly as a coach-and-four in Venice. Boot-scraping is a science in some parts of Holland; and in others where it is not cultivated the boots are left at the door before the house is entered. Every day in every house windows are polished, finger-marks removed from painted wood, every vessel tarnished by smoke or steam made bright, and a careful search for any wandering hair or speck of dust made from top to bottom of the abode. In addition to this there is the Saturday great *Schoonmaken* (cleaning), when steps, doorways, walls, and windows are scrubbed, mopped, brushed, or burnished, and the whole exterior of the building deluged with water, thrown up by a small engine-pump, the ceremony of the day ending with the thorough cleansing of all the brushes, brooms, cloths, and other instruments which have been used in the cleaning. It is no exaggeration to say that in Holland cleanliness is a mania, a rage, a fury.

There are a few peculiarities in Dutch manners and customs which are worthy of notice. Among them is the very sensible custom of placing on the door of the house in

which a sick person is, the daily bulletin of the invalid's health, drawn up by the medical man in attendance—a great saving of trouble to the attendants and of disturbance to the invalid. When there is a death in a family, the fact is announced by the *Aanspreken*, a man dressed in black robes and a cocked hat and wig. In some parts the birth of a child is announced by means of a small placard, adorned with red silk and lace; betrothals are celebrated by an unlimited consumption of sweet cake and spiced wine. In cold weather *stoofjes*, or foot-warmers, are in universal request by the female part of the community, and no one ever thinks of going to church without one.

The sign-boards are amusing; one very frequently observed is *Water en Vuur te koop*, (Water and fire to sell), where poor people are supplied with boiling water and red-hot turf for the preparation of their tea and coffee. Another, unhappily much more frequently observed, for it is the ordinary tavern sign, is *Hier verkoopt man sterke Dranken* (Strong drinks are sold here). A painted Turk's or Moor's head, called a *Gaper*, is the usual sign for a druggist's shop; a large crown, ornamented with gilt box-leaves, and suspended beneath the Dutch flag, indicates that new herrings have arrived at the shop thus decorated.

A book might be written to advantage, if one does not already exist, on the charitable institutions of Holland. They are as varied as the needs of mankind, and in Amsterdam almost every such institution is represented. The words of Louis XIV., when he was preparing to invade Holland, to Charles II. of England, are noteworthy: "Have no fear for Amsterdam. I have the firm hope that Providence will save her, if it were only in consideration of her charity towards the poor." There are over 100 charitable institutions in Amsterdam, nearly all supported by voluntary contributions, and all so well conducted that they are the admiration of the whole world. We cannot give an account of them all; a few, however, demand special mention, as they are peculiar in some respects to the country.

The Society for the Public Welfare, founded in 1784 by a Baptist preacher, has its head-quarters in Amsterdam, but extends its operations over the whole of Holland, and is, in fact, almost a second Government. Its scope is the promotion of popular education, by providing school-books for the young, founding libraries, and affording facilities for the continuation of education after school has been left. It undertakes also to assist the culture of adults by providing cheap literature, free libraries and reading-rooms, courses of lectures, and classes for instruction in science, music, and higher branches generally, as well as the establishment of savings-banks and other encouragements to thrift. Finally, it offers prizes for good conduct, and grants rewards for acts of courage and generosity. Every member of the society contributes five florins annually, and not less than eight contributors in any provincial town or district constitute a sub-committee, whose sphere of action is called a "department." There are 300 of these departments or groups scattered among the towns and villages of Holland, comprising no fewer than 17,500 members. With the proceeds of the subscriptions the society exercises "a sort of anonymous magistracy over public manners, binds together with impartial beneficence all religious sects, distributes with liberal hand about the country instruction, aid, and comfort; and as it was born independent, so it works and proceeds faithful to the principle of the Dutch people, that the tree of beneficence must grow without graft or puncture."\*

\* "The Dutch at Home," by Alphonse Esquiros.

The Zeemanshoop (Seamen's Hope) is an admirable institution, consisting of 600 members. Those who are captains recognise each other's vessels at sea by the flag of the society, the number on which denotes the name and destination of the vessel, and a report is made at head-quarters of the meeting. In connection with this society is a flourishing fund for widows and orphans of seamen. There is also in the city a Seamen's Institution,



QUAY (HOUTGRACHT) IN AMSTERDAM.

where about sixty boys are educated for the merchant service in all matters theoretical and practical. The Zeemanshuis, or Sailor's Home, is a model of what such an institution should be.

Of the other societies for sick, aged, blind, indigent, lunatic, for widows, orphans, and foundlings, there are more in proportion to the population than in any other city in the world, and it is affirmed that 20,000 poor persons are maintained by the voluntary contributions of the citizens. At the Asylum for Orphans of Amsterdam Citizens, Van Speyk, the hero of the Scheldt, whose monument is in the Nieuwe Kerk, was sheltered in

his early days. The orphans of this asylum wear an extraordinary costume, half red and half black, so that "seen in profile they look on one side dressed for a funeral, and on the other for a carnival." There are two asylums for the blind—one for young people between the ages of five and eighteen, who are taught not only the Three R's, but languages, music, and handicrafts; and another for persons over the age of eighteen. The Protestant Asylum for the Aged of Both Sexes is a thoroughly humane institution, worthy of imitation in any country.

Amsterdam is a capital city for obtaining variety of amusement and for the means of passing time pleasantly. The crowds of people in the neighbourhood of the harbour; the endless procession of barges transporting various kinds of cargo to their destinations; the constant arrival and departure of sea-going vessels; the ceaseless works going on of dredging the canals and mending bridges and locks; the arrival of the milk-boats from Utrecht; the picturesque groups in the fish-market; the busy Kalver Street, flanked by two rows of splendid shops and cafés, where swarms of people congregate until a late hour of the night—all these present endless means of amusement. Then there is the Palace of Industry, a vast building of glass and iron, with a dome-covered hall, which is lighted in the evening with 8,000 gas-burners, and can accommodate an audience of 12,000 persons to listen to operas or concerts; and the Plantaadige, a vast space composed of two islands joined together by many bridges, in which are a park where concerts are given; a Botanic Garden, celebrated for its palms and its *Victoria Regia* house; a Zoological Garden, almost equal to that in London, with Natural History and Ethnological Museums, and a costly Aquarium.

In the neighbourhood of Amsterdam there are several towns of considerable interest and importance in Dutch history and commerce. We can but refer here to a few of these, although in the "Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee" there is a world of interest for the lover of archæology and old-world lore.

BROEK is one of the most curious, as it is the cleanest, town in the world. All the houses are of wood, and are painted in bright colours, undefiled by any speck of dirt; all the roofs are of variegated tiles, upon which no unclean thing can rest; all the streets are paved with clean, small stones, placed edgewise and arranged in mosaic patterns; all the people are clean and well-to-do, and nearly all the 1,500 inhabitants occupy themselves in the manufacture of the clean, small, round "Edam cheeses."

ZAANDAM is one of the wealthiest of the Dutch cities, with 13,000 inhabitants and 400 windmills. It possesses what Napoleon called "the finest monument in Holland," that is to say, the cabin of Peter the Great, in honour of whom the city was once called Czardam or Sardam. "After having conquered the Tartars and the Turks, and made his triumphal entry into Moscow, the young Czar wished to make a journey through the principal European cities, and study their arts and industries. Accompanied by three ambassadors, four secretaries, fifty guards, and one dwarf, he left his own States in April, 1697; crossed Livonia; passed through Prussian Brandenburg, by Pomerania, Berlin, and Westphalia; and arrived at Amsterdam fifteen days before his suite. In that city, unknown to all, he passed some time in the arsenals of the Admiralty; and then, to learn with his own eyes and hands the art of ship-building, in which Holland was at that time superior, he

dressed himself as a sailor and went to Zaandam, where the most famous arsenals were situated. Here, under the name of Peter Michaelhoff, or Michaelof, he entered the ship-yard of a certain Mynbeer Calf, was inscribed among the other workmen, worked in wood, iron, and cordage, and during the whole of his stay dressed and ate and slept exactly as his companions did, living in the wooden cabin which is still shown." He did not stay long, however, as he was unable to preserve his *incognito*, but returned to Amsterdam, where "he finished with his own hands, in the arsenal of the East India Company, a vessel of 60 guns; studied mathematics, physics, geography, anatomy, and painting; and left Amsterdam in 1698 for London."

In one of the rooms of the cabin of Peter the Great is a stone recording a visit made to the spot by the Czar Alexander II., when hereditary prince, in 1839; and under it is a verse by a Russian poet to this effect:—"Over this humble abode the holy angels watch. Czarewitch, bow down. Here is the cradle of thy empire; here was born the greatness of Russia."

Eighteen years after Peter the Great had dwelt at Zaandam, he came back in the greatness of his power and glory, bringing Catherine with him, and showed her "the place where, while working as a labourer, he had learned to be an Emperor."

ALKMAAR has a population of 12,800, and is celebrated as being the headquarters of the cheese trade. A market is held here weekly, frequented by the peasantry of the whole province of North Holland in their picturesque costumes, who sell their cheeses here to the dealers. In the Town Weighing-House—a fine old building with a handsome tower, erected in 1582—upwards of 5,000 tons of cheese are annually weighed, being about one-half of the produce of the country. A curious spectacle is presented in front of this weighing-house every Friday (market day), when the whole space is covered by huge piles of red and yellow cheeses, and every street is full of primitive country folk and gaily-painted wagons.

Broek, Zaandam, and Alkmaar lie to the north of Amsterdam. To the west is

## HAARLEM,

one of the pleasantest and most thriving towns in Holland. It was for a long time the residence of the Counts of Holland, and in 1572–3 played a conspicuous part in the War of Independence. It was besieged, and after a noble resistance of seven months' duration, was taken by the Spaniards under Frederick of Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva. The story of that siege is told with great power by Motley in "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." The defence was as heroic as anything in the annals of those heroic times; even the women were organised into a most efficient corps, 300 in number, under their chief, Kenan Hasselaer, a widow of distinguished family and unblemished reputation, and fought gallantly in many of the most fiercely-contested actions of the siege, both within and without the walls. Unhappily, the defence was ineffectual; upwards of 10,000 of the inhabitants perished, and the commandant, the Protestant clergy, and 2,000 of the townspeople were barbarously executed by order of their conqueror.

In the Groote Kerk is the celebrated organ of Christian Müller, played on by Handel, and by Mozart when a boy. Although built as long ago as 1735–8, it still ranks as one



of the finest organs in the world, and there are few travellers in Holland who have not heard the celebrated public recitals on Tuesdays and Thursdays, when the organist plays a singularly descriptive piece, commencing with the gentlest movements and most zephyr whispers, and ending in the terrors of whirlwinds and thunderstorms.

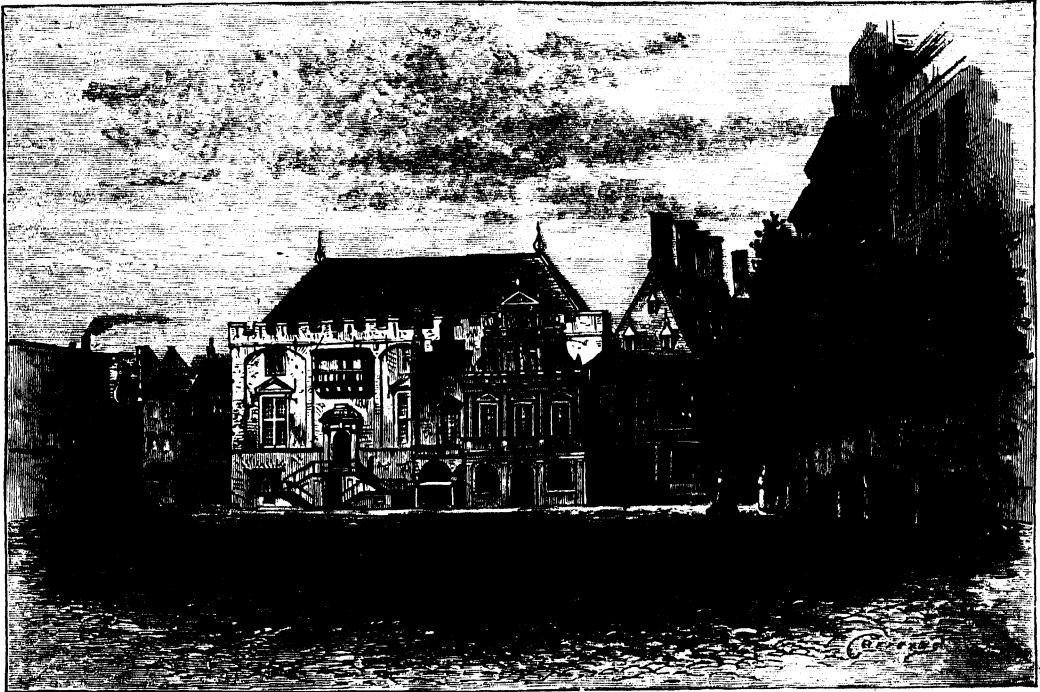
The church, white and bare, and covered by a high vaulted roof lined with cedar-wood, dates from the fifteenth century. In a wall of the church may still be seen a cannon-ball, a reminiscence of the siege of 1573. In the middle of the church is a monument to the memory of Conrad, the builder of the mighty sluice-gates at Katwijk, and his colleague Brunings, "protectors of Holland against the fury of the sea and the power of the tempest." Near the choir is the tomb of Bilderdijk, the poet, and near the pulpit rests the body of Coster, of whom we shall say more by-and-by. Suspended from one of the arches are several small models of ships-of-war, commemorating the Fifth Crusade, which was led by Count William I. of Holland.

In the Picture Gallery established in the Town Hall, which was originally a palace of the Counts of Holland, there is a small but excellent collection of paintings, among them eight of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Franz Hals, "the greatest colourist of the Dutch painters next to Rembrandt." There are several museums in Haarlem of considerable value—an Industrial Museum; a Colonial Museum, containing a large collection of the products of the Dutch colonies; and Teyler's Museum, founded by Peter Teyler van der Hulst, containing chemical, physical, optical, and hydraulic instruments, and the most powerful electric batteries in Europe, besides a geological cabinet, and a collection of pictures and drawings.

The most interesting time to visit Haarlem is about the end of April or the beginning of May, when the country is all ablaze with the glories of hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, anemones, and lilies, for which it is famous. From the nursery-gardens here all the principal gardens of Europe are supplied. The story of the tulip mania is one of the most curious in the history of speculations. It was in the years 1636 and 1637 that bulbs were traded in as railway and other shares are to-day. Enormous prices were given for rare bulbs, and everybody in Holland, whether ignorant or learned in floriculture, speculated in them. It is on record that a "Semper Augustus" fetched 13,000 florins, a "Viceroy" 4,500 florins, and so on. One Dutch town realised ten millions of florins by the sale of tulip roots in one year, and a speculator at Amsterdam made 68,000 florins in four months in the same season. It was not possible, however, that this state of things could last, and the bubble was burst by the Government declaring that all such contracts were illegal. Ruin followed as a matter of course, and prices assumed their proper level.

In the large market-place in Haarlem there is to be seen an ugly bronze statue of Coster, the "inventor" of printing. His name was Lawrence Jansen, but he was called Coster, which is Dutch for "sacristan," the occupation he followed. Many legends are afloat in Holland concerning this Coster and his claim to immortality. It is said that towards the end of the fourteenth century, when walking in a leafy grove, he pulled down a branch of a tree and amused himself and his children by cutting upon it with his knife some letters in relief, and on dipping these in ink on his return home, conceived the magnificent idea with which Gutenberg is generally accredited. In the Town Hall of Haarlem is shown a book printed in German, in double column, and Gothic characters,

bearing the date 1440. It is the "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*." Now, if this book were printed in 1440 it would be the most remote date for printing with movable type, as this is partly printed, and would put Gutenberg's claim in the background. Unfortunately for the claim of the Dutchman, there is no proof whatever that the "*Speculum*" was the work of Coster. The only argument—if it may be so called—to support it, is that there is a legend attributing it to Coster, and that one Christmas night while he was in prayer "one of his workmen, who had sworn never to betray the secret of his invention, carried off his instruments, types, and books, which poor Coster discovering on his return home,



THE TOWN HALL, HAARLEM.

he died of grief. According to the legend, this sacrilegious thief was Faust of Maganza, or the elder brother of Gutenberg, and this is the explanation both of the glory of the invention and how it passed from Holland to Germany." For ages the controversy raged, but it is now almost universally admitted that no faith can be attached to the legend of Coster.

To the Dutch, however, remains the honour of holding the field in the matter of typography, "the incontestable glory of the Elzevirs and the enviable honour of having printed almost all the great writers of the age of Louis XIV., of having diffused throughout Europe the French philosophy of the eighteenth century, of having gathered up, defended, and propagated human thought when proscribed by despotism and denied by fear." Haarlem still possesses a type foundry celebrated especially for Hebrew and Greek types cast in it.

Between Haarlem and Leyden is the cultivated land which only a few years ago was covered by the Great Lake or Sea of Haarlem. It was literally an inland sea; on it fleets of seventy ships had fought, over it great storms had raged and many vessels had been wrecked. As early as 1640, Leeghwater, a Dutch engineer, had conceived the idea of draining this vast lake, which threatened to destroy the country; but the war with Spain prevented his scheme from being commenced, and when the idea was revived after the peace of 1648, wars with France and England came to mar the project. In 1836, however, a fearful gale drove the waters of the Haarlem Lake over the dykes as far as to the very gates of Amsterdam. Then the Dutch bestirred themselves in earnest. In 1840 they commenced the construction of a water-tight double dyke round the whole lake, and a ring canal to carry off the water to the sea; in 1849 three enormous pumping engines were at work, and at the end of four years the great Haarlem Lake had ceased to be. Its average depth was thirteen feet, its area 45,230 acres, and the estimated weight of water to be pumped out, a thousand millions of tons. But the work was done, and now the bed of the lake is covered with crops and smiling homesteads, maintaining a population of about 8,000 inhabitants, besides 2,000 horses, 6,000 horned cattle, and 9,000 sheep and pigs.



IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, AMSTERDAM.

## MELBOURNE AND THE GREAT TOWNS OF VICTORIA.

The Oldest Inhabitant—Early Explorers and Settlers—"The Settlement"—Small Beginnings—Steady Progress—The Great Gold Rush—What came of it—Melbourne as it is—Its Main Streets and Thoroughfares—Monument to Burke and Wills—Story of their Expedition—The Government of Victoria—Government House—Education in Victoria—The University—Museum—Public Library—The First Public Religious Service in Melbourne—The Churches and Chapels of To-day—Benevolent Institutions—Markets—Cheap Mutton—Botanical Gardens—Suburbs of Melbourne—The Great Reservoir. GEELONG—The Wool Trade—The Harbour. BALLARAT—Its Disfigurements—First Discovery of Gold—Stories of "Lucky Finds"—The Present Modes of Working for Gold—In the Quartz, Alluvial Loam, Surface Soil—The Ballarat Riots of '54. SANDHURST—Mining Operations—General Appearance—"Advance, Australia!"



JOHN PASCOE FAWKNER died at Melbourne on September 4th, 1869, the undisputed oldest inhabitant in a vast city that had no existence when he sailed up the Yarra-yarra in the schooner *Enterprise*, in the summer of 1835. Where in the midst of the wilderness he had ploughed his land and grown his first crop of wheat, a city had arisen which with its suburban townships numbered nearly 170,000 souls. Long lines of carriages followed the veteran pioneer to his grave, and the people in their thousands lined the spacious streets as the *cortège* passed on.

Cook, Flinders, and Grant did little more than name the prominent headlands along the southern shores of Australia. Lieutenant Murray, R.N., in 1802 discovered Port Philip Bay, and in the following year Colonel Collins, with soldiers and convicts to the number of 402, attempted to form a settlement on its shores. A bad site was chosen; the expedition was a failure, and in 1804 the settlement was transferred to Van Diemen's Land. One man named Buckley ran away into the bush and lived for thirty years among the natives. In 1824 Messrs. Hume and Howell, two cattle-owners in New South Wales, came in search of new pasture-grounds along the Murray River and across the Australian Alps to the present site of Geelong, but returned without accomplishing any result beyond exploring the district. The first successful attempt to colonise the territory now known as Victoria was in 1834, when Mr. Thomas Henty, with a few free settlers, located themselves at Portland Bay, 234 miles from where Melbourne now stands. In the following year John Batman led a party to Port Philip Bay and made a remarkable treaty with the blacks, by which they ceded to him 600,000 acres for a quantity of blankets, and tomahawks, or, as one account states for, "three sacks of glass beads, ten pounds of nails, and five pounds of flour." The English Government subsequently annulled this contract, but the representatives of Batman received £7,000 in compensation. Three months after Batman and his helpers had got to work, John Fawcner's schooner sailed past their settlement and up the Yarra-yarra, and was made fast to a eucalyptus-tree on the bank, opposite to where the Melbourne Custom House now stands.

The news of the discovery of rich pastures in the neighbourhood of Port Philip Bay soon spread far and wide. In spite of some opposition from the British Government,

emigrants flocked thither from New South Wales and Tasmania, taking with them their sheep and cattle. At the end of a few months the settlement contained a population of 224, of whom 38 were women; the possessions of the colonists included 75 horses, 555 head of cattle, and 41,332 sheep. It was at this period that William Buckley the convict, who had escaped from the disastrous expedition of Collins in 1803, returned to his compatriots. He had been thirty-three years among the blacks, and had quite forgotten his own language.

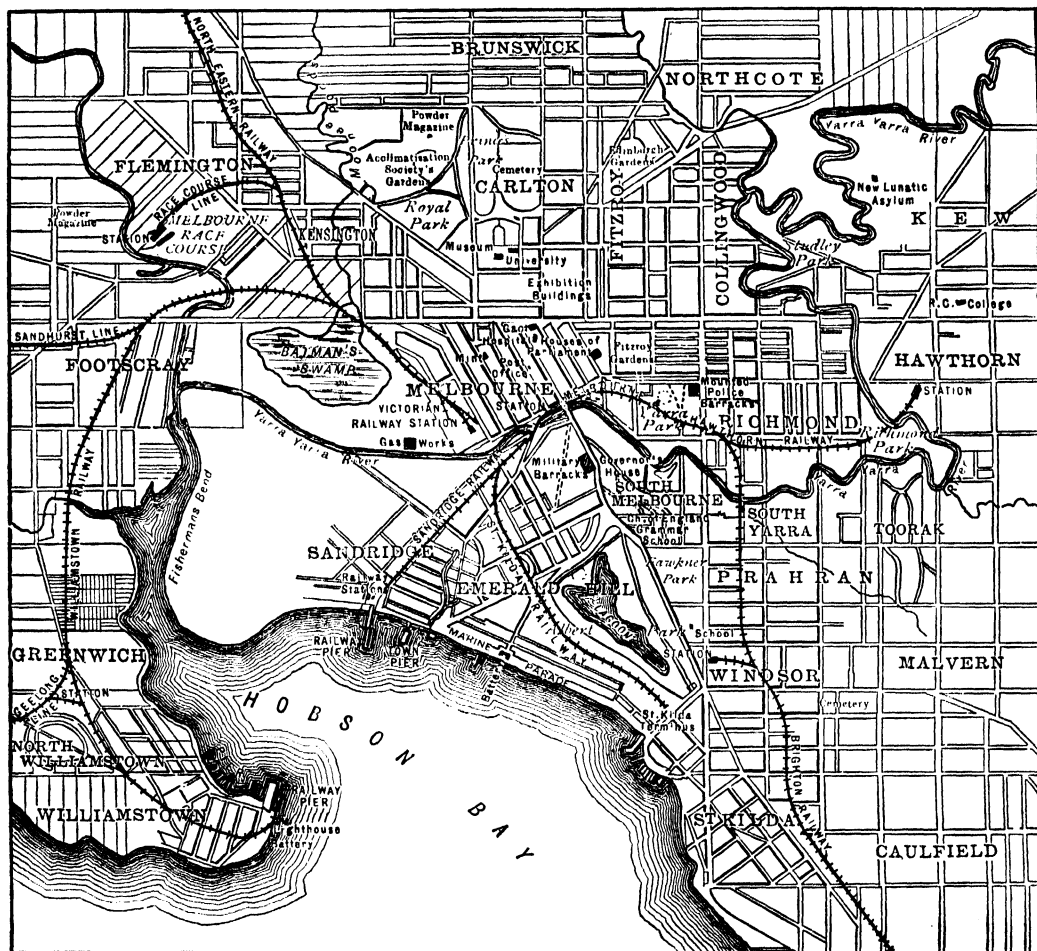


THE YARRA-YARRA.

There was little in "The Settlement," as infant Melbourne was for some time called, to suggest its future wealth and vastness. In January, 1838, there were a couple of wooden houses serving as hotels for the country settlers when they brought up their wool to send off by ship, or for new arrivals on their way to the "bush." "A small square wooden building" (says Mr. George Arden, an eye-witness) "with an old ship's bell suspended from a most defamatory-looking, gallows-like structure, fulfilled the duty of church or chapel to the various religious denominations, whence, however, the solemn voice of prayer and praise sounding over the yet wild country had an effect the most interesting and impressive."

There were two or three shops, each selling anything useful, and a branch of a Tasmanian bank. Six months later numerous brick houses of two or three storeys had risen; the inns had become handsome and convenient; streets were marked out and macadamised; the population had quadrupled, and a multitude of dealers had opened various kinds of shops.

Fawkner opened the first inn, and on January 1st, 1838, started the first newspaper,



PLAN OF MELBOURNE.

Typographic Lithing Co., del. et sc.

*The Melbourne Advertiser.* The first nine numbers were in manuscript, and limited to a circulation of one copy, which was kept at Fawkner's bar for public use. Near Fawkner's Inn his rival Batman opened the first general store. At the first land sales in Melbourne, in June, 1837, the half-acre lots sold at an average price of £35. At a recent auction in Melbourne the highest bid of £46,500 for sixty-six feet frontage in Collins Street East was refused as insufficient.

With the exception of a disastrous financial crash in 1842, the result of over-speculation and land-jobbing, the history of Melbourne till the gold discoveries in 1851 was a

history of steady progress and success. Scarcely was the Port Philip Settlement five years old when it began to clamour for separation from New South Wales. In 1842 its local institutions were improved and it was allowed to send six delegates to the Legislative Council at Sydney. But Melbourne continued agitating till in 1850 its prayer was granted, and the British Parliament passed an Act by which, on July 1st, 1851, Port Philip became a separate colony, under the new name of Victoria, said to have been chosen by the Queen herself.

But it was in this year, ever memorable in the history of Melbourne, that a rich gold-field was discovered within a hundred miles of the city, at Ballarat. "The discovery of gold in 1851," says the Rev. James Ballantyne of Melbourne, "changed, as by the wave of the magician's wand, the entire feature of life in Australia. The pulse of the community, which erewhile beat quietly and steadily, at once mounted to fever-heat. There was but one theme on every lip, and that theme was 'gold.' It intoxicated the whole body of the people. They rushed pell-mell to the various spots where the dazzling metal was supposed to be obtainable. The labourer left his implements of toil and ran. The mechanic quitted his bench. The clerk abruptly threw up his situation. The merchant left his counting-room. The barrister left his case unfinished. Melbourne was all but deserted. In the course of a few months about one-half of the entire male population of the colony had left their wonted avocations and gone on the popular adventure. Then, too, the people came 'in hot haste' from the neighbouring colonies, crowd following crowd as fast as ships by sea and conveyances by land would bring them—men of every shade of character, and thousands with no character at all, each and every one attracted by the bewildering glare of virgin gold. Little wonder that business came to a standstill, that the old landmarks were torn up, that the foundations of society were out of course, and that social disorganisation, rapine, dissipation, and even murder speedily prevailed. Yet in the dawn of the golden era would we recognise the hand of God. Wisely, too, and well did that hand work. It did two things greatly wanted: relieved the overcrowded cities at home of a portion of the surplus population, and drew men to a young and inviting country to which otherwise they would not have come, and which most urgently needed them. A perplexing problem which was baffling political economists and social reformers at home was thus solved."

No less than 10,000 persons landed at Melbourne in one week in 1851. Successful diggers came down to the city, squandered their gold like madmen, and went to search for more. It became possible to realise vast fortunes by supplying the wants of the gold-seekers, when men were willing to give an ounce of gold, worth £3 10s., for a bottle of champagne, which originally cost three shillings and sixpence. Lodgings of any kind were at a high premium; to be allowed to stretch on the floor of a hotel coffee-room was the utmost favour many could obtain. The boilers of a steamer lying on the wharf were used as a sleeping-place by people who would have paid well for beds if money could have obtained them. To meet the exigencies of the case, a town of tents known as Canvas Town rose into being on the St. Kilda Road. Several thousand inhabitants lived in this temporary settlement, which was regularly laid out in streets, and existed for several months.

The Government service had a great difficulty in keeping up its staff of officials. An eminent lawyer from Sydney, appointed to a seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court of Victoria, could find nowhere to lay his head, and after spending one night in an arm-chair at the Melbourne Club, resigned the appointment and went back. At one period the police force sank far below the required strength. A mounted force known as the Cadets was enrolled, in which many young men who found the labour of gold-digging did not suit them were glad to earn good wages. These guardians of the peace had for a time a prospect of plenty of work before them. The convicts from Tasmania had rushed over in swarms. But notwithstanding the disorganisation produced by the gold-fever, order was on the whole remarkably well maintained. For awhile bush-rangers made the roads to the diggings unsafe. During 1852-3-4 there were frequent robberies, but with the excitement of those years all disorderly symptoms passed away, and the colony of Victoria settled down into one of the most law-abiding communities in the whole world. With the exception of the Ballarat riots in December, 1854, no serious disturbance is recorded in its history. Gold brought together a teeming population, developed all the resources of the country, constructed railways, and made Melbourne. "Gradually," says Mr. A. Trollope, "things settled themselves into the old grooves, and the earthquake died out. Its rumblings were still heard, but at last it rumbled only, and did not frighten. And when it had passed away the causes which created it had filled the land with wealth. Many had been ruined. Many a youth who in his own country had enjoyed all that love and education could do for him, had come out to perish miserably in the mud of an Australian gully. There had been terrible suffering, crushing disappointments—all the agonies of toil, at first hopeful, but at last utterly unremunerative, of which no history can ever be written. There had been broken hopes, wasted energies, the ague-fit after the fever. But a people had been established and a land had been enriched."

The approach to Melbourne is, of course, by the broad bay of Port Philip, about forty miles long and forty broad. The entrance, known as Port Philip Heads, is between a high bluff surmounted by a lighthouse on the left-hand side and a long low promontory on the right. Here the waters are always in violent agitation—a phenomenon locally known as "the rip at the heads," and productive of much discomfort to strangers. Beyond it lies the smooth expanse of waters. At its northern end are William's Town and Sandridge, each acting as ports to Melbourne, with which they are connected by railway. But Melbourne is itself a port, for steamers pass up the serpentine windings of the Yarra to Flinders Street in the very heart of the city.

Melbourne and its sixteen suburban municipalities, forming one immense metropolis, occupy an undulating tract of ground, across which the Yarra-yarra flows. Of the suburbs we shall speak presently; the city itself—the all-important, central source of wealth, so busy all the day and so deserted after six in the evening—is laid out in the form of an oblong square, having eighteen principal streets crossing each other at right angles. Overlooking the wharves and steamers in the widest part of the Yarra is Flinders Street, with its sombre warehouses of dark bluestone. Flinders Street and the four streets parallel to it, running east and west, and named respectively Collins Street, Bourke Street, Lonsdale Street, and Latrobe Street, are each ninety-nine feet in width and nearly a mile long, and are the principal thoroughfares

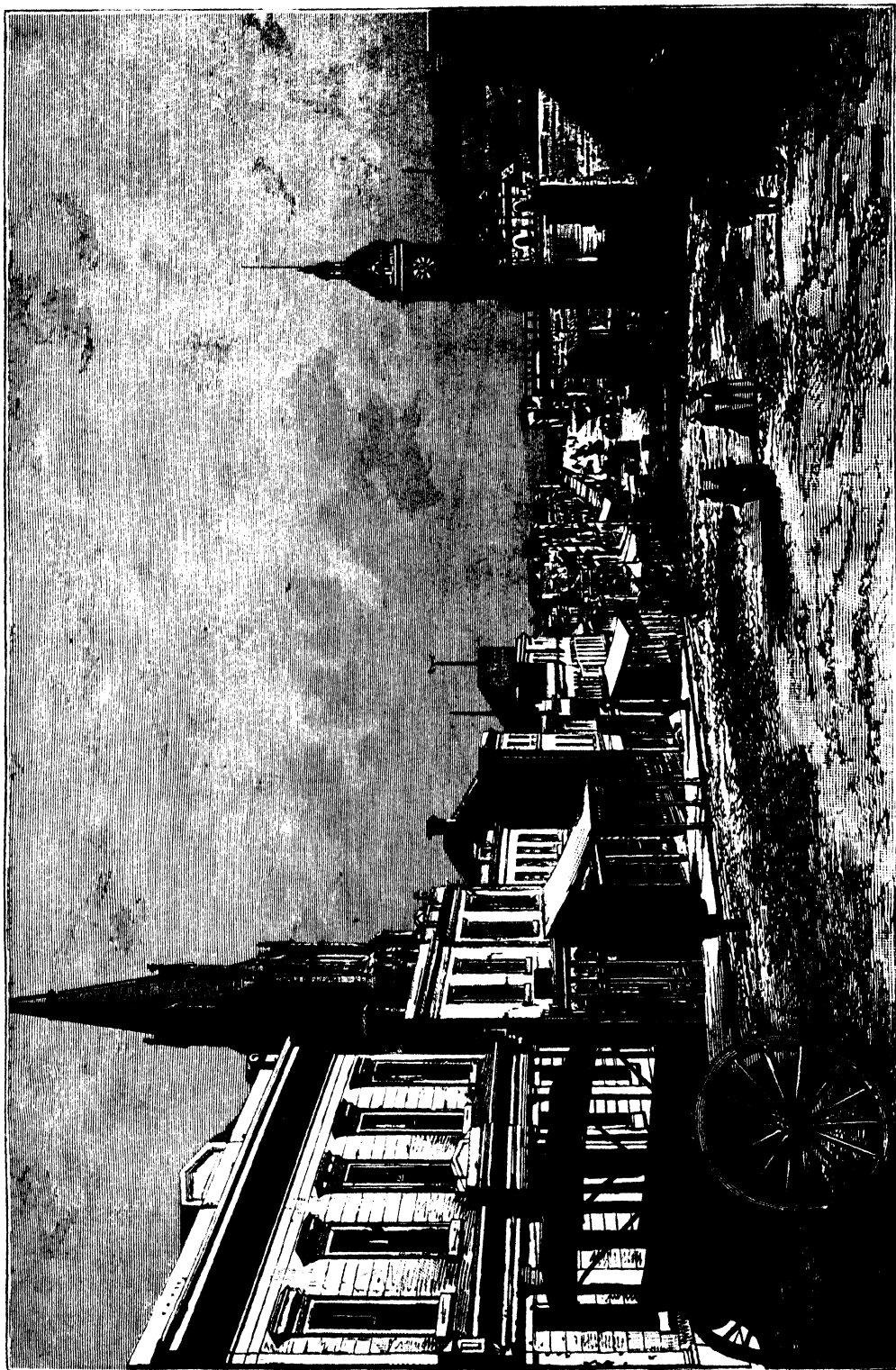


of the town. Between these grand streets run four narrow lanes, equally long but only thirty-three feet wide, the "back slums" of Melbourne, named respectively Little Lonsdale Street, Little Bourke Street, Little Collins Street, and Flinders Lane. Here are situated the workshops and the homes of the industrial classes, also in some parts the rookeries of the lazy and disreputable, the "residuum" to be met with in every great city. All these thoroughfares above named are crossed by nine other streets running north and south, half a mile long and ninety-nine feet broad, macadamised throughout, and provided with side pavements twelve feet in width. Of these north and south streets the central one is Elizabeth Street, lying along the bottom of a valley, so that all the east and west streets slope down to Elizabeth Street in the centre, and then rise again. In rainy weather Elizabeth Street receives the surface-water of the whole city, and in fact becomes an impassable river rushing down to the Yarra-yarra. Bourke Street, which is the central street of those running the length of the city, is as crowded as Oxford Street on any fine afternoon; it has splendid hotels, luxurious restaurants, theatres, concert-rooms, and so forth. The western part of the street has been compared to Cheapside, and has plenty of good shops. In Collins Street are the emporiums of fashion, also the great banking and mercantile houses; in Collins Street West the medical gentlemen form a little colony. These broad streets, and the solid stone buildings that line them, give a decided appearance of magnificence to the city. The public buildings, of which we shall speak presently, are many of them really grand. But it must be acknowledged that some of the streets are certainly very unequal; none are splendid throughout; open spaces or mean-looking houses intervene between palatial-looking edifices. The foot-pavements are in many cases sheltered by verandahs, a very agreeable arrangement in the intense heat of a Melbourne summer. The streets are well watered, but occasional "dust storms," which fortunately are brief in their duration, are very annoying, and defy all attempts to lay them.

The out-door life of Melbourne is very interesting to observe. A varied crowd of rich and poor are always seen out of doors—shopping, promenading, sight-seeing, or engaged in the duties of their callings. "In Collins, Bourke, Swanston, and Elizabeth Streets, on a fine afternoon may be seen, regardless of a heat up to 80°, hosts of ladies flitting about in the most airy and fascinating style—fluttering like so many butterflies in the sunshine—some very pretty, but all interesting to look at, though generally having pale complexions. As to their dresses I am at a loss to describe them, so great is the variety of tint and texture . . . All these diversities, however, harmonise very well together, and produce a picture of out-door life very agreeable to the spectator, very airy, very gay and lively . . . All this may possibly indicate a tendency to extravagance and a love of display; but it indicates at the same time a large mine of wealth in the background—a certain amount of affluence and luxury, which proclaim the rapid strides that civilisation has made, and the large and rapid fortunes which settlers are enabled to accumulate in the colony of Victoria."

At the intersection of Collins Street and Russell Street stands a monument commemorating the tragic fate of Burke and Wills, who perished in an attempt to cross the Australian Continent. Upon a granite block, of which the lower part is adorned with bas-reliefs in bronze embedded in the stone, is placed a group in bronze, larger than life-size, representing





COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

the ill-fated explorers. Burke is standing erect, as if in the attitude of surveying the distant horizon; Wills is seated beside him on the trunk of a tree, and, note-book in hand,



THE MONUMENT TO BURKE AND WILLS.

seems waiting to take down the observations of his chief. The first bas-relief at the base represents the triumphal departure of the expedition from Melbourne in the midst of a great concourse of people. The second represents Burke on his return from the Gulf of Carpentaria, finding no one at the tree agreed upon as a rendezvous, and which his friends have quitted

only a few hours before. Here he is seen burying his documents. In the third, King is discovered, nursed by the blacks. In the fourth the emaciated body of Burke is found by Howitt, led by his native guides.

The expedition commemorated by this monument was one of several undertaken by the Australians for the purpose of unveiling the secrets so long hidden in the interior of their great continent. In this work of discovery the colony of Victoria took a very prominent part, although it had the least to gain by exploration. Its boundaries were within thoroughly explored districts, so that no new discoveries could affect it. Yet owing to its enthusiastic efforts the continent was crossed four times in less than a year, and more knowledge of the interior obtained than that arising from the explorations of the previous thirty years. In 1859, an Exploration Fund of £3,200 was raised in Victoria by subscription, and supplemented by a grant of £6,000 from the Legislature. Twenty-four fleet camels were procured at great expense from India. The command was given to Robert O'Hara Burke, a Superintendent of Victoria Police, and previously connected with the Irish constabulary and Austrian cavalry. One of his colleagues, and third in command, was William John Wills, of the Melbourne Observatory, a young hero with a passionate love for exploration. In August, 1860, the party, consisting of fifteen men with their camels and provision for twelve months, set forth, amidst the acclamations of the Melbourne citizens. A depôt was established at the Barcoo River, and on December 16th, Burke and Wills, with two men named Gray and King, pushed forward with a horse and six camels northward. Overcoming great obstacles, they crossed the McKinlay Mountains, and at length reached the Flinders River, where they met the tidal waters from the Gulf of Carpentaria. On February 23rd, 1861, they commenced the return journey, having accomplished the feat of crossing the Australian Continent. On April 16th, Gray, who had been taken ill, died. On April 21st, Burke, Wills, and King reached the Barcoo rendezvous to find it deserted. The expedition had abandoned the depôt that day, giving their companions up for lost. The three adventurers wandered about in the wilderness till near the end of June, subsisting miserably on the bounty of the natives, and partly by feeding on the seeds of the *nardoo* plant. At length both Burke and Wills died of starvation. King was nursed and tended by some friendly blacks, and was found in their care by the relief expedition under command of Mr. A. W. Howitt. Four other relief expeditions besides Howitt's were sent out from various points, and the bodies of Burke and Wills were recovered and brought to Melbourne for a solemn public funeral. The whole subject of Australian exploration is one of absorbing interest, but it would be foreign to our subject to touch upon it further.

Turning now to the public buildings of Melbourne, the local opinion is that "the city abounds in edifices which rival those of the older capitals of Europe, and which, though of recent and rapid construction, are as substantial and enduring as are those of any place in the world; the material, bluestone, of which most of the warehouses and many of the public buildings are in whole or in part constructed, being, so to speak, of an imperishable nature." The House of Parliament, situated on an elevated site at the top of Bourke Street, when its grand façade and tower, 250 feet in height, are finished, will be a magnificent structure. The richly-decorated halls in which the two Chambers meet have each a measurement of 76 feet by 40 feet, and 36 feet in height. There are splendidly

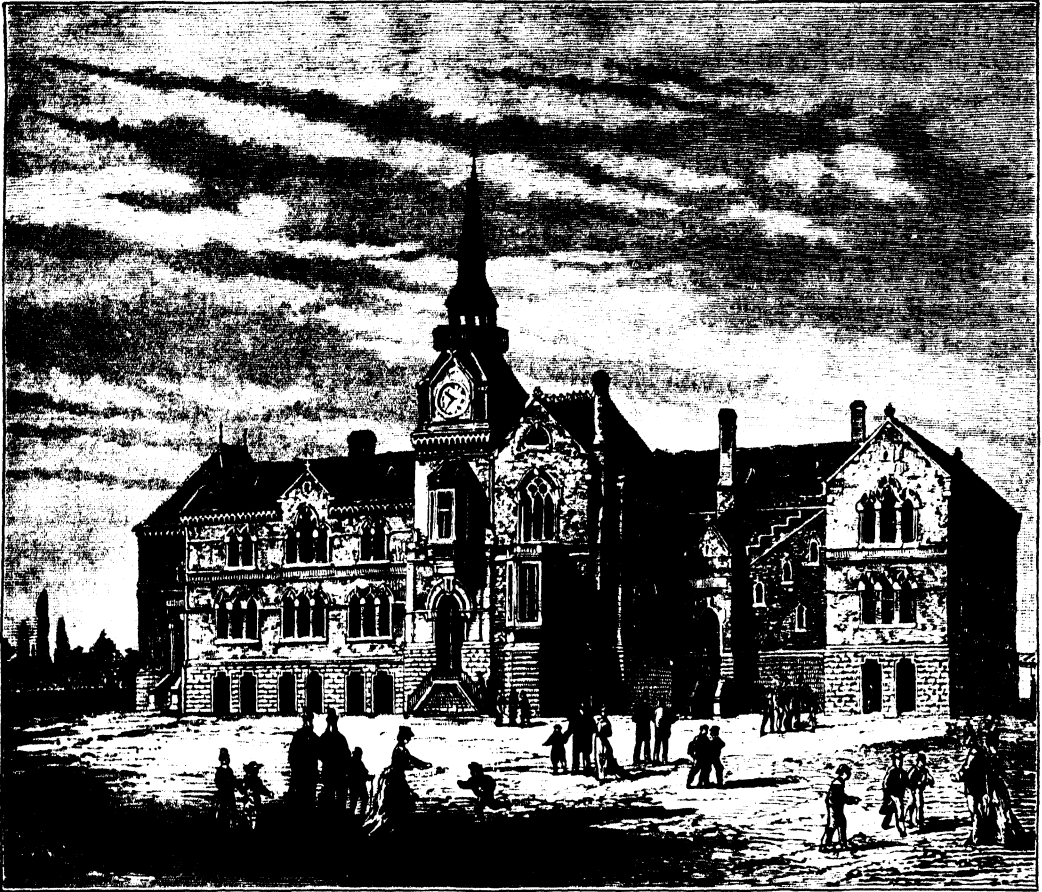
appointed reading and other rooms for senatorial comfort and convenience, and a well-stocked library.

The Government of Victoria consists of a Governor (representing the Crown), a Legislative Council, and a Legislative Assembly. The various Ministers form an Executive Council (or Cabinet). The Legislative Council consists of thirty members—five from each of the six provinces of the colony. They are elected for ten years, and during their membership are entitled to the prefix "Honourable." The Legislative Assembly consists of seventy-eight members, returned by forty-nine electoral districts, and serving for three years. To vote for a member of the Legislative Council, certain educational, professional, or property qualifications are necessary, but the election of the Assembly is practically by manhood suffrage. All voting is by ballot. The Constitutional Government is now firmly established, and their political rights are valued by the more intelligent of the working classes. There is frequently considerable excitement at election times, and no little energy of battle amongst the rival parties. But the greatest good-humour invariably prevails, and the proceedings are quiet and orderly. The community is pervaded by a strong sense of fairness and justice, and in their political conflicts, as in other respects, the Victorians show themselves to be a law-loving and law-abiding people.

The Government House, with its square tower, 145 feet in height, is a palatial building conspicuous from many parts of the city. Here the representative of Queen Victoria is magnificently lodged. From the summit of the tower there is a splendid panorama of sea and land. The Treasury is a fine pile of buildings; the base is of bluestone, and it is faced with a warm-toned freestone above. The Law Courts are a complete palace of justice—a splendid edifice in the Italian style. Of the public buildings of Melbourne some assign the palm to the Post Office, the claims of art and utility having been remarkably harmonised. It is on a low site at the corner of Bourke and Elizabeth Streets, which somewhat detracts from the general effect. Upon a base of bluestone stand the two façades, faced with beautiful white freestone. At the angle rises an elegant clock-tower, with clustered columns and pilasters, first Doric, then Ionic, then Corinthian supporting the clock-storey. Some of our readers may be surprised to hear that Victoria has no penny postage. The rate of postage for town, inland, or intercolonial letters is twopence per half-ounce. The Government Printing Office and the Mint, substantial buildings with every modern appliance, we must only mention in passing.

The above edifices belong to the Colony, but the City of Melbourne has not been behindhand with respect to its municipal institutions. Of the Town Hall, a beautiful and commanding edifice, the citizens are justly proud. It is of the Renaissance architecture, with pavilions and columns and pilasters, and an elegant tower rising to the height of 140 feet. There are innumerable rooms and offices for civic purposes, and a great hall 175 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 65 feet high. This lavishly-adorned hall accommodates 4,000 persons, exclusive of the orchestra, where 500 performers can be comfortably placed. The organ is said to be one of the largest and finest in the world. The foundation-stone of this edifice was laid on November 29th, 1867, by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and inaugurated in August, 1872, with grand ceremonials and festivities. The expense of the opening ceremonies, amounting to £4,000, was defrayed by the Mayor of Melbourne from his own private purse. The total cost of the building was nearly £100,000.

Melbourne has a University, but before speaking of it, a few words as to education in Victoria may be desirable. An Act establishing a free, secular, and compulsory system of education came into force on January 1st, 1873. All the school properties are vested in a Minister of Education responsible only to Parliament and the country, and virtually the appointment or dismissal of all officers is at his disposal. All children between six and fourteen years of age are compelled to attend school. The only excuses for non-attendance are—

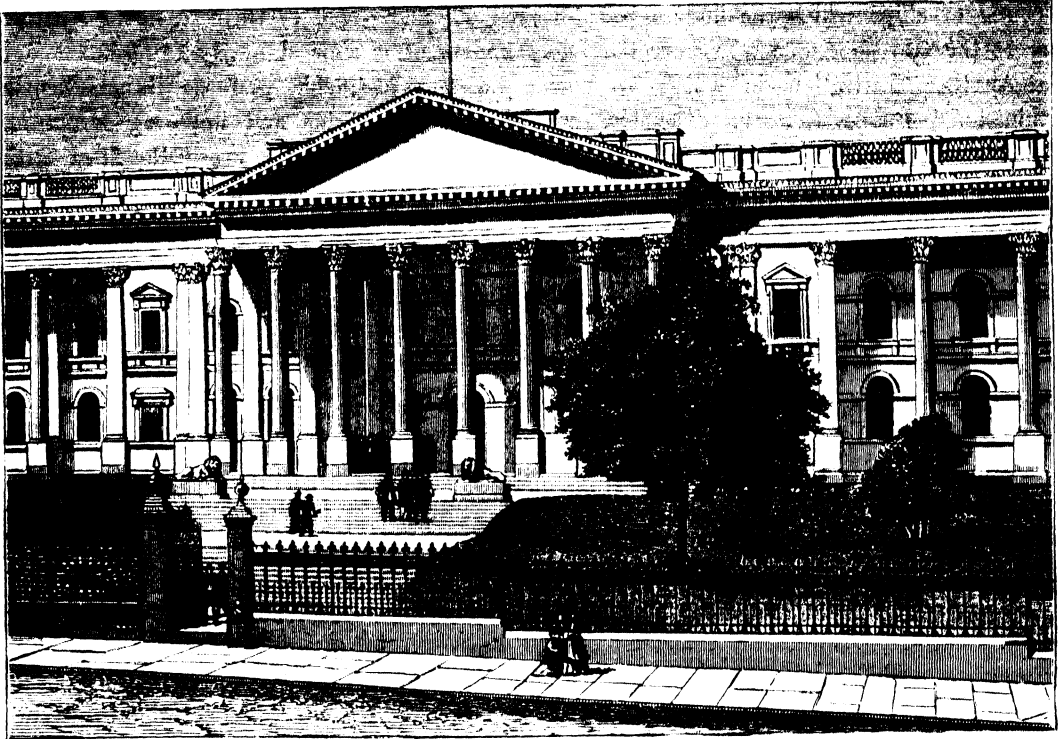


PUBLIC SCHOOL.

efficient education elsewhere; sickness, fear of infection, or any unavoidable cause; distance of over two miles from a State school. There are "truant officers" to enforce the provisions of the Act. Of course many of the denominations support their own schools in addition. In 1879 there were 231,169 children attending the 1,456 State schools in the colony, and there were 37,582 scholars at the private and denominational schools. Some of these are first-class grammar schools, belonging to Church of England, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, and other sects.

The Melbourne University was incorporated by Act of the Victorian Parliament in 1853, and was opened in 1855. It is very doubtful if any country ever exhibited such an institu-

tion before in the twentieth year of its existence. By royal letters patent issued in 1859, its degrees and diplomas entitle the holders to the same rank and precedence as if obtained at any University in the United Kingdom. It is endowed by Government to the extent of £9,000 a year, the Professors having liberal salaries and residence. It is under the government and control of a Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor (selected from a Council of twenty members, of whom sixteen *must* be laymen), and of a Senate and Warden. The building stands on a commanding site in its own park of about a hundred acres, with fine views of the city and bay. In the park are some affiliated colleges and halls belonging to



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

different denominations, intended to afford residence, domestic superintendence, and tutorial aid to students attending the University, and also to serve as theological seminaries.

In connection with the University there is a Museum—a large hall with galleries running round it—in which are displayed stuffed specimens of Australian birds, beasts, and reptiles. The immense variety of Marsupialia, for which Australia is so remarkable, is here fully exemplified. Kangaroos eight feet high, and the various grades of pouched creatures possessing four legs but only running on two, down to marsupial rats and mice, all figure on the shelves. Here also are specimens of pink cockatoos, gay-plumaged parrots, black swans, emus, the grey ostrich and its emerald-green eggs, and the strange ornithorhynchus with the skin of an otter and the beak of a duck. Upon the walls are displayed the bones of the Diprotodon—an awful kangaroo of the Tertiary epoch, whose pouch rivalled the capacity of a modern



omnibus. In this Museum also the chief industries of the colony are technically illustrated. There is a very complete exhibition of models of mines and mining implements and machinery. Everything connected with the gold diggings, from the tin basins and rough appliances of the first digger up to the most complicated steam-engines now used in crushing quartz, has a place here, and also everything to do with local architecture, agriculture, weaving, and trades of all sorts. Among the curiosities of the Museum is a model of the famous "Welcome Nugget" found at Ballarat in June, 1858. It weighed 184 lbs. 9 oz. 16 dwts., and was considered the largest in the world. But in February, 1869, it was beaten by the "Welcome Stranger" nugget, which yielded when melted 189 lbs. 10 oz. 14 dwts., exclusive of about a pound of chips which the finders had knocked off and given to their friends. By this nugget the two poor men who were the lucky finders of it realised nearly £10,000.

Another institution in which Melbourne takes a justifiable pride is its excellently administered Public Library. The building itself is a massive and imposing structure. The lower storey is a Museum of Painting and Sculpture. There are halls filled with busts and sculptures, including casts from the most celebrated specimens of ancient and modern art—so that our Victorian cousins can see what the Venus de Medicis and the Apollo Belvedere are like without travelling to their antipodes. One hall contains an interesting collection of portraits of Australian and New Zealand Governors, and a collection of Chinese curiosities. The latter may be, to some extent, considered local, for Melbourne has an important Chinese quarter, of which we shall presently say a word. On the same floor also is a large picture gallery containing many good works, and no doubt destined to a greater development in the future. A grand flight of stairs leads to the upper storey, occupied by the magnificent Free Library of Melbourne. This spacious reading-room is 230 feet long by 50 feet wide and 34 feet high. The library contains nearly 109,000 books, admirably arranged according to their subjects. During the year 1879 the number of readers was 266,839. Readers help themselves to any book they wish for. Any man or woman who is decently attired and can behave respectably "can have books, shelter, warmth, chair, table, and light up to ten at night, day after day, night after night, year after year—and all for nothing." There are one or two side rooms specially reserved for the use of ladies. A local writer is only right in saying that "this spacious gallery, with its pillars and cornices and lofty roof, finished in a high style of art, and its capacious niches on the right hand and left, crowded with volumes in every department of literature, substantially and elegantly bound, would be esteemed a gem in any city of the world."

The first public religious service took place in Melbourne in April, 1836, when the Rev. Mr. Orton, a Wesleyan minister, read the service of the Church of England, sitting beneath the trees on the eastern slope of Batman's Hill, an eminence which has for the most part been levelled to form the site of the railway station. For some time afterwards Captain Lonsdale, the police magistrate, used to read the service every Sunday in the primitive court-house. In October, 1838, the first Church of England clergyman arrived, and preached his first sermon from the text—"I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." For a time a wooden building, which we have referred to in a previous page, served both as church and school-house, adjoining

to which, on November 9th, 1839, was laid the foundation of St. James's Church, the first built in the city.

The churches and chapels of Melbourne are numerous, and much money has been freely spent in erecting them and making them worthy of the city. A cathedral for the Church of England, towards the erection of which large sums have been contributed, stands at the corner of Swanston and Flinders Streets. Its external length is 273 feet, the width 126 feet; the central tower and spire 156 feet, and the building will accommodate upwards of 1,700 persons. The Roman Catholic Cathedral (St. Patrick's), which has been many years in the course of erection, is a fine building. The Scots Church, built of brown freestone and the celebrated white Kakanni stone, is in the Early English style of architecture; its elegant and graceful steeple rises to a height of 211 feet. The Wesleyan Chapel with its lofty spire in Lonsdale Street is said to be the finest edifice which that denomination possesses in the world. The Independent Church is a Saracenic edifice of brick and freestone with a massive square campanile. The Baptists and numerous other denominations have their chapels and meeting-houses, needing no special comment. Till December 31st, 1875, the sum of £50,000 was annually granted by the State for the support of religion. This was divided equally and unconditionally, according to the number of supporters of each church, as shown by the census returns. The Church of England, Roman Catholics, and Wesleyans used to accept this grant; the Presbyterians left it as an open question to their ministers; the Independents, Baptists, Society of Friends, and some other sects refused it. But all the denominations are now entirely self-supported, and support their church and Sunday-school work vigorously by the free contributions of their members.

Akin to religion is the work of charity. There are in the colony (mostly in Melbourne) seventy-three hospitals, refuges, asylums, and similar institutions. The capacious Melbourne Hospital, with its 400 beds, treats 20,000 patients annually. In the Benevolent Asylum are comfortably lodged unfortunates who from age and infirmity are incapable of taking care of themselves. The deaf-and-dumb, the blind, orphans, emigrants, servants, and others, all have their special interests cared for. In practical benevolence and in strenuous effort for the ignorant and depraved, the Melbourne community will compare favourably with any in the old country.

Of barracks and gaols and cemeteries, of literary institutes, club-houses, hotels, and banks, of arrangements for gas and drainage, and so forth, we need not speak; neither need we of railway stations and street-vehicles. In all these and many other respects the wants of a great city are well cared for. Docks and wharves also are plentifully provided.

Just below the basaltic rock known as the "Falls" there is about a mile of wharfage along the north bank of the Yarra, and a dry dock that will admit ships of 1,100 tons. On the opposite shore are ship-yards, foundries, factories, and so forth, with their huge cranes and varied appliances. The river at this point widens out into what is called the Pool. The shipping part of the river is separated from the more sylvan portion by Prince's Bridge, a fine stone arch of 150 feet span. Above the bridge gaily-painted skiffs and pleasure-boats of every size and variety may be seen skimming to and fro. There are one or two other bridges, and on account of the great increase of traffic an iron

bridge of three arches, with two dry arches at each end, is about to be constructed at a cost of £100,000. Our readers must not suppose that the Yarra is a conspicuous feature of Melbourne. It is pretty, tortuous, and rapid, with varied banks, but, as Mr. Trollope remarks, "it seems to have little to do with the city. It furnishes the means of rowing to young men, and waters the Botanical Gardens. But it is not a 'joy for ever' to the Melbournites as the Seine is to the people of Paris, or as the Inn is to the people of Innsbruck. You might live in Melbourne all your life and not know that the Yarra-yarra was running by your door."

Yet the scenery of the Yarra-yarra is very pleasant just outside the city. Studley

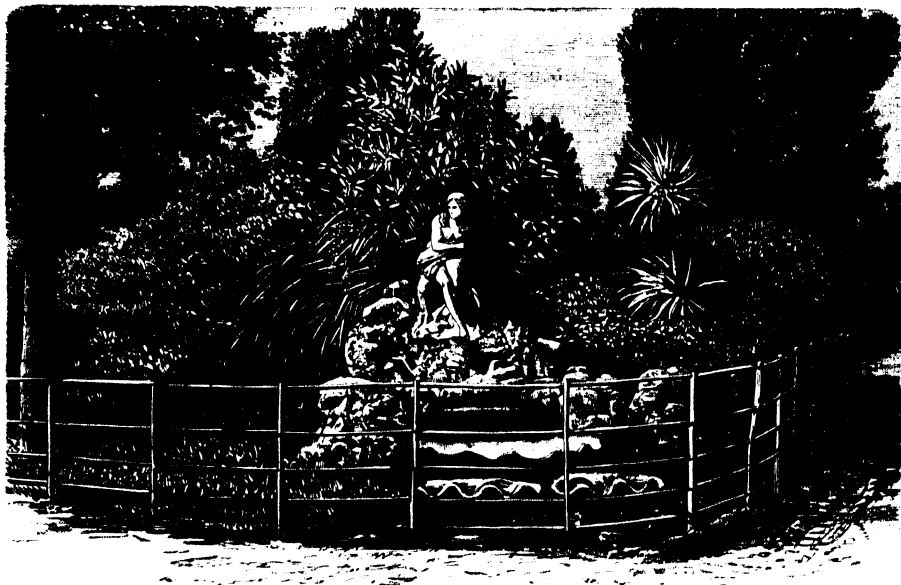


THE TREASURY.

Park is one of the best places to view its picturesque and intricate windings. Studley Park is a large hilly recreation-ground of over 200 acres, by which the Yarra flows in loops, and curves sometimes between steep banks clad with vines and fruit-trees. There are some rapids here locally called the "Falls," close by the spot where the little Meri-meri brings down all tributary waters. The walk along the Studley Park banks, 100 feet above the little river below, is a very pleasing one. The stream, generally so peaceful, has swelled at times to a great river. In 1863 it rose forty feet, and overflowed the lower parts of Melbourne and the lowlands between it and Sandridge. Great damage was done to vineyards and other cultivated grounds on its banks. The destruction of rare trees and plants in the Botanical Gardens was very lamentable.

There are several markets in Melbourne. One of the principal, and perhaps the most

interesting, is the Eastern, familiarly known as "Paddy's Market," built at a cost of £77,223. Early in the morning on Wednesdays and Saturdays this market presents an animated scene. The abundant stores of potatoes, cabbages, pineapples, peaches, apricots, plums, and a variety of other fruits and vegetables, attract a goodly concourse of buyers. But it is on Saturday night that this market bursts forth in its full glory, when the stalls are lit up with gas-light. Along the passages an immense crowd of men and women and boys and girls passes continuously, gazing, buying, talking, laughing, whilst the dealers shout the merits of their wares. Everything that can be eaten or drunk, or worn, or worked with or played with seems on sale here. Oysters, stockings, crockery, chisels, Bibles, song-books, old clothes, opossums, tinware, black swans, and innumerable other things are



FITZROY GARDENS.

all near at hand; fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables of every sort are cheap and plentiful. "Cheap Jack" shouts his bargains, and Punch and Judy and Dog Toby attract their crowd as in the old country. Mutton is a very abundant article. "I was attracted by a loud voice," says an eye-witness, "calling out, 'This way for cheap mutton!' A red-faced man in butcher's garb was standing on a barrow in the midst of the crowd. Around him were piled a number of half-carcases of sheep, ready dressed for cooking. The mutton was sweet, and of fair average quality. The salesman was holding up his half-sheep (cut lengthways through the middle), while he waved the other hand with animated gestures towards his audience. 'Cheap mutton here! come along, now's your time; who'll buy cheap mutton?' A pause ensues; the mutton is lowered for a moment to ease the arm; up it goes once more, and then I hear him sing out, 'Sold again and got the sugar!' (colonial slang for ready money). 'Half a sheep for a shilling!' The purchaser was a little girl, who tottered along with her load as if she held a little brother upside down.

A young man took another at the same price. But there were few bidders; the supply was evidently greater than the demand; and it was certain that the salesman would have several half-carcases unsold. . . . What, I thought, would the starving poor, the employed and the unemployed classes of London and Manchester, and of the other great towns and cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland, think of this—half a sheep for a shilling, and scarcely any bidders!”

In Little Bourke Street there is a Chinese quarter. In the dull, dark, and not very clean shops, tea, rice, opium, and various articles specially required by the Chinese are the chief commodities sold. The adjacent houses are tenanted by swarms of Celestials. Of these Chinese immigrants, numbers are hawkers in the streets of Melbourne, carrying about various fancy wares in baskets suspended from the ends of stout bamboo-canes laid across their shoulders. The Melbourne Chinese destroy their picturesqueness by trying to resemble other colonists. “When you have seen one,” says the Marquis De Beauvoir, “you have seen five hundred: yellow as tobacco-juice, screaming like cockatoos, with a smell that would frighten the rats away, they dress themselves up as Europeans and dandies, and hide their long pig-tails under the collars of their waistcoats, thereby destroying all their charm.” The Chinese immigrants appear to be for the most part a law-abiding and very industrious race, but it would be impossible to enter here into any consideration of the various phases of the “Chinese question.” At Emerald Hill there is a Chinese joss-house, or place of worship, with all appurtenances for the due celebration of religious rites.

The city of Melbourne proper has no open spaces, but in the contiguous municipalities which unite in forming Melbourne—as Finsbury, Chelsea, and other places unite to form London—there are numerous parks, gardens, and reserves. The most extensive are the Botanical Gardens, on the south of the Yarra, excellent as specimens of landscape gardening, and stocked with a valuable collection of choice plants and trees. They rise in a succession of terraces from a bend in the river, and enclose what was once a swamp, but is now a lake, with its mimic islands—the haunts of water-fowl innumerable. Upon the banks the tall Indian bamboo and the Nile papyrus are seen flourishing. About the gardens are plots of olive, tea-plant, tobacco, cotton, and so forth; terraces of aloes; hedge-rows of the beautiful cupressus; and, in short, collections of trees and plants and flowers from almost every clime. The various walks make up an aggregate of twenty-two and a half miles. The conservatories for delicate plants, the aviary, the playground, the shrubberies peopled by the English thrush and other songsters, the secluded bowers, the museum, with its 350,000 specimens: all these and other attractions combine to render the gardens a spot of great interest to the naturalist and tourist, and a very favourite resort of the citizens of Melbourne. There are numerous other gardens and parks, and reserves and squares round about Melbourne, as, for instance, the Carlton Gardens, in which stands the International Exhibition Building, and the Fitzroy Gardens, a really beautiful spot in the midst of a dense population.

Surrounding the city proper are several townships, each with its own Mayor, Town Council, and prominent Town Hall. These suburbs, though only helping to form the great aggregate generally known as Melbourne, would be very respectable towns by themselves. Thus, Collingwood has over 18,000 inhabitants, Emerald Hill 17,000, Richmond 16,000, Fitzroy 15,000, and so on. Three of these suburbs—North Melbourne, East Melbourne, and

Collingwood—are contiguous to the city proper. Collingwood, with its abundant taverns and pleasure-gardens, and long rows of dwelling-houses, is the popular quarter, forming a striking contrast with the elegantly-built adjacent suburb of Fitzroy, where the tranquil streets and houses and inhabitants seem ever to wear the aspect of aristocratic calmness. At Richmond, beyond Fitzroy, one is already in the country; the streets ascend and descend the hilly slopes, forming umbrageous avenues, and bordered by gardens, and elegant cottage residences scattered here and there in picturesque confusion. St. Kilda may not inaptly be termed the garden of Melbourne. Its beautiful villas are tenanted by the most affluent of the merchants, lawyers, and public officials of Melbourne. It is a sea-side resort, as are also Brighton and Queenscliffe. To all the outlying suburbs a good service of railways conveys the citizens from their places of business to their semi-rural homes. On the south and east, outside the suburbs named, the metropolis of Victoria is surrounded for miles with scattered villa residences.

Melbourne is supplied with water from the celebrated Yan Yean reservoir, an artificial lake nine miles in circumference, situated twenty miles from the city. The site is at the base of the Plenty Ranges, and looks as if formed by nature for its present purpose, being hemmed in by sloping elevations on the north, east, and west, so that it only required to be enclosed on the south to form one of the finest reservoirs in the world. The artificial barrier is a magnificent embankment, 3,159 feet in length, and thirty-one feet high, 170 feet wide at the base, and twenty feet at the top. But in the centre of this embankment is a solid wall of puddle, with foundations ten feet below the natural surface of the ground. This wall is thirty feet thick at the base, and ten feet at the top. By thus damming up the accumulation of water flowing down from the adjacent hills, the valley has been transformed into a lake holding 6,500,000,000 gallons of water, and consequently able to supply unfaillingly the 10,000,000 gallons required by Melbourne daily. A million of money has been spent on this great work, on which Melbourne people look with no little pride.

Besides Melbourne there are three other towns in Victoria of considerable importance—Geelong, Ballarat, and Sandhurst. Geelong dates its rise from the same period as Melbourne, and at one time rejoiced in the hope of becoming the capital of the growing colony. It was incorporated as a town in 1849. It is situated forty-five miles to the south-west of Melbourne, on Corio Bay, the western arm of Port Philip. The town is well laid out; on the northern side it slopes down to the bay, and on the south towards the river Barwon; it is sheltered by the Ballarine range, and is considered to be the healthiest town in the colony. The country around is very fertile, abounding in farms, vineyards and orchards, and Geelong itself much resembles a quiet English seaport town. In the sheltered bay there are four very capacious bathing establishments, which are well supported, not only by the residents of the locality, but by large numbers of up-country residents, who stay here as visitors for many weeks during the summer season. The streets of Geelong are wide, and are mostly built at right angles, and abound with attractive shops and well-filled stores. The public buildings are numerous and handsome; amongst the most important being the Town Hall, Hospital, Chamber of Commerce, and the numerous banks and churches.

Geelong is an important commercial centre. It had become famous in the wool trade before Victoria was revolutionised by the gold discoveries. Here was established the first

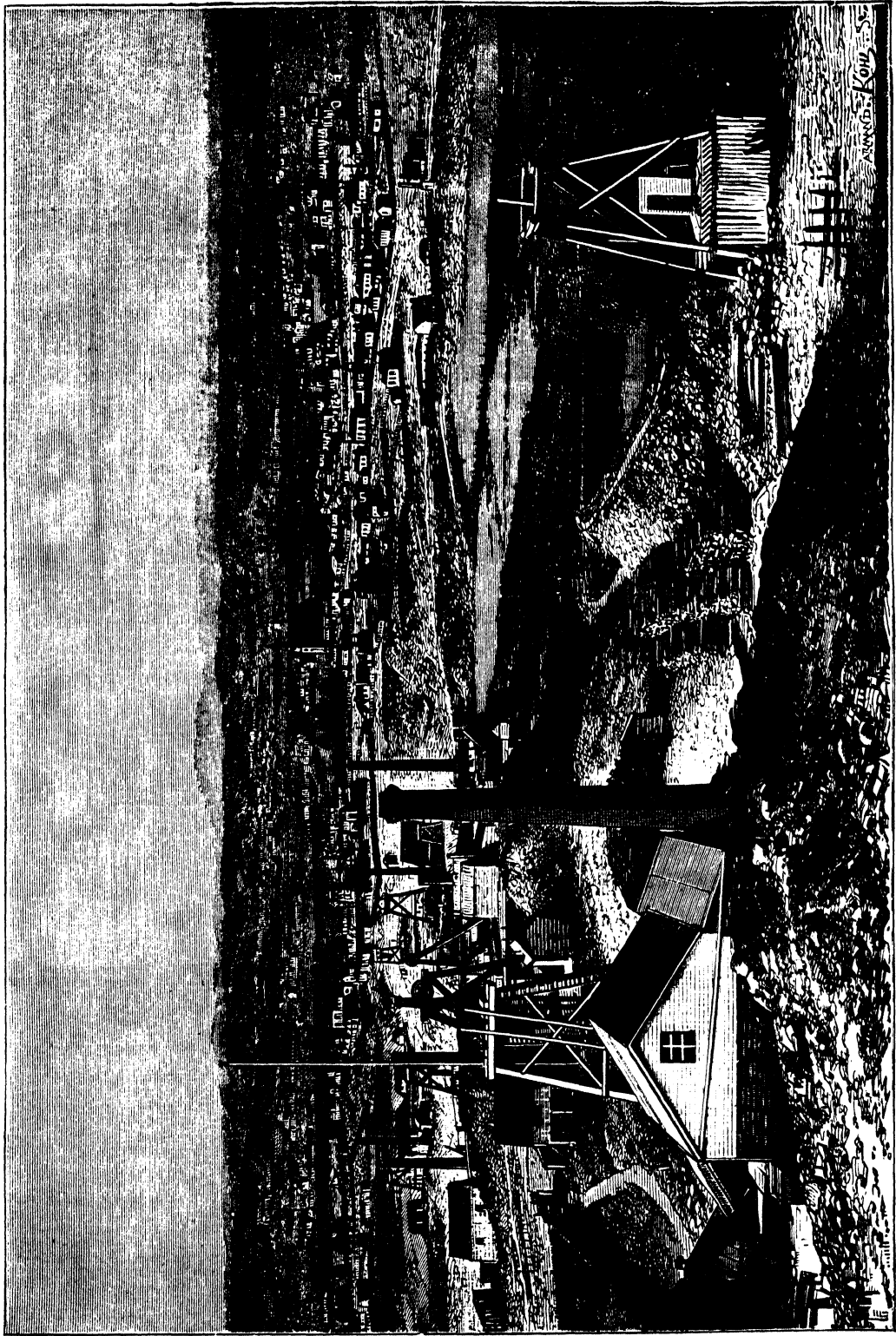
woollen mill in the colony. The looms of Geelong send their products throughout Australia, these products consisting mainly of excellent tweeds, and to some extent shawls and blankets. But an immense quantity of Australian wool is shipped from Geelong direct to England for manufacture. The harbour is large and deep, and since the bar was cut, at a considerable cost, the largest wool ships have been able to take in their lading at the wharves. On the Barwon river there are some immense tanneries. The extensive works of the Meat Preserving Company, which once did an enormous trade, are now closed. Geelong has been connected by rail with Melbourne since 1855; the result has been more advantageous to the latter city than the former. The present population of Geelong is 23,200.

The city of Geelong stands for the most part on a ridge extending along the edge of Corio Bay, the principal streets running up to the summit or crest, but the ascent is so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible. The top of the ledge is level for a considerable extent, and here are situated most of the churches and public buildings, within large enclosures. Many of the more beautiful forest trees have been allowed to remain, so that the whole effect is very pleasing and picturesque. On the opposite side is a gradual descent through the public pleasure-ground, bordered by well-built streets, to the Barwon river.

Next to Melbourne in population and importance is Ballarat, the great city of the gold-fields, standing upon the southern side of the Great Dividing Range, 104 miles W.N.W. of Melbourne, with which city it is connected by a railway *via* Geelong. Nearly 48,000 inhabitants reside in this spacious and well-built town, which had no existence prior to the gold discoveries. It is situated in the midst of a fine undulating country, 1,437 feet above the level of the sea, and is rich in social advantages and civic institutions, schools, hospitals, public gardens, free libraries, and so forth, abounding here. It is the gold-mines which have created and still largely support the town; but in addition to this source of wealth, the district around Ballarat is well suited to agriculture. Large crops of wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes are gathered in, and the pasturage is so excellent that the wool from the neighbourhood of Ballarat commands the highest price in the market.

The streets of Ballarat display the usual features of a metropolitan city, with plenty of handsome shops and public buildings, also a theatre and various places of amusement. The city consists of two townships, called East and West Ballarat, divided by a small stream known as the Yarrowee Creek. Each township has its own Mayor and Councillors. East Ballarat, which lies the lowest, is the oldest portion of the town. The chief thoroughfare here is Bridge Street, a narrow roadway, both sides closely packed with shops for the sale of all sorts of ware and commodities. In local parlance East Ballarat is known as "the Old Town," yet its site was wild forest before 1851. Ballarat West is now the principal part of the town for banks, hotels, and mercantile establishments. The main thoroughfare is Sturt Street, a noble centre roadway, about 200 feet wide, bordered by rows of substantial brick and stone-built houses, handsome banks and other public edifices, and a spacious public garden. Here, too, is situated the famous Ballarat Mining Exchange, with its motley group of stock-jobbers, shareholders, and speculators.

The immediate suburbs of Ballarat are exceedingly unprepossessing in appearance; the digger has set his mark everywhere; immense trees lie scattered about; the ground is disfigured by huge chasms; everywhere it has been dug up, scoured, and deformed. Indeed,



THE MINES OF SANDHURST.



it is not impossible that the very town may have to be pulled down and rebuilt in following out the richest veins of gold. The neighbourhood has been described by a French traveller as "a labyrinth of works, a chaos of infernal excavations; while here and there in the bewildering throng gigantic funnels vomit out smoke in convulsive gasps, bells ring, creaking iron wheels are set in motion, immense pumps discharge the muddy water—a human ant-hill is in motion. This is Ballarat. The search after gold has given this valley the appearance of an infernal region. I know no place more calculated to impress the imagination of any one who has not yet pictured to himself what men will venture in this feverish task of searching for gold in the bowels of the earth." The harvest that has been gathered in by the disfigurement of the valley and the adjacent hills is estimated at £160,000,000 sterling.

It was on June 10th, 1851, that the first particle of gold was discovered in the bed of a tributary of the Loddon; at Mount Alexander it was found on July 20th, and at Ballarat on September 8th. In one month 20,000 persons, and in a year 105,000, flocked breathlessly along the road to this spot. An immense camp sprang up—the parent of the present handsome city, whose suburbs, however, still consist of scattered tents, where the latest arrivals bivouac.

A volume might be filled with anecdotes of remarkable "finds" in the Victorian gold-fields. In midsummer, 1869, two poor men were at work in a gully, when, on digging round the roots of a tree, the pick of one of them came upon something very hard. The man exclaimed he wished it had been a nugget, even if it had broken his pick. It proved to be a nugget, and one destined to be famous, for it was the "Welcome Stranger," referred to in our notice of the Melbourne Museum. A waggoner was one day driving his team along the road, when his wheel, in turning up the soil, suddenly exposed to view a considerable lump of shining matter. The waggoner stooped to pick it up, and by so doing became the owner of a nugget which proved to be worth £1,600.

In the early days of sluicing, a Scotsman was working an extensive claim and employing a number of men under him. His last shilling was spent before any gold was found. He told his men he had no more funds, and could go on no longer. They had a great respect for him, and subscribed among themselves enough to carry on the works for a few weeks. Gold was soon afterwards found in abundance. The Scot retired with £40,000, and made over the mine, while still in full yield, to the men who had so generously helped him.

On one occasion two men who had just arrived from England sat down to rest on the outskirts of a spot to which there had been a recent rush. It was a broiling hot day, and they were glad, after their toilsome walk up the country, to rest in the shade of an old gum-tree. As they sat, one of them, rubbing up the earth with the heel of his boot, disclosed to view something hard and yellow-looking. Pulling it from the ground, they found it was a huge cake of veritable gold. Without having had to use pick or spade, they had realised a fortune, and, speedily turning their backs on the diggings, they took the first ship home.

The search for gold at the present time displays three different modes of working—viz., the working of the veins of quartz, the working of the alluvial loam, and the working of the surface soil. The quartz-mining is particularly exemplified at Black Hill, which has huge slices cut from its sides, and is traversed by galleries, and in some places has huge apertures showing the daylight right through it. Here men are constantly engaged by a company in

working and blasting the veins of auriferous quartz. This quartz is brought out to a large wooden shed, where sixty immense crushers, each weighing a ton, crush it into sand. The sand is mixed with water, forming a thin mud, from which, by mechanical arrangements and the presentation of sheets of mercury on an inclined plane, the gold is retained and all other impurities allowed to escape. On the amalgam of gold and mercury being heated in crucibles, the mercury evaporates and pure gold is left at the bottom of the pans. Gold to the value of nearly a million sterling has been taken from Black Hill. The different companies engaged in quartz-mining near Ballarat employ about 4,000 men.

About the same number of persons are employed in the alluvial mines. These are mostly situate in the sandy ground south of Ballarat. Shafts are sunk, and the gravel—drawn up from the veins, which are considered to be the beds of extinct rivers—is carefully washed, and the nuggets and gold-dust separated.

But besides the operations of the great companies, the search for gold is still carried on by an immense number of independent diggers, who search for themselves in unexplored valleys, or glean from the detritus of neglected mines. These still “rock the cradle,” as in the earliest days, washing the grains of gold from other substances by careful handiwork. From ten to sixteen shillings a day is thus realised, and nuggets worth from £2 to £4 are often found, even in ground that has been turned over and sifted and washed by former searchers. The poorer Chinese have even found it worth their while to scrape up and wash the sand on the roads, but have had to be restrained by penalties from doing so.

The really profitable working of the gold-fields is now in the hands of the great companies, who take the land from the Government on long leases. Originally each miner had, for a licence of thirty shillings a month, eight feet square of ground to dig in; he can now have a plot for five shillings a year. The mounted police had great trouble at one time in obliging miners to show their licences, and keep to their eight-foot plots. There is a Court of Mines in each district, whose judges are named by Government, and for cases of appeal there is a Mining Board of ten members, elected by all the miners who are on the register.

Ballarat drew upon itself considerable notice in connection with the stand made by the miners against what they considered the arbitrary and unjust tax at first imposed on them. The mining population rose in arms against the authorities, the result being that a conflict took place in which many lives were lost and much property was destroyed. At the junction of Eureka and Stawell Streets in Ballarat East, the miners constructed what was termed the Eureka Stockade, and here the principal collision between the troops and the miners took place. The stockade was carried by storm by the military on Sunday, December 3rd, 1854. Some thirty or forty of the miners were killed, and a large number wounded. Several of the soldiers were wounded, and a captain and three privates killed. The site of the stockade is about to be enclosed for the erection of a suitable monument. The “rebel flag,” the Southern Cross, was captured by a soldier of the 40th Regiment, and is likely to be placed in the Melbourne Museum. There are two monuments in the cemetery, near each other—one to the memory of the officers and soldiers, and one to the memory of the miners, who fell at the stockade.

There is only one other town in Victoria with a population of over 10,000, namely,

Sandhurst, formerly known as Bendigo. It is situated on the Bendigo Creek, 100 miles N.N.W. of Melbourne, and connected by railway with that city. It stands nearly 800 feet above the sea-level, amongst ranges of low, wooded hills. Between these hills and the town the country presents a rough, desolate appearance, similar to the neighbourhood of Ballarat, and from amongst the mounds and chasms and heaps of *débris* rise numerous tall chimneys. Sandhurst is, in fact, the head-quarters of a rich gold-producing region, consisting principally of quartz ranges, to all intents and purposes inexhaustible in their treasures, and consequently bidding fair to be a source of revenue for long years to come. The district first became populated in the year 1851, in consequence of the discovery of rich alluvial deposits of gold. More recently, commercial enterprise has developed in the working of the quartz-reefs by deep-sinking, and, in consequence, Sandhurst has grown and flourished exceedingly. The town contains 100 miles of streets, and has a population of 25,755. It is a very smart, compact town, with well-formed streets, well-built churches, hospitals, banks, hotels, gaols, and other public buildings, neat red-brick dwelling-houses, and trim gardens. The principal street is a pleasant promenade, bearing the name of Pall Mall. On one side is a line of handsome and imposing shops, filled with their tempting stores, useful or ornamental; and a convenient verandah shelters you from either rain or noonday sun, as you gaze at the varied display. On the opposite side of the street is Rosalind Park, a pleasant garden with trees, and with lawns of green lucerne as a substitute for grass. There are two other recreation reserves in Sandhurst—the Camp Reserve and the Botanical Gardens. The latter are laid out in beautiful style, choice and rare shrubs have been planted in abundance, and there is a good collection of foreign birds and animals. The great source of wealth in Sandhurst is, of course, the gold-mining, but numerous other important industries are also carried on. There are several extensive breweries, some large iron foundries, and various establishments for coach-building, pottery, stone-cutting, tanning, brick and tile making, &c. Vines have also been grown in the neighbourhood, and some of the wines produced at Axe Creek have attracted attention in European markets.

Mining operations in the district of Sandhurst give employment to 5,560 miners, of whom 780 are Chinese. The value of the machinery employed is nearly half a million. The field at present worked covers 144 square miles of country, and contains 775 distinct quartz-reefs. In the half-year ending June, 1879, the Sandhurst mines produced 79,040 ounces of gold.

There are several other thriving townships in the colony of Victoria, but none of them of sufficient population to take rank with those which we have described. The wonderful growth and development of those important towns, within the memory of so many still living, must strike us with astonishment. It is another convincing proof of what Anglo-Saxon energy can achieve in far-off lands. In that Austral clime, another England is rising into being, perhaps to play as important a part in the southern hemisphere as the mother country has in the northern. Not by any means as idle boasters, but as resolute and earnest toilers, have our southern cousins inscribed the words "Advance, Australia!" on their national escutcheon; and the record of the past, brief as has been its duration, gives ample promise of a glorious fulfilment of the prophetic words.



THE BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE.

## PARIS.

Origin of Paris—Roman Paris—Subsequent History—The Palaces: Louvre—Tuileries—Luxembourg—Palais Royal—de l'Élysée—de Justice—du Corps Législatif—Hôtel de Ville—Bourse, and other Public Buildings—Markets—Fortifications—The Churches of Paris and their Stories—Promenades, Parks, and Gardens—The Boulevards—Street Life of Paris—The Cemeteries—The Environs—Versailles—St. Cloud.



A GENDARME.

PARIS, the gayest capital of modern civilisation—the goal of pleasure-seeking pilgrims from every quarter of the globe—the city that, according to Victor Hugo, combines in itself Athens, Rome, and Jerusalem—the apotheosis at once of beauty, strength, and truth—the city which in its most prosaic aspect commands respect as including within the circuit of its far-stretching *enceinte* a population of nearly 2,000,000—Paris, like most other cities of historic fame, has gradually risen from an insignificant beginning to its present height of power and glory. Across the broad hill-encircled basin, upon which the modern city stands, flows the river Seine, hemmed in on either bank by five miles of quays between Auteuil and Bercey, spanned by five-and-twenty bridges, and passing on its way palaces, churches, and edifices linked with innumerable historic and legendary associations. The river in its course encircles two small islands, and on the larger of these, the Ile de la Cité, the nucleus was formed of that grand aggregate which after nearly twenty centuries of growth and development is now known to all the world as Paris.

Old chroniclers have recorded many fanciful legends of the origin of the city, but the earliest authentic history we have is of a hunted tribe fleeing from some unknown locality, and treating with the Senones, a tribe of the Gallic Confederation, for a strip of land on which to settle. The fugitives were known as the Parisii—that is, borderers. On seven small islands of the Seine, that have now become two, these rude hunters and fishers built their village of thatched mud huts, and called it Lutetia—"dwelling of the waters." As skilfully as they knew how they fenced in their primitive citadel, and connected it with the mainland by two bridges. On both sides of the river were marshes and forests, abounding with wild boars and other game. Here they sought their prey, and on the high places now known as Mont St. Geneviève, Montmartre, and elsewhere, they reared their rough-hewn altars, and celebrated the mystic rites of their religion.

Such was the state of things when the eagles of Rome appeared upon the scene. It was on the banks of the Seine that, in B.C. 53, the tribes of the Gallic Confederation gathered in a vain effort to stem the tide of Roman conquest. To prevent its falling into the hands of the foe, the Gauls burnt Lutetia, and subsequently fled in disastrous rout before the legions of Cæsar's lieutenant, Labienus. Then for 400 years the island stronghold disappears from the page of history. It is certain, however, that Lutetia was speedily rebuilt, and in an improved fashion—probably by Julius Cæsar himself. For Paris, like every other place with a history, has given up its secrets to scientific excavators, and we know that Roman towers and temples and other edifices were reared on this island, and that Roman laws and institutions were adopted. It was a Roman provincial town when Julian, surnamed the Apostate, dwelt in it, about A.D. 355. He appears to have had a special fondness for the place, which he calls his "dear Lutetia." He raised the town to the rank of a Roman city, changed its name from Lutetia to Parisia, built temples, and also a palace, a theatre, and an aqueduct, and placed the city under the government of a Roman prefect.

While Paris was under Roman rule, it was visited by Constantine and Valentinian, and several other Emperors. Its commerce was in the hands of a powerful trading guild, the *Nautæ Parisiaci*, whose symbol still figures in the city arms. Christianity, if monkish legends err not, was introduced in A.D. 250 by St. Denis, who died for the faith on the hill henceforth known as Montmartre. Paris was in the enjoyment of Roman civilisation and luxury when, in the fifth century, the Empire was crumbling into ruins. Fierce tribes from beyond the Rhine swept over Gaul, and Paris was seized by Clovis and his Franks. Under the influence of his pious wife, the Burgundian princess Clotilde, and her friend St. Geneviève, this monarch, first of the Merovingian line, renounced his paganism and built churches. He also built a wall with gates and towers round the island. For two centuries and a half the Merovingian dynasty lasted, and for Paris it was a time of stagnation and decay. In 752, Pepin, Mayor of the Palace, seized King Childeric, shaved his head, and threw him into prison, and became the first monarch of the Carolingian line. But the Kings of this race seldom dwelt at Paris, and did little for it, and when the puny successors of Charlemagne were ruling the remnant of his Empire, Paris under its Counts had often to fight fiercely for its very existence. Again and again the Northmen ravaged and burnt the outlying suburbs; once, in 857, they sacked the

city; at a later date they besieged it for two years. Paris found its own Counts more efficient and powerful than the nominal Kings, and in 987 Hugh Capet was elected to the throne, on which his descendants sat for 800 years.

Up to this time Paris had been one of the smallest cities in Gaul, but under the protection of the religious houses outside, villages had sprung up, which were ultimately included in the city. Under its new race of powerful and vigorous monarchs, Paris grew apace and flourished. In the reign of Louis le Gros 3,000 students were attending the lectures in her schools, and walls were built to include La Ville on the northern bank of the Seine, and L'Université on the southern bank, as well as La Cité on the island. Philippe Auguste, who embellished Paris with many new buildings, commenced the paving of the streets, and erected new walls with 500 towers and 130 gates. Whilst John the Good was a prisoner in London, Stephen Marcel, Provost of Paris, was the real ruler of the city, and considerably extended the fortifications. The churches rang with *Te Deums* when Paris came into the power of the English Henry VI., when it was governed by the Duke of Bedford, and again in 1436 when Charles VII. came back to his throne. But under this monarch Paris had a very bad time of it. War and faction had depopulated the city, and now successive years of famine and the plague still further wasted it, till wolves were prowling in the very streets. Louis XI. found the city so drained of inhabitants that in 1466 he actually invited the malefactors and refugees of all countries to come and settle in Paris. But these were not the only classes that were attracted to Paris; the King encouraged art, literature, and commerce; the merchants flourished; the University was crowded; the famous schools of medicine were founded, and the first printing-press was set up in the Sorbonne. It is said that when Louis XI. died, the population of the city had risen to 300,000. Francis I. (1515—1547), the intolerant persecutor of the Protestants, promoted literature and art, and completely changed the aspect of the city; sixty new streets were added, and King and nobles vied with each other in raising magnificent edifices, and in rebuilding the parts of the city which had been laid waste in the wars. Henry II., who lit up Paris with the incessant flames that consumed his Protestant subjects, was frightened at the growth of the city, and issued an order that no more houses should be built in the suburbs; but the edict was, of course, just as successful as similar edicts were in London and other great cities about the same time.

Francis II., husband of Mary Queen of Scots, stayed the persecution of the Protestants that had raged for thirty-seven years, and was succeeded by Charles IX. Then the haughty Catherine de Medici appeared upon the scene, bidding new palaces arise at her command, and deluging Paris with blood in the terrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In the wars of religion Paris suffered frightfully. In 1588 it was held for six months by a Commune which revelled in bloodshed, and prefigured Communes of a later date; from October, 1589, to 1590, it was besieged by Henry of Navarre; the most loathsome animals were consumed for food, and 13,000 of the wretched inhabitants perished before the siege was raised. Peace and order were at length restored, and many additions were made by Henry IV. to his conquered capital. Although for political reasons he became a convert to Romanism, he, by the Edict of Nantes, gave peace and security

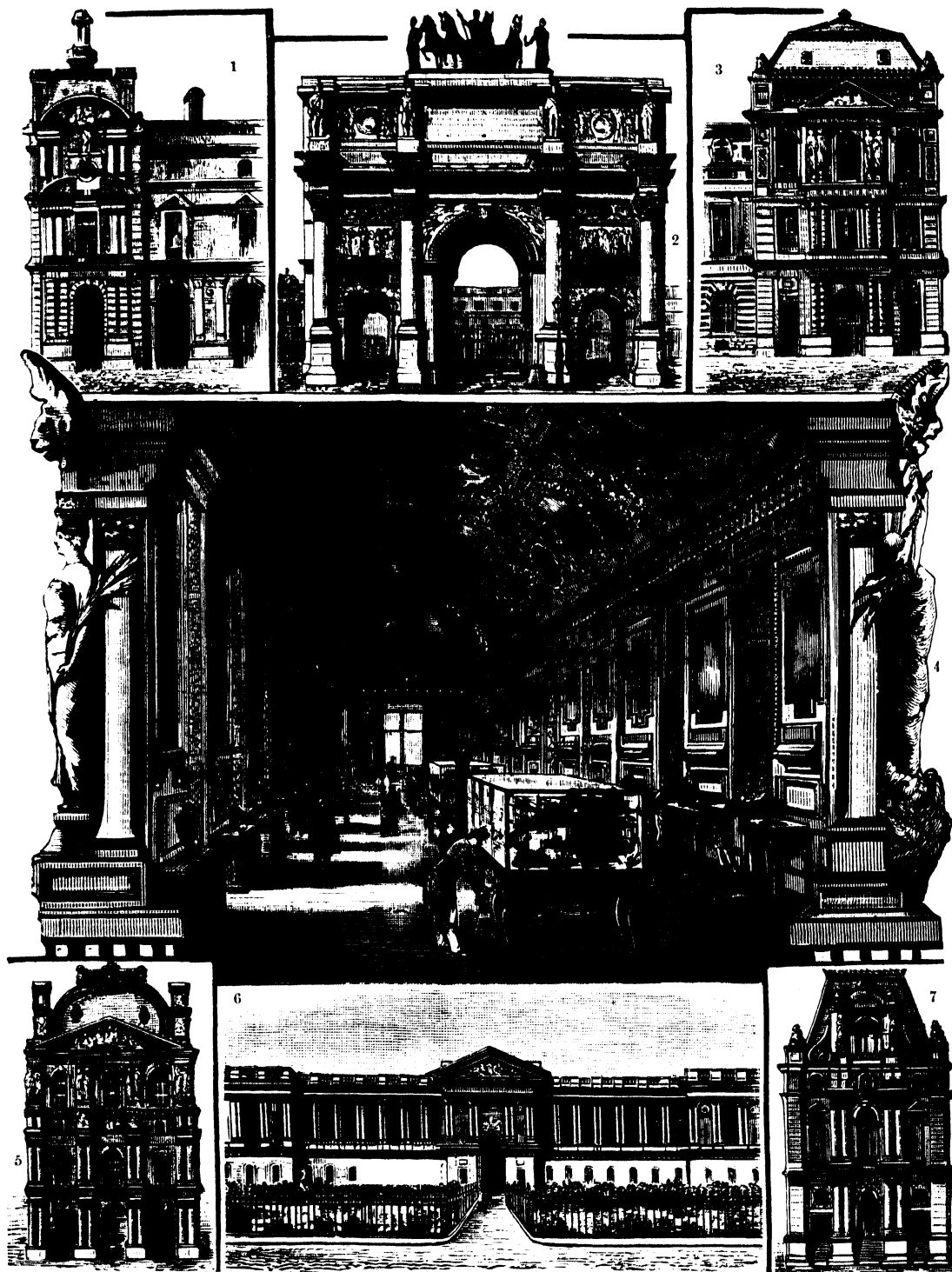
to the Protestants, a peace which continued until the Revocation of the Edict in the next reign, when the best blood of the nation was sent into exile, and a severe blow was dealt to the commercial resources and manufacturing industries of France.

Through all these troubles Paris increased in size and grandeur, and stately buildings multiplied. In 1610 Henry IV. died by the hand of Ravaillac, and Paris came under the sway of Louis XIII. and the great Cardinal Richelieu. New palaces, houses, quays, and



PARIS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

bridges rose on every hand, and fortifications were constructed to include the Tuileries, hitherto without the city. The new wall crossed what was afterwards to be the Place de la Concorde to the Madeleine; its course from that point to the Seine was to have a world-wide fame in future years under the name of the Boulevards. Under the fostering care of Louis XIV. and the Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, with the great ministers Mazarin and Colbert, Paris developed marvellously; thirty-three churches and numerous other edifices were erected; eighty new streets were built, and many old ones improved and renewed; palaces were enlarged and gardens planted; elegant squares and public places were created, and the streets for the first time were lit with lamps suspended from cords stretched across the way. These cords were doomed to be put to terrible uses when "*À la lanterne!*"



# THE LOUVRE.

- 1, Pavillon of Rohan; 2, Triumphal Arch, Place du Carrousel; 3, Pavillon of the Library; 4, The Apollo Gallery; 5, Pavillon of Richelieu; 6, Façade of the Old Louvre; 7. Pavillon Turgot.



should become a shout of dread. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle no more foreign invasion was feared; the ramparts were levelled, and the famous Boulevards created. In 1652 Paris echoed with the shouts of battle as Turenne and the Royalists closed in deadly fray with Condé and the Frondeurs. The King, disgusted with civic turbulence and uproar, retired to the splendour and pageantry of his new palace at Versailles, and Paris ceased practically to be a royal city until that fearful day in 1789, when the people went forth *en masse* to bring Louis XVI. back to the bosom of his people. Still, under Louis XV. and the Régent, the Duke of Orleans, many sumptuous houses rose in the faubourgs of St. Germain and St. Honoré; the Panthéon and other new churches were built, and the southern Boulevards laid out, while the octroi wall and barriers were erected by the farmers-general of the taxes. Then came the Great Revolution, stamping Paris with the ineffaceable impress of events that will be more particularly alluded to in our description of the city and its existing monuments.

The "Reign of Terror," the Directory, the Empire, the puppet Kings of the Restoration, the July Monarchy, the "Men of Forty-eight," the Second Empire, the Prussian invasion, and the Commune—of what these did to Paris, or for Paris, we shall find abundant evidence in our survey of the fair city that seems now, under happier auspices, to have entered on a new career of prosperity and peace.

No less than sixty acres in the very heart of Paris were covered by the magnificent group of palaces known as the Louvre and the Tuileries. The latter is now a mass of ruins, but destined no doubt to rise from its ashes in renewed splendour. The Louvre, with its grand façades, pavilions, and colonnades, and its splendid halls, saloons, and galleries, still stands as the proudest monument of the ancient royalty of France, as well as of her imperial splendour in modern days. Down to the water's edge in ancient times stretched a dense forest, in which King Dagobert built himself a hunting-seat, afterwards transformed by Philip Augustus into a citadel and a group of towers. This stronghold was used by succeeding monarchs as a State prison. It became dilapidated, and although restored and furnished up for the reception of the Emperor Charles V., the result was so unsatisfactory that Francis I. determined to rear a stately modern palace in lieu of the old feudal castle. Pierre Lescot, one of the greatest architects of the Renaissance, aided by the noted sculptor Jean Goujon, commenced the work which has from time to time afforded occupation for French monarchs and architects ever since. Three Queens—Catherine de Medici, Marie de Medici, and Anne of Austria—successively lavished sumptuous decorations on the interior; Louis XIV. and Colbert built the eastern and southern façades. But the King relinquished his project of completing the work in favour of his new caprice at Versailles, and a considerable part of the building was roofless till finished by Napoleon I. His nephew, Napoleon III., at a cost of 25,000,000 francs, made vast additions, building elaborately-sculptured pavilions, and porticoes, and colonnades, until the Louvre and Tuileries formed one immense and stately pile completely surrounding the Place du Carrousel.

The historic memories of the Louvre sweep by like a stately pageant, as for more than a hundred years it remained the abode of "the gay Court of Bourbon."

It had not long been the royal residence, when fresh from the convent shades came the fair Queen of Scots, enchanting all hearts by her beauty and her gifts of music and song, and at the age of thirteen astonishing the Court by her delivery of a Latin oration "On the Necessity of Female Education." As bride of Francis II., she reigned at the Louvre for a few short months, and then, a forlorn widow, hied back to her mountain home. Then Charles IX. ascended the throne, and beside him sat his infamous mother, Catherine de Medici, the real ruler of France. A ruthless massacre of the Protestants was planned, and on the memorable eve of St. Bartholomew forth from the Louvre rushed the chief conspirators, with their white scarves and crosses, to begin the work of blood, which went on and on till in Paris alone it is said that 10,000 persons were slain. In the streets adjacent to the Louvre, hundreds of the Protestant nobility and gentry who had been invited to the marriage of Henry of Navarre with the King's sister, Margaret of Valois, were murdered at their lodgings, while in the very palace itself victims perished; the young bride had her robes stained with blood shed in her presence; the bridegroom and his brother, the Prince of Condé, were brought before Charles and commanded to abjure their religion within three days. Then, according to a popular tradition, the King hastened to a window of the Hôtel de Bourbon, and fired upon his subjects as they fled in terror. Two years afterwards and a chamber at the Louvre saw the bigot King mad with remorse, and dying of a terrible disease.

Henry III. dwelt for a time at the Louvre till faction and civil war drove him from his capital, and he perished at St. Cloud by the assassin's knife; and here, too, after subduing the city, Henry of Navarre had his abode, and here his life ebbed slowly away when he was brought home bleeding from Ravallac's murderous attack. At the Louvre Marie de Medici dwelt as Regent with her young son, Louis XIII., contending with sedition till the great Richelieu had established the power of the monarchy. It was in a hall of this palace that she harangued the discontented civic authorities, and producing the young King, cried, "Here is your King and your master."

The Louvre was occupied by Louis XV. in his minority, and the "Garden of the Infanta" keeps alive the memory of his Spanish bride. Since then the palace has developed into a wonderful series of grand museums. Miles of paintings, choice sculptures innumerable, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, bronzes, historical relics, engravings, designs, and models are amongst the treasures of this grand store-house of the arts and sciences. The spoils of Napoleon's campaigns—*chefs-d'œuvre* of painting and sculpture from the chief cities of Europe—were exhibited here until the Allies had them restored in 1815.

Twice the Louvre was attacked by the people—in 1830 and again in 1848—but they respected the national property, and the museums were left intact. In 1871, however, the Communists set fire to one of the wings, and the valuable library of 90,000 volumes and many rare and interesting MSS. were entirely destroyed. "On the night of the 23rd May, a troop of insurgents entered the library and ordered the Concierge to pour petroleum into the different rooms, and on his refusal they imprisoned him with his wife in his own lodge, and proceeded to set fire to the building. Next day the Government troops, under General Douai, arrived in time to release the honest custodian from his perilous situation, and to arrest the further progress of the flames."

It was in the year 1662, whilst discontent and disaffection were spreading amongst his starving people, that Louis XIV. spent £50,000 on a festival of which a grand mock tournament was the conspicuous feature. From this tournament, to which knights and nobles came from all Europe, the Place du Carrousel derives its name. The Triumphal Arch which adorns this remarkable space was reared by Napoleon I., and crowned with a figure of Victory and the four Bronze Horses stolen from the Church of St. Mark in Venice.\* At the peace of 1815 these horses went back to Venice, and copies have since occupied their place. Beneath this Triumphal Arch in 1867 rode Bismarck and his royal master in company with Napoleon and Eugénie. Who shall say that the Chancellor was not laughing inwardly over his forecasts of coming events?

To the west of the Place du Carrousel, before the Communist outrages in 1871, rose the five heavy Pavilions and ranges of lower buildings forming the Palace of the Tuileries. Louisa of Savoy, mother of Francis I., once occupied a Hôtel des Tuileries, so named from adjacent tile-fields. On the site of this Hôtel, Catherine de Medici bade Philibert Delorme build for her a stately home, suited to her Italian ideas of pomp and splendour, and worthy of commemorating for evermore the glory and ambition of the princely houses of Valois and Medici. She had demolished her unlucky Palace des Tournelles, but when her new palace was rising into being, she remembered too late that it was in the parish of St. Germain, and near St. Germain, astrologers had said she should die. She died at Blois, attended, it is said, in her last moments by a bishop who bore the fated name.

Although the Queen would not make the Tuileries a dwelling-place, many were the festivities held here in which her majestic figure took the foremost place. Grand was the revelry in the Tuileries Palace when the young King of Navarre wedded Marguerite of Valois. At a masked ball, whose significance became apparent in the light of after-events, there was a mystical performance, with elaborate scenery, in which twelve richly-apparelled nymphs were seen walking in the Elysian Fields. Charles IX. and his brothers, as knights fully armed, guarded the gates of Paradise. Other knights, led on by the Protestant princes, Henry of Navarre and his brother the Prince of Condé, strove to enter Paradise, but were prevented and driven into Hell. The latter region, peopled with weird-looking devils and devilkens, was represented in another part of the hall. Four days afterwards, the King was crying, "Kill! kill!" as he hounded on his ruffians to their work of slaughter.

Additions to the Tuileries were made by Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., but under the latter King the Court moved to Versailles, and for a long period the Tuileries was only used for grand fêtes or as a resting-place for any of the royal family passing through Paris.

Its real history begins with the Revolution, close upon a hundred years ago, and the story of that hundred years is a strange wild mingling of gay revelry and bloody strife, of triumphant joy and despairing agony, of trustful hope and lofty aspiration, and of madness, perfidy, and crime. To tell that history in detail would be impossible here; only a few of the most striking events can be noted.

On an October evening in 1789, Louis XVI. was brought from Versailles to the

\* See page 131.



PLAN OF PARIS AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

Tuileries by an insurgent people. Strange things had been happening since the tide of revolution began to flow at the meeting of the States-General in the previous May—blood had been spilt in Paris, the Bastille had been destroyed, and in that day's procession Louis XVI. had seen the heads of some of his murdered guards borne on pikes in ghastly triumph. A few days later the National Assembly located itself at the adjacent Riding School, and set to work vigorously to develop its revolutionary policy. Now and again there was rioting in Paris, and the friends of the royal family were in terror, especially when, on February 28th, 1791—thenceforth known as the *Journée des Poniards*—a false rumour arrived that Lafayette was assassinated, and that the people were coming to attack the palace. Six hundred gentlemen with swords and pistols and daggers waited in the saloons of the Tuileries to defend the person of their King. But Lafayette and his National Guards appeared, and the humiliated cavaliers were compelled to surrender their arms, and go forth amidst derision and personal indignities. It is no wonder that the royal family wished to leave this unquiet Paris.

In April, a visit to St. Cloud was arranged, and the carriages were drawn up, when the tocsin was heard to ring out from the Church of St. Roch; the Place du Carrousel was filled with a raging crowd, and the King of France found himself a virtual prisoner in his own palace. He decided upon fleeing the country and joining the emigrant nobles at the frontier. On June 20th, the royal family rose in the dead of the night, and by degrees got to the rendezvous, where a carriage awaited them. The Queen was the last to emerge, and was almost immediately startled by having to step out of the way of General Lafayette's carriage as, lit by flaming torches, it dashed past. Her party were waiting for her at the spot where the Rue de l'Echelle now joins the Rue de Rivoli; but the poor Queen took a wrong turning, crossed the Pont Royal, and wandered for an hour along riverside quays and streets. At last the fugitives got together and started, but the ill-arranged flight came to nothing, and on the evening of the 25th, amidst a vast concourse of people, the royal family were brought back to the Tuileries—prisoners both in name and in reality.

Events in Paris happened suddenly then as they do now; by September a new constitution had been formed, the King swore fidelity, his popularity was restored, and he was set at liberty. All Paris was *en fête*, and the vast front of the Tuileries blazed with transparencies and festoons of coloured lights. But within the palace there were aching hearts and gloomy forebodings, and the 20th June, 1792, seemed like the beginning of the end. A mob of 8,000 people, armed with sticks and pikes and scythes, swept through the saloons and corridors of the Tuileries. In an embrasure of a window sat the King, wearing the red cap, and drinking the health of the people, and for hours listening to the yells and execrations of the mob. In the council chamber Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin, with Madame Elizabeth and a few others, sat behind a table as the horrible crowd surged past and gave vent to its passion in wild oaths and blasphemy. Rapidly approached the climax of suffering. Nowhere was the royal family safe from insult. "Austrian woman," cried the sentinel, as Marie Antoinette one day looked from the window, "I wish I had thy head on this bayonet!" The 10th of August arrived. All through the previous night Paris was raging in its frenzy. Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth stepped out on

to the balcony and heard the furious roar—bells were ringing, artillery wheels rumbling, and ever and anon came the rattling of musketry. The palace was besieged, and Louis and his family fled for safety to the National Assembly, to return to the Tuileries no more. Meanwhile, through the palace swept the raging mob, and the brave Swiss Guards, essaying a last vain effort to fulfil their trust, were brutally massacred.

In April, 1793, the Convention located itself at the Tuileries, occupying the Salle des Machines, where Voltaire was publicly crowned in 1771. From time to time the palace was again besieged by ferocious crowds, overawing the deputies and dictating the course of procedure. At length, in 1795, when the adjacent streets were thronged by the turbulent sections, the rising young General Napoleon Bonaparte displayed his method of restoring tranquillity by sweeping the streets with cannon-shot. In a few years that young general had seized the helm of power, and the Palace of the Tuileries once more rejoiced in the pomp and splendour of a Court.

From the Tuileries in May, 1800, Napoleon set out with a light-hearted farewell to Josephine, to scale the Alps and conquer at Marengo, and round the Tuileries eight weeks afterwards exulting Paris gathered in her thousands to hail his return with shouts of triumph. It became his favourite residence as Emperor, and in its ante-chambers kings jostled each other as they waited for his approach. Here, in 1809, Josephine signed the deed that divorced her from the husband who never ceased to love her. Next morning, veiled from head to foot, the ex-Empress passed down the marble staircase to her carriage, and left the Tuileries for ever. Here to her daughter Hortense (wife of Napoleon's brother) a son was born, destined hereafter to mount his uncle's throne as Napoleon III. Early in 1814, in the Salle des Maréchaux, Napoleon harangued the National Guard, and entrusted his wife and child to their care. But the Allies soon neared Paris, and Marie Louise hurried away with the young King of Rome, never to see Paris or her husband again. A Bourbon once more ruled at the Tuileries when the news came that Bonaparte had escaped from Elba, and was hastening to Paris. Again the palace saw the midnight flight of a King, and next morning at the palace gate appeared the Emperor in his usual grey *redingote*. But the "Hundred Days" terminated at Waterloo, and nobles of the old *régime* flocked back to the Court of the Tuileries as Louis XVIII. and Charles X. successively reigned, till crowned imbecility culminated in the notorious Ordinances of July, 1830. Once again the palace was invaded by the people, and the splendid furniture carried away or destroyed. Three days sufficed to change the dynasty, and Louis Philippe became King. Learning nothing from the past, he blundered into tyranny; the people rose once more; again the Tuileries was sacked, and the very throne dragged away and burnt at the Place de la Bastille. There was barely time for Louis Philippe and his Queen to cross the gardens in safety, enter a carriage on the Place de la Concorde, and drive away. For ten days the mob bivouacked in the palace, making free with the royal wine-cellar, and carousing in the royal bed-rooms, until ejected by order of the Provisional Government.

After the Revolution of 1848, the Palace of the Tuileries became a hospital; in the following year it was used for an exhibition of paintings; Napoleon III. restored it to more than its original grandeur, and here, over a splendid Court, thronged by "fair women and brave men," the lovely Eugénie presided, till the star of the Bonapartes

finally sank at Sedan, and the Empire crumbled into dust. Once more the mob of the faubourgs swept in its mad fury through the saloons of the Tuileries. The fair Empress had to seek safety in hasty flight. For the fifth time the Royal Palace was at the mercy of the mob, who penetrated to the imperial bed-rooms, and drew caricatures on the walls. But yet the palace stood, the finest specimen of the Renaissance architecture in France, till in 1871, when the victorious Versailles army was winning back Paris, inch by inch, the stately pile was laid in ruins with gunpowder and petroleum by the savages of the Commune.

The Garden of the Tuileries, if perhaps deserted now to some extent by the fashion-

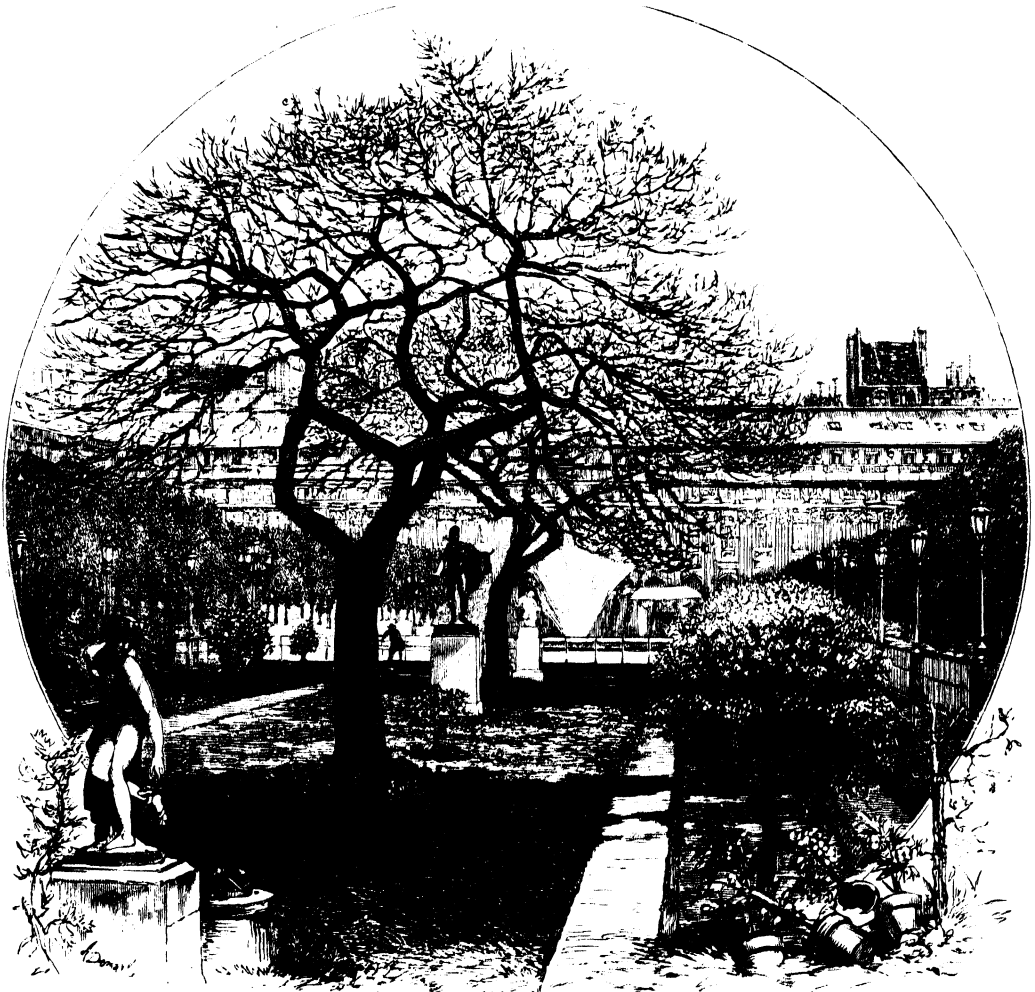


THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

able world for the Champs Elysées, is still a favourite resort of thousands of Parisians, and a very paradise for nursemaids and children. In the time of Louis XIII. there were gardens here, much smaller than now, but still picturesque in their way, and decidedly fashionable. There was a wood much frequented by young lovers, a lake with swans, an aviary, a labyrinth, an echo, and so forth. Then, in 1630, Renard, by royal command, cleared a space, and planted rare flowering plants, and built a royal dog-kennel. In the reign of Louis XIV. the celebrated landscape-gardener Le Nôtre gave to the gardens of the Tuileries the same general features they now retain—broad gravel walks, smooth lawns, gay parterres, shady avenues of limes and chestnuts, and basins and fountains with marble divinities, heroes, nymphs, and fauns, to meet the eye at every step.

Many a civic and fraternal festival did the Republicans hold beneath the shade of the grand avenues of these gardens. Two hemicycles of white marble still remain as a

memorial of that epoch; they were designed by Robespierre for a council of old men to preside over the floral games in the month of Germinal (21st March to 19th April). The grand *fête* of the "Supreme Being" was held here, when Crime and Vice were burnt in effigy, and Robespierre, walking in splendid raiment at the head of the National Convention, and carrying a nosegay nearly as big as himself, excited jealousy and paved the



THE GARDENS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

way for his doom. The new road in front of the palace-ruins marks the site of the "Reserved Garden," where Napoleon III., for hours at a time, watched his child as he amused himself with his costly toys, undreaming of the "baptism of fire" at Saarbrück and the awful death in Zululand.

Another of the great palaces of Paris owed its origin to a princess of the illustrious House of Medici. Queen Marie, the widow of Henry IV., built for herself a sumptuous



home, which has been known by half a dozen names in the course of its history, but still as the Palais du Luxembourg commemorates the noble family whose mansion was purchased and demolished to make room for it. The architect, De Brosse, to some extent copied the Italian palaces familiar to Marie de Medici in her early youth, but it is nevertheless a work of original genius, and—with the exception of a considerable addition on the garden side, made by Louis Philippe—the stately building, with its cupola, pavilions, terraces, and arcaded corridors, remains as when first completed. The interior has been much altered from time to time in order to suit the various purposes to which it has been applied.

In her new palace Marie de Medici surrounded herself with luxury and splendour. Painters and sculptors and decorative artists of all kinds were lavishly employed in making her saloons and galleries marvels of costly magnificence. The twenty-two large pictures now at the Louvre, in which Rubens has depicted the story of her life, originally adorned the Grand Gallery at the Luxembourg. But scarcely had the Queen come to reside in her new abode when the machinations of her enemy Richelieu drove her into exile, and ultimately the proud mistress of these splendid halls died in comparative destitution, in a squalid chamber in Cologne.

To her second son, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, Marie bequeathed her palace. It was for a time the home of the celebrated Madame de Montpensier, and afterwards of the too famous daughter of the Regent Orleans, the Duchesse de Berri, who made it the scene of orgies indescribable. From this palace in 1791 “Monsieur,” the King’s brother (afterwards to be known as Louis XVIII.) got safely away whilst his royal relatives were being brought back from Varennes. During the Reign of Terror the Luxembourg was a prison, where an ever-renewed crowd of victims sent its daily quota to the guillotine. Amongst that crowd was Josephine Beauharnais, who saw her husband led forth to die—herself reserved for an imperial throne and a mournful widowhood at Malmaison.

As Palace of the Directory, the Luxembourg became the scene of the shameless debaucheries of the blunt, coarse patriot, Barras, the chief Director. One of his colleagues was Tallien, formerly a cruel Terrorist, but completely transformed by his love for a young Spanish lady of great beauty, afterwards celebrated as Madame de Fontenay, whom he rescued from prison and the death awaiting her in Bordeaux. She became Madame Tallien, and influenced her husband to work for the downfall of Robespierre and the other events of Thermidor,\* 1795. Soon after, “Notre Dame de Thermidor” was dwelling at the Luxembourg, the centre of a brilliant circle. Arrayed in Greek attire, with gold sandals on her feet and with her black hair clustering over her fine forehead, she received the homage of her adorers. Her bosom friend was Josephine Beauharnais, while among the guests were the accomplished Madame de Stael, and Talleyrand, and many others whose names became famous. Hither also came young Bonaparte from his triumphal campaign in Italy. It was a grand day in the Luxembourg Gardens, after the treaty of Campo Formio, when the five Directors, in Roman costume, glorified their victorious general amid the roar of cannon, strains of music, waving of banners, and shouts of

\* Thermidor (from *therme*, warmth), the Republican reckoning of time corresponding to 19th July to 17th August.

popular applause. Talleyrand poured forth a glowing eulogy, to which Napoleon briefly replied; and amidst the throng of distinguished personages surrounding him there was no more admiring listener or spectator than the fair Josephine.

The Palais du Luxembourg has for the most part been applied of late years to senatorial or municipal purposes. In 1848 Louis Blanc and his fellow-commissioners sat here in their blouses, trying to work out the grand dream of the Organisation of Labour. At the present time the Great Gallery is devoted to the exhibition of the works of living French artists, and the pictures of the most distinguished are generally transferred to the Louvre about ten years after their death.

The gardens of the Luxembourg are embellished with stately flights of steps, balustraded terraces, and pleasant groves adorned with valuable marble statues and fountains. In May, 1871, the Versailles troops arrived just in time to prevent the burning of the Luxembourg Palace, and subsequently numerous parties of Communists were ranged in rows against the terrace walls, and shot.

The Palais Royal, partly burnt by the Communists in 1871, and since restored as the Cour des Comtes, was an appanage of the House of Orleans. It was built by Richelieu on a scale of extraordinary splendour, and was named the Palais Cardinal. He presented it to Louis XIII., and as the occasional residence of that monarch and of Louis XIV. it gained the name of Palais Royal. In 1692 the King gave it to his nephew, Philip of Orleans, and more than one of the Orleans Dukes made it the scene of licentious revelry. In 1781 the then Duke, being on the verge of bankruptcy, by erecting arcades and shops round the gardens as a source of revenue, created one of the most celebrated bazaars in Europe. Whilst Marie Antoinette was reigning at Versailles, the Duchess of Orleans was holding at the Palais Royal a rival court, of which the charming Madame de Genlis was a conspicuous ornament. In his old age Voltaire came back to be the idol of the Parisians, and was received at the Palais Royal, whereat Versailles was greatly scandalised. Among the group that gathered round Voltaire was a little boy of four years old, pupil of Madame de Genlis, and hereafter to be known as Louis Philippe, King of the French. To him, after a temporary occupation by Prince Lucien and others, the palace reverted in 1814, and he continued to reside there until called to the throne in 1830. The palace was devastated by the mob of 1848, and its splendid collection of pictures and books, and 600,000 choice and rare engravings, utterly destroyed. From the ruins twenty-five tons of broken glass and china were subsequently collected and publicly sold. Since then the palace was splendidly re-fitted as a home for Prince Jerome and Prince Napoleon, and it was with the intention of destroying the apartments of the latter that the Communists set fire to it in 1871.

The gardens of the Palais Royal and their surrounding arcades have been described as the "capital of Paris." They are now eclipsed by the Boulevards, but when lighted up in the evening they still display a brilliant spectacle. The numberless restaurants are much frequented, and though the lime-tree walks and long rows of chairs are not much patronised now by the world of fashion, there is always an animated throng of idlers and a hum of merry voices. These gardens are linked with many memories of revolutionary

days. One evening in July, 1789, Camille Desmoulins mounted a chair, harangued the excited people, and assumed the green cockade which from that day became the distinctive badge of the patriots, and two days afterwards the Bastille fell. The gardens became a constant rendezvous of bold spirits, and many a deed of violence was here concerted. At the surrounding cafés, Girondists, Dantonists, Jacobins, and Thermidoriens were successively organised. Hither one summer day from her picturesque Norman home came the fair Charlotte Corday, and bought a knife at one of the shops; then, keeping her own counsel, she hied to the house of Marat, at number twenty, Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, and stabbed him in his bath. Before the palace gates in November, 1793, the death-cart stayed for an hour, that Citizen Egalité (Duke of Orleans), on his way to the guillotine, might be moved by the sight of his home to accept the secret terms of Robespierre, and purchase safety by wedding his daughter to the virtual Dictator of France.

In close proximity to busy streets stands the beautiful Palais de l'Elysée, a charming sylvan home, from whose windows Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour have often stepped out into the wilderness of groves and flowers and fountains that separates it from the Champs Elysées. Though only dating from 1718, it is associated with a crowd of historic personages. Here, conspicuous rather as a female Minister of State than as a royal mistress, Madame de Pompadour worked out the schemes that united Austria and France, in spite of Voltaire's sneers and the fierce indignation of the Prussian King. Here she wept out her last years of suffering and remorse, and went back to Versailles only to die. The Revolution brought to the Elysée, Marat and his bloodthirsty crew, making it a centre of ferocious crime. It became the Revolutionary Printing Office, and a rendezvous where bloused workmen and girls of the street ate and drank and danced. But Napoleon rose to power and sent all these adrift. The palace became the sumptuous home of Murat, who, after sweeping Italy and Egypt with his cavalry, had married Bonaparte's sister Caroline, who bore "the head of a Cromwell on the shoulders of a pretty woman." In elegant luxury and brilliant festivity the days passed till Murat and his wife were sent, at the bidding of the king-maker, to their Italian throne. Napoleon retained the Elysée as a retreat where he could readily find needed repose. Here in 1815 he spent, with Lucien, his last days in Paris, whilst the calm shrewd Fouché hovered round, already arranging in his crafty brain for the Second Restoration.

Whilst the Allies were in Paris, the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington occupied the Elysée. It then became the home of the Duc and Duchesse de Berri, who, with deeds of charity and goodness, won all hearts. Their happy union was severed by the assassination of the Duke, and the Duchess retired to St. Cloud. The Elysée then became the official residence of the President of the Republic, pending the events that transferred him to the Tuileries. Subsequently it has been used as a palace of reception for illustrious visitors, amongst whom have been Queen Victoria, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Emperors of Austria and Russia.

The vast Palais de Justice, though for the most part a recent structure, yet combines vestiges of all the ages of French history. In the handsome modern buildings the proceedings

of the various law courts are carried on, and in the adjacent halls and passages there is the usual constant bustle of gowned barristers, clients, witnesses, clerks, and nondescripts. There was no doubt a royal abode here from earliest times, but Hugh Capet made it a permanent home for the dynasty he founded. Philippe le Bel rebuilt it in 1313, and other kings extended and improved it. For centuries it was the official residence of the French Kings, till abandoned for the Hôtel St. Paul and the Louvre, and even after that it remained the theatre of important events and celebrations. In the Gothic front facing the river stands the Tour de l'Horloge, where hangs the original silver Tocsin du Palais, the bell that answered back the summons from St. Germain l'Auxerrois to commence the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The crenellated Tour du César claims to be part of a fort erected by the great conqueror of Gaul. The grand vaulted Salle des Pas Perdus, burnt by the Communists in 1871, and now being restored, marked the site of the celebrated Great Hall of the palace erected by Philippe le Bel, and associated with so many historic memories. Its carved and gilded roof, its lofty columns, and its long lines of statues of Kings of France, looked down on many a stirring scene in French history. Here Kings of France celebrated their ascensions or their nuptials, received ambassadors in solemn state, summoned States-General, held Lits de Justice, and made proclamations. Here, before Philippe le Bel, Edward II. of England sat captive. Here, in the time of the English occupation, the Duke of Bedford gave an enormous banquet to 8,000 guests of all classes. Here Henry V. of England was married to Catherine of France, and the concourse was so great that many persons were stifled, and the bride's father, Charles VI., nearly lost his life. Here, at stated seasons, on the immense marble banquet-table, the Clercs de la Basoche represented the Mysteries of the Passion, and also acted grotesque satirical farces. Here, when King John was away captive in England, Stephen Marcel, Provost of the city, cut the throats of Robert de Clermont and Jean de Couflans before the eyes of the Dauphin, who abhorred this palace ever after, and went to live at the Hôtel St. Paul. In the time of the League, and again in the time of the Fronde, this hall was often the scene of seditious cabals and tumults. In Mazarin's time the councillors dared not come here without poniards concealed beneath their robes. In 1618 the hall was burnt down, and was succeeded by the Salle des Pas Perdus, built by Debrosse.

No traces now remain of the revolutionary tribunals that met in this palace, and the Conciergerie, which was the sole remaining historical prison of Paris, has been much altered. The prison of Marie Antoinette, and the room where the Girondists held their famous death-banquet, have disappeared—burnt by the Communists. The Conciergerie, as the last resting-place of the condemned before passing to the scaffold, is full of painful interest. The portal opened on to the Quai de l'Horloge, where the fatal carts daily waited for those about to die. A fearful scene was enacted here in 1792, when the mob, for whom even the guillotine was too tardy in its action, massacred the *détenus* in the various French prisons, of whom 288 were dragged forth from the cells of this prison and ruthlessly butchered.

The handsome Palais du Corps Législatif was originally the Palais Bourbon, and, as the

residence of the Prince of Condé, was one of the first mansions plundered in 1789. It became national property, and has been the gathering-place of various successive legislative chambers and assemblies. Hither, on February 24th, 1848, when Louis Philippe was hastening from Paris, came the Duchess of Orleans with her two sons, the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres, on foot from the Tuileries, to induce the National Assembly to proclaim the Count of Paris King, under her regency. But three hours of tumult resulted in the appointment of Lamartine and his associates as a Provisional Government, and next morning saw the Duchess and her children hastening after her royal relatives. On May 4th, there was another extraordinary scene here, when the Socialists, 80,000 strong, invaded the National Assembly, ejected the representatives, and proceeded with fearful uproar to constitute a fresh Provisional Government. But the National Guard were called out by beat of drum, 100,000 men responded, and the party of order speedily triumphed.

Only a portion of the façade, erected by Louis Philippe, was left by the Communists among the ruins of what was once the Hôtel de Ville. The municipality of Paris, after two or three times shifting its headquarters, began in 1533 the nucleus of the magnificent building destroyed in 1871. Several royal marriages—among others, that of Louis XIV. and Maria Theresa—were celebrated here. But it was in connection with the four great popular revolutions that the edifice won a notoriety that culminated in destruction. When the Bastille had fallen, in 1789, the victorious mob made the Hôtel de Ville its headquarters, and compelled the King to come here and show himself at the window, wearing a tricoloured cockade. Robespierre sought shelter here in 1794, and with his jaw shattered in a vain attempt at suicide, he lay for hours on a table, till taken to the prison cell that was for him, as it had been for hundreds of his victims, the ante-room to the guillotine. When Charles X., in 1830, was fleeing from his capital, their citizen King, Louis Philippe, was introduced to the crowd from one of the windows of the Hôtel. In 1848, the Committee of Six met here and proclaimed the Republic, and Lamartine appeased insurgent crowds with his oratory, and induced them to accept the tricolour, and not the red flag, as the flag of France. Under the Second Empire, as residence of the Prefect of the Seine, the Hôtel de Ville blossomed into unprecedented splendour, and became famous for its balls and festivities. Queen Victoria was entertained here, in 1854, with princely magnificence, and an adjacent street bears her name in memory of the event. In March, 1871, the Government of the Commune sprang into existence at this Hôtel, and for two months kept the city under its crushing despotism, and then, as the Versailles troops approached, the Hôtel de Ville was saturated with petroleum, set on fire, and left a heap of smouldering ruins.

The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, formerly known as the Place de Grève, was till 1830 the ordinary place for public executions. During the religious persecutions, numberless were the Huguenots who, after being first tortured, were hanged or burnt in this place; and it is said that here, sometimes after banqueting at the Hôtel de Ville, Charles IX. and his mother gazed from the balcony at these horrid spectacles. They came here to see Montgomerie tortured and killed for accidentally slaying Henry II. at a tournament. In 1676, the brilliant letter-writer, Madame de Sévigné, saw the notorious

poisoner, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, burnt here. On this spot Cartouche, the robber, was broken alive, and Damiens was torn asunder by four horses. The first victim of the Revolution perished here; and the guillotine was first used in April, 1792, at this place, for the execution of a robber. Only a few perished here under the Reign of Terror—but we shall meet the grim form of the guillotine again in other parts of the city.

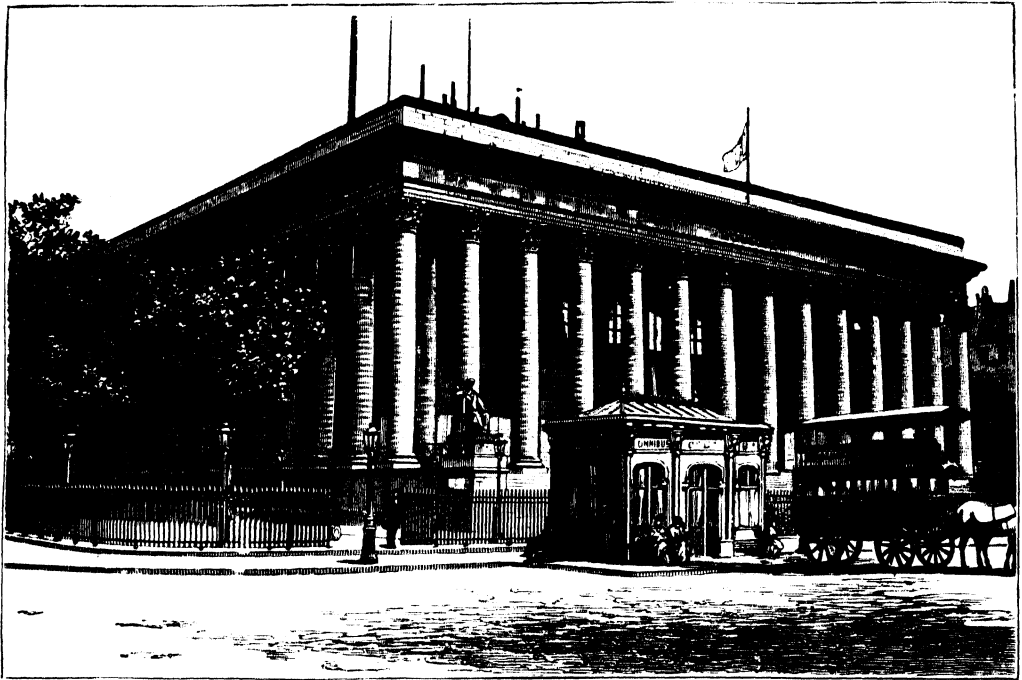
The public buildings of Paris are legion, and no attempt will be made to describe them all in detail, although many of them are rich in historical associations. The Bourse, with its crowds of shouting, gesticulating, and excited spectators; the new Tribunal de Commerce, opposite the Palais de Justice; the Government buildings, Mairies, Post Office, official residences, and such like, we must pass over with just the observation that they are worthy the great city in which they are placed.

Paris is rich, too, in buildings connected with literature, science, and art; in museums and libraries, and in schools and colleges. One of the most interesting museums is to be found at the Hôtel de Cluny. This mansion was begun in 1480, by Jean de Bourbon, Abbot of Cluny. Here, wearing her white mourning robes, as was the custom with Queens of France, came in 1515 the widow of Louis XII., sister of Henry VIII. of England. Her apartment is still shown as *La Chambre de la Reine Blanche*. And here also, in 1536, Madeleine, daughter of Francis I., became the bride of James V. of Scotland. At a later date it was for some years the property of a troupe of comedians, and later still the arena of stormy debates as headquarters of the Section Marat; and finally it came into the hands of M. du Sommerarde, who formed and arranged the splendid antiquarian collection, subsequently purchased by Government, and largely enriched by recent additions. The Gothic turrets, battlements, and ornamental windows of the mansion accord well with the precious collection of mediæval treasures exhibited in the various apartments. In the adjacent grounds are some ruins of the Palais des Thermes. This palace was erected by the Roman Emperor, Constantius Chlorus, and was successively the seat of the Roman Government in Gaul, and the residence of the Merovingian and Carolingian Kings. All that now remains perfect is the vast *frigidarium* that once formed part of the baths of the palace.

The Bibliothèque Nationale, with its 2,157,000 books, 300,000 pamphlets, and 125,000 volumes of MSS., occupying fifteen miles of shelves, is located in an Hôtel that was formerly the residence of Cardinal Mazarin. The ten books possessed by King John increased to 910 under Charles V., and to 670,000 at the death of Louis XIV. The collection was swelled by the confiscated libraries of the monasteries in 1789.

Most of the buildings connected with literature and science are on the southern side of the river in or around the limits of the ancient University of France. On the Quai Conti, facing the river, stands the Palais de l'Institut, formerly the Collège Mazarin, founded by that statesman, and now accommodating the Mazarin Library; and on the same Quai is the famous Institute of France, so long associated with the foremost names in French literature. On the adjacent Quai is the Palais des Beaux Arts, which annually sends some of its most promising young students to Rome; it contains the Sixtine Chapel, the front of which is formed of the portal of the Château d'Anet, built by Henry II. for Diana of Poitiers. Beyond the Institute lies the Latin Quarter, with its narrow, crooked streets, and

its numerous schools and colleges. The famous Sorbonne College of Paris was founded, in 1253, by Robert de Sorbon, Confessor of Louis XI.; the first stone of the present building was laid in 1629 by Cardinal Richelieu, who had graduated here. The Church of the College was terribly damaged in 1789, when Richelieu's tomb was broken open and his head carried through the streets on a pike. The Ecole de Médecine represents the famous medical schools founded in Paris in 1469; the present elegant building was founded by Louis XV. The Collège de France, the Collège des Ecossais, and the Ecole Polytechnique, besides many others, have acquired almost world-wide fame. In the extreme south

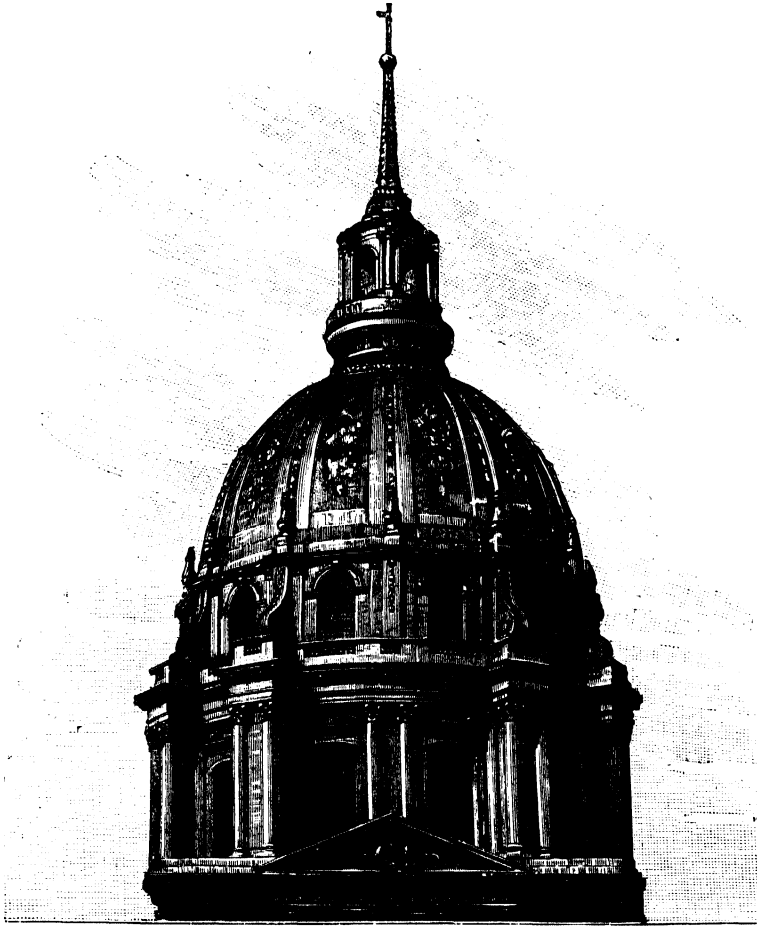


THE BOURSE.

of Paris stands the Observatory, built by Colbert when Louis XIV. was establishing the Academy of Sciences; a line drawn across the floor of this building, and pointing due north to an obelisk at Montmartre, marks the First Meridian for French geographers.

The markets of Paris, some of which occupy sites of historic renown, offer an interesting field for students of French life and character. The Marché St. Honoré was opened in 1809 on the site of the old Jacobin convent, where in 1789 the notorious Jacobin Club held its sittings, and where schemes of spoliation and bloodshed were concocted by the leading spirits of the Revolution. The large arched gate by which the members entered still stands. The Marché du Vieux Linge, with its 2,400 stalls littered with old clothes, rags, and marine-stores, presents a curious spectacle. It stands on part of the site of the ancient Temple, the stronghold of the great order of Knights Templar, founded

by six poor monks at Jerusalem in the eleventh century. They came to Europe in 1128, and rose to such a height of power that they were able for a time to set even kings at defiance. Philippe le Bel suppressed them in 1314, imprisoned and tortured many, burnt some of their leaders, and seized their immense possessions. A square turreted tower built in 1222, the last remnant of the ancient stronghold, was demolished in 1811.



DOMES OF THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDES.

It was the famous Temple prison of the Revolution, where Louis XVI. and his family were confined; and was subsequently the prison of Sir Sidney Smith, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Moreau, and Pichegru.

But the principal markets of Paris are the Halles Centrales, ten superb pavilions of iron, glass, and brickwork, where fish, poultry, garden produce, and provisions of all sorts are vended. At early morning the place resounds with the clamour of peasants who, in hundreds of wagons, have brought in provisions for the great city, although an immense quantity is brought by the underground tramways connected with the Chemin de Ceinture. From sunrise to sunset the scene is one of busy excitement. The servant-maids invariably



do the marketing for Parisian households, and such crowds of these with their baskets are to be seen nowhere else in the world as in these Halles. Close by, on the site of a burial-ground from which the accumulated human remains of nine centuries were removed to the Catacombs in 1786, stands the noted Fontane des Innocents, at which the famous sculptor Jean Goujon was working when he was shot in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Of the many hospitals, general and special, to be found in Paris, the Hôtel Dieu is the most celebrated. The new edifice, covering five and a half acres, replaces an older structure which formerly stood beside the southern arm of the Seine. The hospital was founded by St. Landry, Bishop of Paris, in the seventh century. Philip Augustus was a benefactor; and numerous kings and other personages have contributed largely to its endowments. The immense Salpêtrière, with its forty-five distinct buildings, containing 5,000 beds, is a home for the aged and infirm as well as for epileptic and lunatic patients. It was founded to alleviate the poverty and distress of Paris after the civil wars of the Fronde. The Hôpital St. Louis was in very early times a hospital for persons infected with the plague, and was named after St. Louis, who died of that complaint. The present building was founded by Henry IV. in 1602, and is a fine specimen of the architecture of that time.

Paris, in its military aspect, is the largest fortified city in the world. The fortifications of older date having been successively demolished, a new wall was built in 1841. Ninety-four bastions form a continuous *enceinte* round the city, twenty-two miles in length. The outer face of masonry is thirty-three feet in height. Outside the walls are seventeen detached forts, which in 1870 were armed with 4,000 guns. Seventeen additional forts are now being constructed in advance of those just mentioned. Barracks for the military are found in all parts of the city, several having been added by Napoleon III. The Ecole Militaire is now a barrack for 6,000 soldiers; it was founded by Louis XV. for the gratuitous education of the sons of noblemen killed in battle. The Arsenal in the Rue de Sully was originally built by the city in 1396, and re-constructed by Charles IX. after a terrible explosion. Under Louis XIV. statues were cast here for Versailles and Marly. It now contains a splendid library, and public reading-rooms. The apartments occupied by Sully, Grand Master of Artillery to Henry IV., are richly adorned with gilding, painting, and carving. The large barracks opposite occupy the site of the magnificent Convent of the Celestins, whose church was so celebrated for its splendid mausoleums of the illustrious dead.

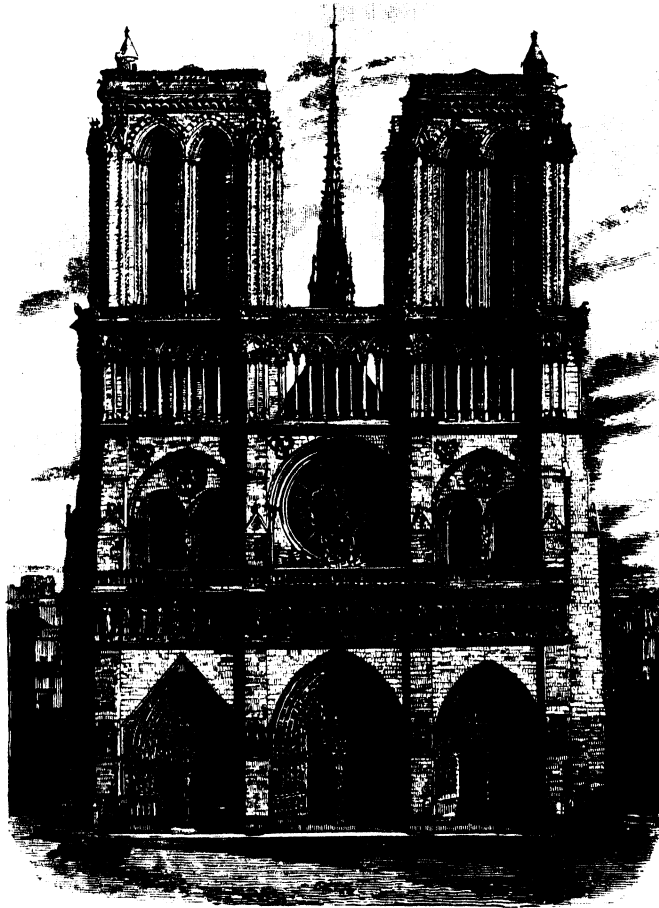
The Hôtel des Invalides, where the old or disabled soldiers of France spend the evening of their lives, and in fancy "fight their battles o'er again," was founded by Louis XIV. to replace an older institution dating from the reign of Henry IV. Under Louis XV. and Louis XVI. it had comparatively few occupants, but Napoleon I. filled it to overflowing with his incessant wars. Some Prussian and Algerian guns adorn the terrace in front of the building; in the library is the cannon-ball that killed Marshal Turenne; there are also some interesting relics of St. Helena, and museums of artillery and uniforms. The buildings include two churches. The ancient church contains numerous tombs of governors of the Invalides, and is hung with banners taken in war; amongst

them are Austrian flags from Magenta and Solferino, and also some captured in Algiers and Mexico. In Napoleon's time there were no less than 3,000 banners hanging here, but on the evening before the entry of the Allies in 1814 they were burnt by order of Joseph Bonaparte, although ten were privately saved, and restored in 1863. The other church, built by Mansard for special festivities and celebrations, is surmounted by a splendid dome, towering to a height of 363 feet. It is ribbed with gilt, and also adorned with gilt trophies of arms, &c., and is indeed one of the most sumptuous works of the age of Louis XIV. The interior of the church, which is in the form of a Greek cross, with four circular chapels between the branches, is decorated on a scale of corresponding magnificence. To this splendid edifice were brought the mortal remains of Napoleon from his quiet resting-place in the far-off Isle of St. Helena. In the huge porphyry sarcophagus, surrounded by statues and bas-reliefs symbolising his achievements, under the mighty dome of the Invalides, quietly reposes the great Emperor, in accordance with his own last wish, inscribed above the portals of the tomb, "I desire that my ashes may repose upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well." What a world of thought and emotion must have risen in the soul of the aged Duke of Wellington, when he came to the Invalides to stand beside the tomb of the great antagonist with whom he had struggled so long, and whom he finally vanquished at Waterloo!

The churches of Paris—of which one or two have been already referred to in connection with buildings of which they form part—are numerous and interesting, and represent in their architecture the Romanesque, Gothic, Flamboyant, Renaissance, Italian, and Classic; the origin of some is lost in the mist of antiquity, while others are the gorgeous creations of to-day, rich with the treasures of modern art and skill.

Where the Cathedral of Notre Dame now stands, on the Ile de la Cité, the Roman conquerors raised a Temple of Jupiter; and subsequently, in the fourth century, two Christian churches were built on the same site, one dedicated to St. Stephen and the other to the Virgin. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Maurice de Sully, Archbishop of Paris, and his successors reared the present edifice; additions were made from time to time, and Louis XIV. spent vast sums in decorating the interior. This cathedral has suffered severely from mob violence, but restorations have been judiciously effected, and the glorious western front looks down upon the Parvis Notre Dame as it has done for centuries, a marvel of architectural beauty. The eye of the spectator wanders upwards from the grand portals, each set in a lavish wealth of sculpture, wherein events from Bible history and fanciful scenes of heaven, of hell, and of the judgment are vividly portrayed; up, past the row of Kings of Judah, formerly supposed to be Kings of France, and as such hurled from their pedestals in 1793, but since restored; up, past the Galerie de la Vierge, with its colossal figures of the Virgin, and angels, and Adam and Eve; past the beautiful rose window and the pointed arches on either side, past the slender-shafted Galerie des Colonnes, to the two lofty massive towers that rise majestically to the height of over 200 feet—the whole forming a *coup-d'œil* once seen never to be forgotten, especially if visited for the first time when the sculptured details are lit up by the rays of the setting sun.

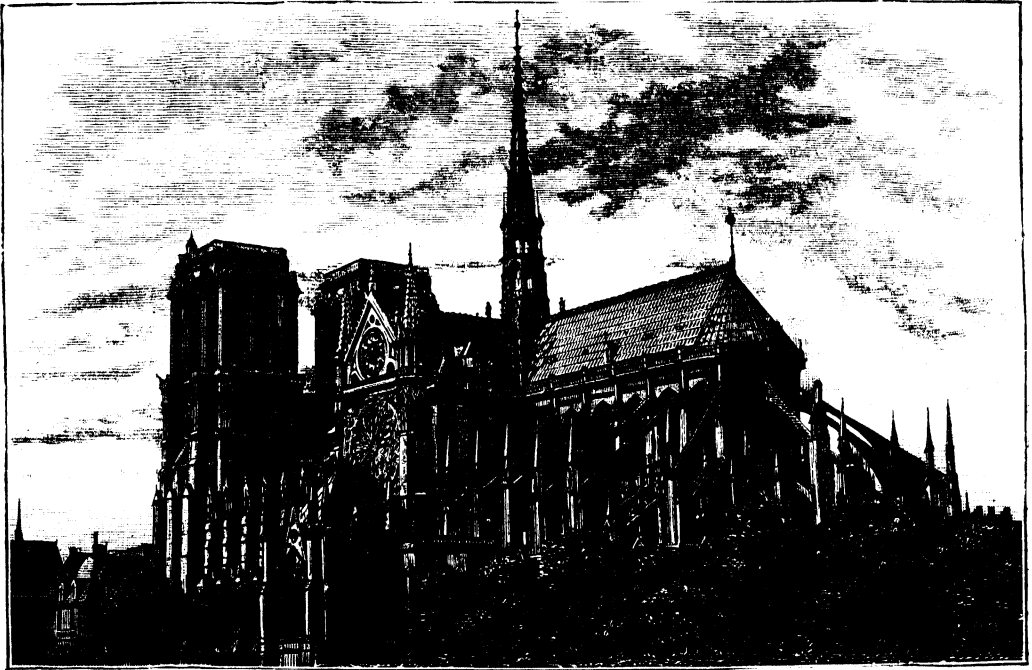
The interior of the cathedral—390 feet in length—is magnificent in its simple but massive grandeur; the rose windows contain the same stained glass that has admitted a “dim religious light” for the past 600 years; the chapels, once celebrated for their splendour, were considerably dismantled in 1793, but have been partially restored. As the chapter of the cathedral grew rich and powerful, kings and nobles vied with



NOTRE DAME (WEST FRONT).

each other in presenting costly gifts as well as rare relics, amongst which were part of the Crown of Thorns, fragments of the sponge and winding-sheet of our Lord, the vestments of the Virgin, and other venerated objects equally interesting and equally dubious. Cups, vases, candlesticks, crosses of gold and silver, studded with diamonds and precious stones, were almost without number. We shall not attempt, however, to enumerate the curiosities and art-treasures shown in these chapels, the choir and the sacristy, but proceed to notice some of the scenes and associations that lend historic interest to this venerable cathedral.

Since the day when Maurice de Sully induced Pope Alexander III., then an exile in Paris, to lay the foundation-stone, the Cathedral of Notre Dame has had an eventful history, in which curious mediæval ceremonies, festivals, funeral obsequies, coronations, royal baptisms and weddings; riots, murders, and mob outrages; solemn oaths and vows, speedily broken; thanksgivings, and anathemas have all been strangely mingled. Let us glance at a few of these incidents and the persons associated with them. St. Dominic, the founder of the order that bears his name, and inventor of the mystic rosary, preached here. Philippe of Valois, returning victorious from the siege of Cassel, rode on horse-



NOTRE DAME (REAR VIEW).

back into the church and dedicated his armour to the Virgin; it remained adorning an equestrian figure of the King till it disappeared at the Revolution. To this cathedral came Raymond VII., Count of Toulouse, and stood shivering in his shirt before the altar whilst he abjured his heresy. In 1430, Henry of Lancaster, a lad of twelve, was crowned King of France in this same building in which four years afterwards Charles VII., with solemn *Te Deums*, celebrated the expulsion of the English. Here Henry of Navarre wedded the fair Marguerite of Valois; Coligny and many another noble Huguenot were present at the imposing ceremony, little dreaming of the cruel bloodshed which the bride's relatives were plotting. In the stormy times when the Sixteen were ruling in Paris, the soldiers of the League turned the galleries of Notre Dame into a species of barracks, and evidence of their tenancy in the shape of arms and cooking utensils has often been found in the vaulted recesses. In 1590 came a grand procession of Catholic noblemen,

with Nemours and Aumale, to swear on the high altar to die rather than submit to the King of Navarre. But four years afterwards Navarre was master, and had also found it convenient to change his religion; so on entering the city he at once heard mass at Notre Dame and kissed the cross, and a grand *Te Deum* was sung. Then from the church he rode through a shouting concourse of people to dine at the Louvre. When Anne of Austria after twenty-three years of married life became a mother, Louis XIII. instituted at Notre Dame a grand procession, which was annually observed till the Revolution. There were several annual celebrations here during the same period commemorating various civic events, and in mediæval times some very curious observances took place, of which the most remarkable perhaps was the Fête des Fous, from New Year's Day till Twelfth Day. The clergy attired themselves in absurd masquerade dresses, and performed mass with adjuncts of the most ridiculous character. After this burlesque of the sacred ceremony, the clergy, with the populace, rushed to the streets and indulged in all kinds of extravagant folly.

When Louis XIV. was reigning he gave the clergy of Notre Dame plenty to do in singing *Te Deums*, of which he was prodigal at every step of his progress. With the Revolution came bad times for the cathedral; the chapels were devastated, the treasury robbed, several large bells were melted down, and from the vaults the bodies of archbishops and canons were dragged out and thrown into the sewers, and their leaden coffins melted down to make bullets; the high altar was destroyed, and even the "Constitutional" Bishop Gobel was forced in 1793 to appear at the bar of the National Convention and abjure the Christian religion. But ready as Gobel had shown himself to truckle to the powers that be, he did not save his neck from the guillotine. The Convention declared the cathedral a "Temple of Reason," and on November 10th, 1793, the "Festival of Reason" took place. Madame Momors, a printer, was decked out as the Goddess of Reason, and carried on an antique seat by four stalwart citizens. Over her white robes the goddess wore an azure-blue mantle, and a red cap of liberty surmounted her flowing hair. Young girls dressed in white and crowned with roses accompanied her, and soldiers, musicians, and a motley concourse of citizens, male and female, made up a scene such as the venerable abbey had never before beheld. Hither, soon after, the Theophilanthropists came to worship, and here Père Duchesne and the municipality celebrated the Emancipation of the Negroes. In 1801 the Consuls restored the clergy, and M. Belloy took his place at Notre Dame as Archbishop of Paris.

It was a proud day for Napoleon I. when he came to be crowned in the grand cathedral that seemed once more to have assumed its ancient splendour. Heralds and pages and marshals, bearing the sword and sceptre of Charlemagne, marched before him, and princes bore his train as he passed to his throne. Pope Pius VII. officiated, and then, amidst that brilliant assemblage of all that the land could show of great or illustrious, Napoleon placed an imperial crown upon his own head, and another upon that of Josephine. There was a grand ceremonial at Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa, and another at the baptism of the King of Rome. In 1814 the vaulted roof rang with *Te Deums* for the return of the Bourbons. In the riots of 1831, after sacking the adjacent palace of the Archbishop, the mob broke into the sacristy and tore

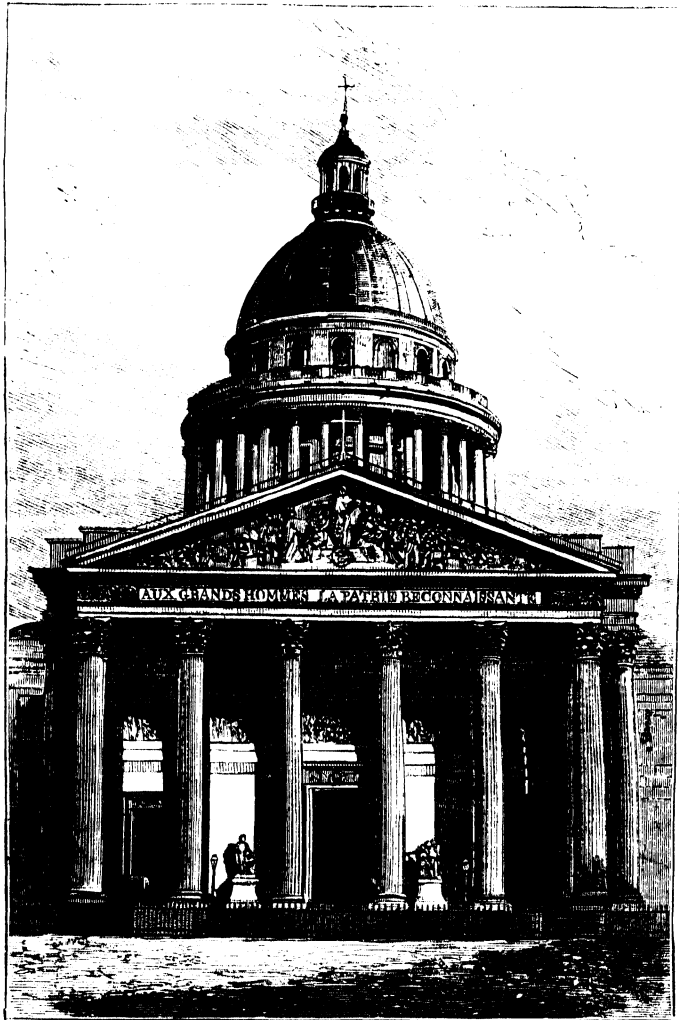
up Napoleon's coronation robes and the splendid dresses worn by the clergy on that occasion; the damage, however, was subsequently repaired. The eventful year 1848 passed over without the cathedral being touched; but henceforth it had to show amongst its relics the blood-stained robes of Archbishop Affré, shot at the barricades whilst striving, as an apostle of peace, to mediate between the contending parties. During the Second Empire, the marriage of Napoleon III. and Eugénie di Montijo, the baptism of the Prince Imperial, and the victories in Italy and the Crimea, were all made the occasions of splendid ceremonies. In 1871 the exterior of the cathedral was to some extent damaged by shot and shell, and the Versailles troops arrived just in time to extinguish a huge bonfire of chairs and combustibles piled up round the high altar.

Amongst the historic contents or adjuncts of the cathedral may be noted the great bell in the southern tower, known as the "bourdon," weighing 32,000 pounds. It was baptised Emmanuel-Louise-Thérèse by Louis XIV. and his Queen in 1632. In 1843 it came crashing down through three floors, and was silent till 1851. The Porte Rouge in the northern aisle was built by Jean Sans-peur, Duke of Burgundy, in 1407, as an expiation for the murder of the Duke of Orleans. There is a fine monument to Archbishop Affré, and one or two paintings commemorating the scene of his death; also a memorial to his successor, Sibour, murdered by Priest Verget in 1857, and another to Archbishop Darboy and the seventy-five hostages shot by the Communists in 1871.

The spacious area west of the cathedral, known as the Parvis Notre Dame, has witnessed many a grand pageant and many a stirring scene. It was a memorable day when, in 1314, Jacques Molay, the Grand Master of the proud Order of the Templars, and three of his associates were compelled to mount a platform and publicly confess that their order was guilty of the crimes imputed to it. That evening they were taken to what is now the Place Dauphine, and burnt. On the south of the cathedral a charming promenade and pretty Gothic fountain mark the site of the Archbishop's Palace, built by Sully in 1161, and sacked by the mob in February, 1831, when everything in the palace was burnt or destroyed, or thrown into the river, and the building left in such a condition that its removal became necessary.

Opening into one of the courts of the Palais de Justice stands the Sainte Chapelle, built in 1245—1248, by St. Louis, on the site of an earlier chapel erected by King Robert. St. Louis had purchased from Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople, the crown of thorns, some pieces of the true cross, and other relics, and then built this splendid specimen of Gothic architecture as a repository for the sacred treasures. When the chapel was completed, the King himself bore the relics to their resting-place through the streets barefoot. The chapel was richly endowed, but its chapter were notoriously quarrelsome, and their unseemly squabbles have been immortalised in Boileau's *Lutrin*. It was strictly ordained that three clerks and a chaplain should sleep in the chapel to guard the relics, but, in spite of precaution, the largest piece of the true cross was stolen on the night of May 19th, 1575. It was commonly believed that Henry III. himself purloined it, and pawned it to the Venetians. The rest of the relics were subsequently transferred to Notre Dame. During the Revolution a club met in the Sainte Chapelle, and it was next used as a storehouse for corn, and afterwards crammed with the archives of the Law

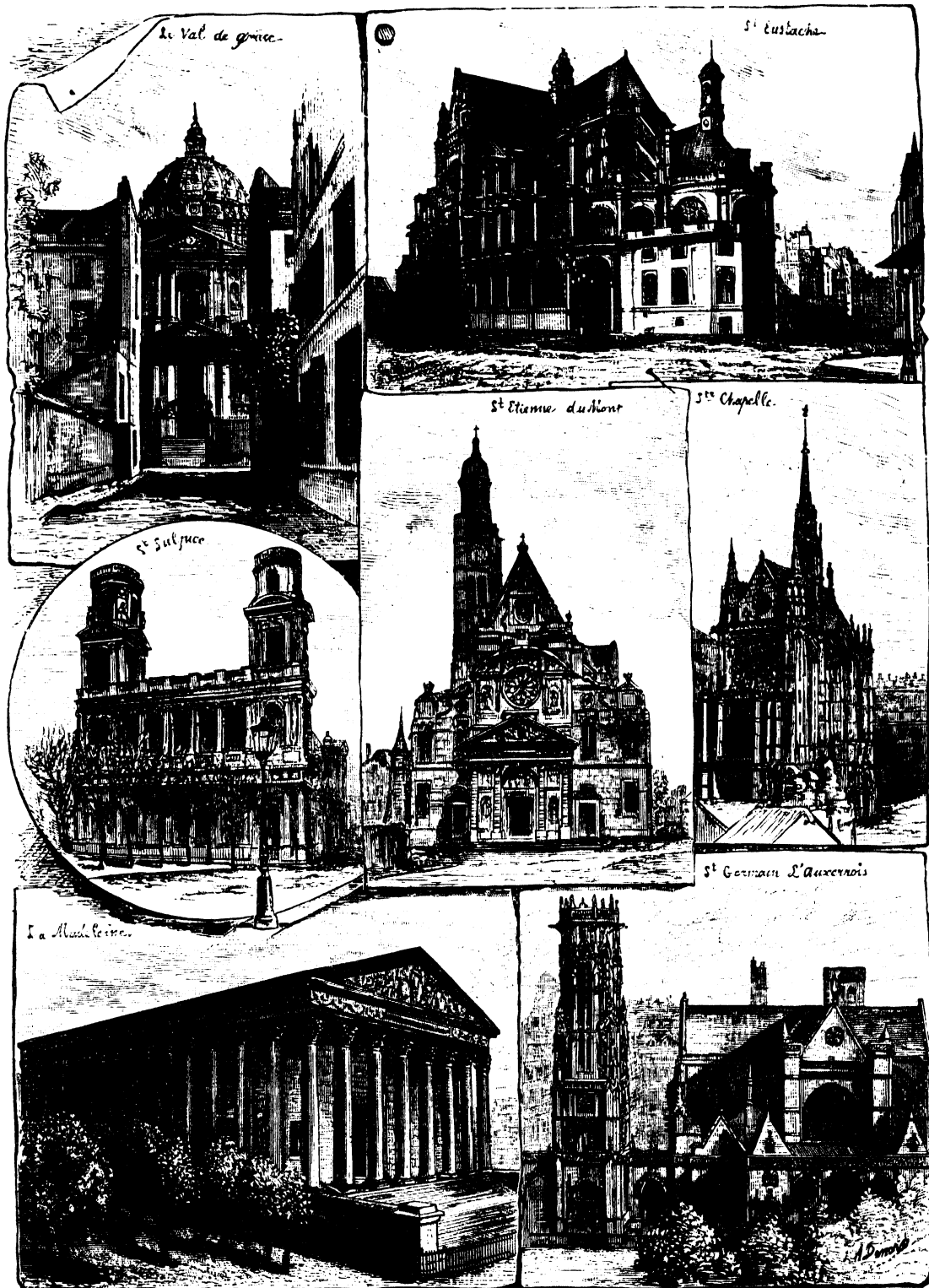
Courts. From 1837 to 1867 the chapel was completely restored, in accordance with the original plans found in the building, at a cost of £80,000; the cost to St. Louis of the building and the relics was £112,000. The upper chapel presents a gorgeous mass of gold and coloured decoration. The rich stained-glass windows are the same upon which



THE PANTHEON.

St. Louis gazed when he brought his relics here, having escaped all the ravages of time. The curious oratory marks the spot where Louis XI., who lived in constant dread of assassination, could hear Mass in safety. Amongst a crowd of gravestones in the lower chapel is seen the tomb of the satirist Boileau.

Second in point of size, amongst Parisian churches, is the Church of St. Eustache, whose double-arched flying buttresses look down upon the Halles Centrales. Here, in



THE CHURCHES OF PARIS.



very early times, a Chapel of St. Agnes succeeded a Temple of Cybele. The present edifice, commenced in 1532 by Jean de Lubarre, Provost of Paris, took more than a century to complete. The church, remarkable for the way in which Renaissance details have been worked into a Gothic design, is noted for its fine music, and is much crowded at high festivals. It was densely crowded one day in 1791, when the body of Mirabeau, on its way to the Pantheon, was brought in, and after a funeral oration by the Abbé Cerutti, 20,000 discharges of musketry were fired in the sacred edifice. Amongst the many distinguished persons buried here was Colbert, one of the greatest statesmen of France, who succeeded Mazarin as Minister of Louis XIV. His tomb was removed at the Revolution, but has been since replaced.

Upon the highest ground in Paris stands the celebrated Church of St. Geneviève, otherwise known as the Pantheon, with its proud dome, 267 feet in height, conspicuous from afar. Louis XV. laid the first stone a few days after the death of Madame de Pompadour, to whom the design of the church is due, and who had procured funds for it by means of a lottery. The church is approached by a broad flight of steps and a stately portico, above which, in the pediment, is a composition in relief, by David à Angers, representing France dispensing honours to her great men. The building was barely completed when the National Convention, on the 2nd of April, 1791, changed the destination of the edifice, and decreed that it should be a temple dedicated to great men. Mirabeau had died that morning, and the proposal to inaugurate the Pantheon with his funeral was carried by acclamation. Two days after his remains were carried on a funeral car, escorted by cavalry, National Guards, and bands of music, and followed by nearly all the National Assembly, and an immense concourse of people, to St. Eustache, and thence to the Pantheon. In 1791, Voltaire's remains were brought in a triumphal progress from the Abbey of Sellières to Paris, and, after being guarded for one night on the ruins of the Bastille, they were on the next day placed in a granite sarcophagus, and laid on a grand car, adorned with symbolic figures and flags, and drawn by twelve white horses to the Pantheon. A hundred thousand persons—guards, revolutionary societies, students—formed the procession. Rousseau and Marat were buried with similar honours; but six months after his death the body of Marat was removed, and thrown into the common sewer. In 1848 the insurgents took refuge in this church, when some cannon-shot fired through the front door passed out at the back of the edifice. In 1871 the dome was shot through by Prussian cannon-balls, and but for the timely arrival of the Versailles troops the church, and indeed the whole quarter, would have been destroyed by the Communists, who had stored gunpowder in the vaults.

Near the Pantheon stands the ancient Gothic Church of St. Etienne du Mont, the picturesque interior of which has been a favourite subject with French artists. It contains the tomb of St. Geneviève, the holy shepherdess of Nanterre, whose crook (as the story goes) sufficed to turn back the armies of Attila, and who became the patron saint of Paris. A vast number of votive offerings surround this shrine, and in January an eight days' festival is held, during which pious Parisians delight to make pilgrimages to this church. It was on one of these occasions, namely in 1857, that Archbishop Sibour was assassinated by the priest Verget, who was shortly afterwards executed for the crime.

Pascal, Racine, Rollin are amongst the distinguished persons buried here. In 1563 a young Huguenot came to this church, and snatched the sacred host from the hand of the priest who was performing Mass at the altar. For this offence his hand was cut off in front of the church, after which he was hanged and burnt. To atone for the sacrilege, Charles IX. and his mother, Catherine de Medici, and a crowd of nobles and ladies, came hither in penitential procession, and an annual celebration of the same kind was kept up long after.

Near the Luxembourg stands the grand Italian Church of St. Sulpice, of which Anne of Austria laid the first stone. Its grand arcaded front and two lofty towers are by some eulogised, and by others stigmatised as hideous; the interior is gorgeous with marbles, gilding, and painting. During the Revolution it became a "Temple of Victory," and the head-quarters of the Theophilanthropists. In 1799 the young General Bonaparte was entertained at a grand subscription banquet in this edifice.

Another of the churches of Paris intimately associated with Anne of Austria is the Church of the Val de Grâce. For the nuns of the Val de Grâce the Queen had a great affection, and when they were transferred from their ruined abbey to a house in the Rue St. Jacques, she assisted them in building a convent, by contributing half the expense and laying the foundation-stone. The Queen was twenty-two years a wife before she became a mother, and in consequence had made many vows in the churches of Paris. At the Val de Grâce, among the rest, she vowed to build a church as soon as her hopes were realised. In 1638 her son, Louis XIV., was born. Five years afterwards she became Regent, and set about fulfilling her vow. The stone was laid with great pomp by Louis XIV., a little boy of seven, very proud of his first public performance with the silver trowel. Queen Anne gave abundant offerings, and all who wished for her favour visited the church and convent of the Val de Grâce. Among others came, in 1651, Charles II. of England and his brother, the Duke of York. Before and after all journeys, Anne's last or first visit was to her convent, and she selected it as the place of deposit for the hearts of the royal family. Numerous silver cases containing these hearts were carried off at the Revolution. Under Napoleon I. the convent buildings became a military hospital, and still continue to be used for that purpose. In the church is shown the confessional where Mdlle. de la Vallière, the repentant mistress of Louis XIV., knelt before taking the vows. As Louise de la Miséricorde, she tormented herself with perpetual thirst and other severe penances, till worn out with grief and remorse, the once queen of beauty, for whom Versailles rose into being, died in her cell.

The first stone of the ugly but fashionable Church of St. Roch was also laid by Anne of Austria, but the work went slowly on, and was at times suspended, until the notorious Law, of Mississippi fame, gave 100,000 livres for its completion. Here lie Corneille, the dramatist, and the great Le Nôtre, who under Louis XIV. revolutionised the gardens of France. The steps of this church recall some terrible scenes. They were crowded with the lowest of the Parisian populace on that fatal day when Marie Antoinette came from the Temple prison to her doom. For an hour and a half the mob detained the open cart in which sat the defenceless woman. Robed in white, and with her hands fastened behind her, she retained her calm, queenly dignity amidst the howling, shrieking

multitude, that ceaselessly assailed her with execrations. In October, 1795, when the Sections were in arms against the Government, the young artillery officer, Bonaparte, pointed his cannon at these steps, and cleared them of insurgents; the marks of that day's work were long visible on the sacred walls. In 1830 the church looked down upon a terrible struggle between the troops of Charles X. and the people.

The ancient and powerful Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, which formerly exercised jurisdiction over a considerable territory south of the Seine, is recalled by the restored church of the same name. The abbey was founded in the sixth century by Childebert, son of Clovis, and a richly decorated church, known as "The Golden Basilica," was erected. Three times the abbey was ravaged by the Normans, and the church which they burnt was rebuilt in 990. The square-buttressed tower with double-arched windows incorporated in the present edifice dates from this time. The abbey had a prison of its own, the scene of a fearful massacre in 1792, when Maillard, with his mock tribunal, cleared the prison of the *détenus*, who were all hewn in pieces at the door. The abbey was long a great seat of learning, and in the church are buried Mabillon, Descartes, Montfaucon, and others, who by their labours helped to render it illustrious. Here also is buried Casimir, King of Poland, who resigned his crown in 1668, and died here as abbot in 1672.

Facing the grand colonnade of the eastern front of the Louvre is the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, with its picturesque gables and buttresses, quaint gargoyles, and elegant modern bell-tower. The original edifice was founded by Childebert, destroyed by the Normans, and rebuilt by King Robert. Within its precincts, in 1356, Stephen Marcel got up his insurrection. From its belfry the tocsin gave the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and continued to peal all through that terrible night; the cloisters in which Coligny was wounded two days before, and in which in after-years died the beautiful Gabriel d'Estrées, have disappeared. After remaining uninjured through the two Revolutions of 1789 and 1830, the church was completely wrecked by rioters in February, 1831. The passions of the mob had been roused by an attempt to celebrate the anniversary of the death of the Duc de Berri, and by the carrying of his bust round the church. After destroying everything in the building, the mob proceeded to the Archbishop's Palace, which they treated in the same way.

Such are some of the churches of Paris. Time would fail to tell of St. Severin, the site of the cell where St. Severin conferred the monastic habit on St. Cloud; of St. Gervais and the grave of Paul Scarron, the satirist, whose wife, as Madame de Maintenon, subsequently became famous as mistress of Louis XIV.; of St. Medard, the scene of the extravagant antics and frenzies of the "Convulsionists" round the tomb of the Abbé Paris; of the gorgeous Church of St. Paul and St. Louis, in which the noted preacher Bourdaloue and the mysterious "Man with the Iron Mask" were buried; of the famous and fashionable Church of the Madeleine, intended by Napoleon I. to be a "Temple of Glory" to the memory of the soldiers of the "Grande Armée," where Père Hyacinthe in more recent times attracted crowds to hear his celebrated addresses, and where in 1871 sixty Communists, who had taken refuge in the church, were bayoneted on the altar steps; of the fashionable Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, where a Chapelle Expiatoire marks the spot where in the old burial-ground

Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were obscurely buried (from whence their remains were taken to St. Denis at the Restoration), and in two large graves were interred the twenty-six officers and 800 soldiers of the Swiss Guard who perished in the defence of the Tuileries. Nor can we tell of a dozen other churches, full of interesting memorials and historical associations.

It is not, however, by palaces, churches, and other historical buildings that the capital of France alone awakens enthusiastic interest. Paris, more than any other capital of Europe, delights to dwell out of doors, and it is in the open air that she has worked out no small portion of her history. Her promenades and gardens, her boulevards and streets, are at once brilliant tableaux of the national life, and enduring monuments of past scenes and events.

The Place de la Concorde is one of the grandest open spaces to be found in any city of Europe. Westward, set in long lines of bright foliage, stretches the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées towards the Arc de l'Etoile, seen clear against the blue sky; to the north, between two large edifices, the Rue Royale reveals the classic front of the Madeleine. Eastward are the Tuileries Gardens; to the south is the Pont de la Concorde, and the Legislative Palace beyond the river, with the dome of the Invalides towering in the background. Eight colossal statues of provincial cities and two magnificent fountains adorn the Place, and in the centre stands the immense red syenite obelisk which Sesostris set up in front of a temple in Thebes in 1550 B.C., and which Louis Philippe reared on its present pedestal of Brittany granite in A.D. 1836.

When Louis XV. had just concluded a successful peace at Aix-la-Chapelle, grateful Paris decreed its victorious monarch a statue. To form a suitable site, some waste irregular ground west of the Tuileries Gardens was laid out, and called Place Louis XV., and soon the bronze effigy of the king on horseback, in Roman costume, was placed there, with Peace, Prudence, Justice, and Strength in marble, standing round. Wicked wits made verses about virtues on foot and vice on horseback, and so forth, but the King still sat there and gazed placidly down when 1,200 persons were killed and 2,000 injured in a panic during the rejoicings for the marriage of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette. But Paris grew tired of epigrams, and became terribly in earnest when, in July, 1789, the Prince de Lambesc charged the people at this spot, and drew the first blood of the Revolution. In 1792 the statue of Louis XV. was pulled down by decree of the Convention, and made into cannon and two-sou pieces; and in the following year his pedestal was occupied by a melodramatic painted clay figure of Liberty, in front of which the guillotine reared its grim form. Henceforth, all good patriots were to know the spot as Place de la Révolution. For two years blood flowed like water; nearly 3,000 victims perished, and almost all at this spot, although the guillotine for short intervals was removed to the Place du Carrousel, and subsequently to the Place de la Bastille and the Place du Trône.

In January, 1793, between rows of armed citizens, who lined the streets in deep silence, came the King of France to his doom, firm and dignified to the last. The Revolutionary Tribunal continued its terrible work, and day by day the tumbrils brought hither their load of the condemned. Hither came the beautiful young enthusiast, Charlotte

Corday, proud of having slain the tyrant Marat; then Brissot and twenty more of his colleagues perished; and soon after, the once lovely Marie Antoinette, who, as she mounted the scaffold, gave one last look at the Tuileries before the fell machine did its terrible work. And all this time, at the foot of the guillotine, clustered the ferocious Tricoteuses of St. Antoine, calmly knitting as they gloated upon the daily carnage, and rejoicing most of all as they gazed upon the life-blood of their Queen. As aristocrats grew scarcer the Republic doomed its own children. Firm and courageous to a man, the Girondists perished. "Egalité" of Orleans came in November, having gained nothing by voting for the King's death; and two days after, Madame Roland, apostrophising Liberty, calmly met her doom.

In 1794 blood flowed faster than ever, as, amidst crowds of other victims, the contending Republican parties followed each other to the scaffold. March saw the Hébertists, Maratists, and Orleanists guillotined—Hébert himself in agonies of terror. A few days after came the Dantonists—Danton bitterly regretting his share in creating the Revolutionary Tribunal—and Camille Desmoulins, who had torn his clothes to rags in vain resistance, looking less heroic than when he mounted the chair in the gardens of the Palais Royal and incited Paris to revolt. The atheists came next, Anacharsis Clootz, Chaumette, and the rest. Chemist Lavoisier soon followed, first craving time to finish some experiments, but he was told in reply that the Republic had no need of chemists. Another royal personage came to the scaffold in the person of the excellent and amiable Princess Elizabeth. So the ghastly festival of blood went on, till Paris sickened at the sight; and on the 9th Thermidor and following days her streets were thronged with joyful crowds as Robespierre and over a hundred of the Communists were dragged to the guillotine, and, amidst the vast exulting concourse that crowded the Place de la Révolution, the Reign of Terror came to an end.

In 1800 the square received the name of Place de la Concorde, which it still retains. On this vast space the Austrians, Prussians, and Russians were reviewed in 1814; a portion of the British army encamped here in the following year; here the first disturbances of the Revolution of 1848 commenced, and a deadly conflict raged between the troops of the Republic and the retreating Communists in the fatal May of 1871.

The Champs Elysées, with their broad avenue, a mile and a quarter in length, form one of the most attractive portions of Paris. Along the bitumen walks gay crowds incessantly wander, or sit at the open-air cafés beneath the trees. In the groves, jugglers and tumblers and Punch and Judy delight the swarming children, and stalls covered with toys and gingerbread tempt them on every hand. At night, when the long line of brilliant gas-jets stretches to the Arc de l'Etoile, and when the cafés amongst the trees are brightly lit up, and music and song float on the air, the scene is a very fascinating one, and scarcely less so when, at certain hours of the day, the drives are thronged with the finest equipages of Paris.

Marie de Medici laid out three avenues of trees here, reserving the one which still bears the name of Cours la Reine exclusively for the use of herself and the Court. Here the Queen paraded her globe-shaped *coche*, and here Bassompierre exhibited the first carriage with glass windows. The great Colbert made plantations, which Madame





PARIS: THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES, FROM THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

de Pompadour found in the way of her view from the Palais de l'Elysée, and had cut down, but they were replaced in 1764, and numerous beautiful flower-beds and fountains have been since added.

At the end of the central avenue stands the Arc de l'Etoile, commenced by Napoleon I. in 1806, completed by Louis Philippe in 1836, but still wanting the statues of French generals with which it was intended to crown the summit. Groups of statuary and bas-reliefs commemorate the triumphs of French arms. From the Arc stretches westward the Avenue de la Grande Armée, by which Napoleon's soldiers so often marched to conquest or death; and along that road, in 1871, Paris, with suppressed rage, watched the last of the Prussian rear-guard disappear.

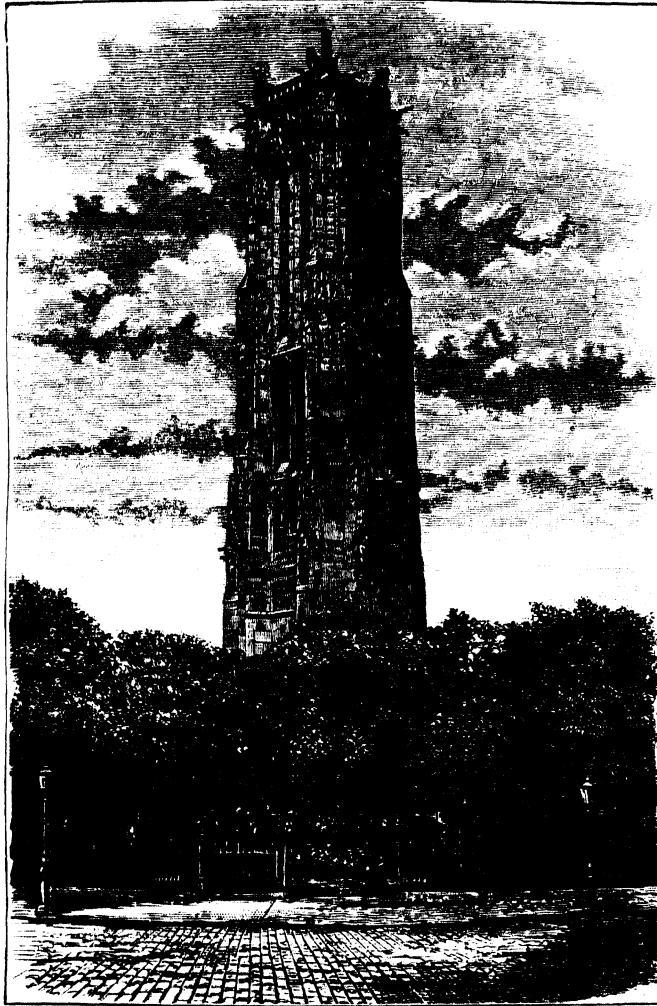
The Bois de Boulogne, just outside the city, is the grand promenade for carriage-riding Parisians, and a charming spot in which to spend a summer day of idleness. Broad stretches of park or forest, lakes and islands, waterfalls, caverns, artificial mounds, splendid avenues and carriage-drives, go to make up the pleasures of this delightful resort. There is ample space for the visitor to choose, according to his inclination, either quiet seclusion or life and gaiety. The principal carriage-drives are thronged at certain hours with all sorts of vehicles from Paris. In the Bois, Isabella of France, sister of St. Louis, founded in 1261 the Abbaye de Longchamps. About the middle of last century the singing of its choir of nuns attracted attention, and it became the fashion for the upper classes of Paris to drive to Longchamps in Passion Week and attend the church. Opera singers from Paris were engaged to add to the attractiveness of the services. After a time the church was deserted, but the annual Promenade de Longchamps, with its grand display of equipages, was kept up till very recently.

Near the south-eastern angle of the city is the deservedly popular Jardin des Plantes, with its nurseries, menageries, galleries, and cabinets. Many distinguished writers on natural history have been connected with this establishment, of whom the most celebrated was Buffon, appointed superintendent in 1739. By special convention the gardens were uninjured during the occupancy of Paris by foreign troops in 1814 and 1815, and the various departments have been since munificently supported by the State. The gardens were founded by Louis XIII., at the instance of his medical attendants.

The Champ de Mars has long been one of the most famous of the open spaces of Paris, as the theatre of great military reviews and spectacles, as the site of the famous Universal Exhibition, and also as an arena for horse-races. In 1790 more than 60,000 persons of both sexes and all ranks were working here, in preparation for the forthcoming Fête de la Fédération. The fête came off on July 14th; in the centre rose the Autel de la Patrie, and in front of the Ecole Militaire was a splendid pavilion, in which Louis XVI. swore to maintain the new constitution—the constitution which, in spite of "*Ça ira!*" unfortunately would not go, and only ended in chaotic ruin. Here Napoleon, before the Battle of Waterloo, held his last grand review of the French army, and in 1830 Louis Philippe reviewed the National Guard, and presented them with their colours. In May, 1852, 60,000 soldiers were massed upon the ground, on the occasion of the distribution of eagles to the different regiments. Several Arab chiefs were present in their picturesque costumes, having come as representatives of the vanquished Algerian tribes. In 1871, when M. Thiers



was suppressing the Commune, long rows of men knelt here to be shot down by the deadly mitrailleuses. In 1878, 16,000,000 visitors entered the Exhibition building, which occupied the whole of the vast area, as well as the Trocadéro, on the opposite side of the river, with which it is connected by the Pont d'Iéna.



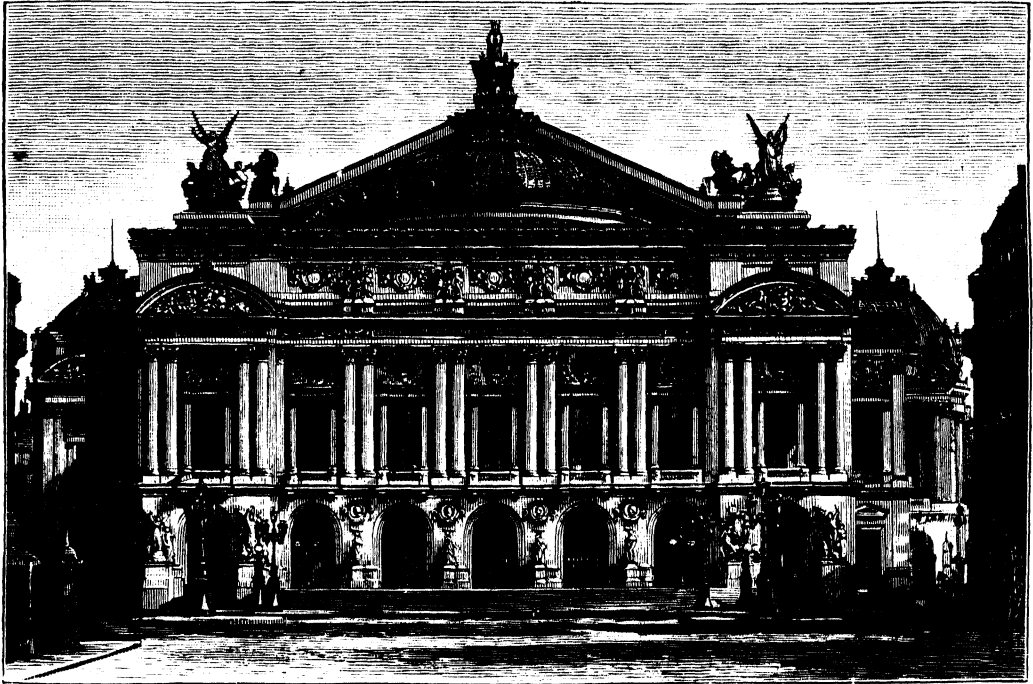
THE TOUR DE ST. JACQUES.

During the reign of Napoleon III. great improvements were made in Paris by the formation of parks, promenades, gardens, and open spaces ; and although the credit of the first idea of a square belongs to England, France was the first to appropriate it to a use then undreamed of in our philosophy—the enjoyment and civilisation of the poorer classes. “Public gardening in Paris follows the street-builder with trees, turns the little squares into gardens unsurpassed for good taste and beauty, drops down graceful fountains here

and there, and margins them with flowers; it presents to the eye of the poorest workman every charm of vegetation, it brings him pure air, and aims directly and effectively at the recreation and benefit of the people."

Such a square or garden is that around the Tour de St. Jacques, upraised on the site of old buildings and modern streets. By its treasures of light and shade, of grouped and isolated trees, its belts of grass, with beds and masses here and there, its sub-tropical shrubs, and its grand old tower, dating back as far as 1508, this square attracts hundreds upon hundreds of the lower classes to a treat as rare and rich as any that could be set before princes.

In another, the Square des Batignolles, the main feature is a meandering stream,



THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

its margins embellished with plants and shrubs. In another, the garden of the "Palais des Thermes," the old ruins are utilised; and so on throughout Paris there are quiet resting-places, where the eye may be pleased and the sense of enjoyment expanded.

The Parc de Monceaux is a gem of gardening, distinguished by constantly-watered grass-plots of brilliant green and a reckless profusion of costly exotic plants, and is highly popular with the well-dressed inhabitants of the fashionable quarter in which it is situated. Carriage-drives, brilliantly lit up at night, shady paths, woods, lawns, parterres, broken columns, ruins, a winding stream, a rustic bridge, and pretty islets combine to form the attractions of this charming spot. Around part of the lake runs a colonnade of fluted Corinthian columns, said to have been part of a vast rotunda commenced by Catherine de Medici to enclose mausoleums for Henry II. and herself. The park was first formed

in 1788 by the Duke of Orleans; Cambacérès received it as a gift from Napoleon I., but returned it as too expensive to keep up. It was given by Napoleon III. to the municipality of Paris, who spared no cost in making it what it now is—an enchanting pleasure-ground, of which any city in the world might be proud.

Of a different character is the picturesque and scenic Parc Buttes-Chaumont, which was formerly a collection of rubbish-heaps and stone-quarries, forming a rendezvous for vagabonds, thieves, and cut-throats. It has been transformed into a pleasant park, with cliffs and cascades, lakes and stalactite caverns, bridges, temples, and belvideres, with charming views of Paris and the surrounding country. Terrible was the fighting here in May, 1871, when the Commune, in its last hours of agony, stood at bay and died hard.

Incomplete indeed would be any notice of Paris that did not take account of her famous boulevards, the oldest of which, from the Madeleine to the Bastille, superseded the ancient walls pulled down in 1670. The boulevards present the brightest and gayest scenes of Paris out-door life; the lofty houses, handsome shops and theatres, the brilliantly-lighted cafés, with crowds of well-dressed persons sitting at the little marble tables outside, the streams of loungers on the pavement, and the throng of equipages in the roadway, make a scene of indescribable gaiety. The Boulevard des Italiens is the most fashionable, but the Boulevard Montmartre is the most gaily lighted and the most typically French. There is an energy of pleasure, an air of reckless enjoyment pervading the incessantly talking throng, not to be found to the same degree in any other boulevard. At the end of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle stands the Porte St. Denis, a triumphal arch, commemorating the victories of Louis XIV. In 1830 the insurgents, ensconced at the top of this gate, set the royal troops at defiance; there was severe fighting here also in 1848. The straggling and irregular Boulevard St. Denis terminates at the Porte St. Martin, another monument in honour of Louis XIV., on which that monarch is represented as Hercules in a full-bottomed wig. This gate was also used as an insurgent stronghold in 1830, and was the scene of an obstinate defence by the people in 1848, and again by the Communists in 1871. The Boulevard St. Martin saw bloody struggles round the Fontaine du Château d'Eau in both the last two revolutions. The handsome and well-planted Boulevard du Temple was, before the Revolution of 1789, the gayest of all the boulevards. It is still in high repute with the general populace for its shows, &c. The house at No. 42 occupies the site of one from which Fieschi discharged his infernal machine with the intention of assassinating Louis Philippe, when Marshal Mortier and several others were killed. In addition to all these, several splendid boulevards were constructed by Napoleon III. Whatever may be thought of this monarch's career, he certainly much improved the city of Paris; in fifteen years he spent on it £60,000,000, resulting in the erection of seventy miles of buildings; he formed 200 boulevards and streets, built eight churches, eighty schools, twelve bridges, the Central Halles, the New Temple, four abattoirs, twenty-two squares, originated three new parks, and planted 50,000 trees. The outlay on improvements—the "Haussmannisation" of Paris, as it has been called—was no doubt enormous, yet the rise in the value of house property nearly kept pace with it. The city debt assumed formidable proportions, but the incomes of the taxpayers were growing even faster;

and although the outlay on improvements was so vast, yet it was incontestable that each new item of expenditure in a measure carried its immediate justification, for the surplus property acquired in the city in the neighbourhood of each new street and boulevard advanced so rapidly on the high price paid for it, that its sale to a great extent recouped the city for the total outlay. It is true famous sites are fast disappearing, world-known streets have given way to new boulevards, and whole *quartiers* have lost, or are losing, their distinctive characteristics: in fact, the Paris of history, the city of the League, of the Grand Monarque, and of the Revolution, is in many places obliterated by the improvements carried out under the direction of M. Haussmann; yet it must be confessed that Paris was never so beautiful or so worthy to be the capital of a great country as at the present time.

At the end of the Boulevard Beaumarchais is the Place de la Bastille, marking the site of the ancient State prison, in whose cells languished so many miserable victims of State jealousy and intrigue. But on July 14th, 1789, a vast crowd of 50,000 Parisians, armed with twenty cannon from the Invalides, attacked the prison; a feeble defence was essayed, but in some way or other the drawbridge fell, the crowd rushed in and liberated the prisoners, and the head of the murdered governor was carried on a bayonet through the city. In 1831 Louis Philippe came here to lay the foundation-stone of the Column of July, erected to commemorate the French citizens killed in the attack on the Louvre in 1830; in 1848 his own throne was brought here and burnt. A red flag waved from the hand of the bronze Genius of Liberty at the top of the column whilst MacMahon was cutting his way through the city in May, 1871.

Almost every open space of any size in Paris is called a Place, some of which have been already mentioned. The Place Vendôme takes its name from the Hôtel de César de Vendôme, the illegitimate son of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées. It was originally the Place des Conquêtes, then the Place Louis le Grand; and in the centre stood a statue of that monarch, destroyed at the Revolution. On its pedestal Napoleon raised a column to commemorate his success in the German campaign of 1805. It was adorned with spiral bas-reliefs of battle scenes, and surmounted by a statue of the Emperor, which was taken down at the Restoration, and replaced by a fleur-de-lis. But in 1833 Louis Philippe with grand military ceremonies inaugurated a second statue of the Emperor. In 1871 the column was thrown down by the Communists five days before the entry of the Versailles troops, but was afterwards re-constructed, and upon its summit a third statue of the Emperor, cast from bronze cannons, was placed in 1875.

In the Place des Victoires is another statue to the glorification of Louis XIV. The Place Royale marks the site of the ancient Palais des Tournelles, built or rebuilt by the Regent Duke of Bedford, when the English imagined that their rule in Paris would be permanent. It was here that Henry II. died from a wound received in tilting with the Count de Montgomerie, and it was also the scene of the splendours and crimes of the House of Valois. Catherine de Medici, after the accident referred to, had the palace demolished, but it was rebuilt under Henry IV. The old red-brick houses in the Place are the same in which, under Louis XIII., the best society in the world was wont to assemble. It is a unique remnant of Old Paris, and one almost expects to see plumed gallants and masked

ladies stepping out from the antique doorways. At No. 9 the Chevalier Grammont had the famous adventure with Marian de Lorme and the Duke de Brissac; the house has been more recently occupied by Victor Hugo. At No. 21 lived Cardinal Richelieu, and at a house in the south-east corner the great actress Madame Rachel was residing at the time of her death.

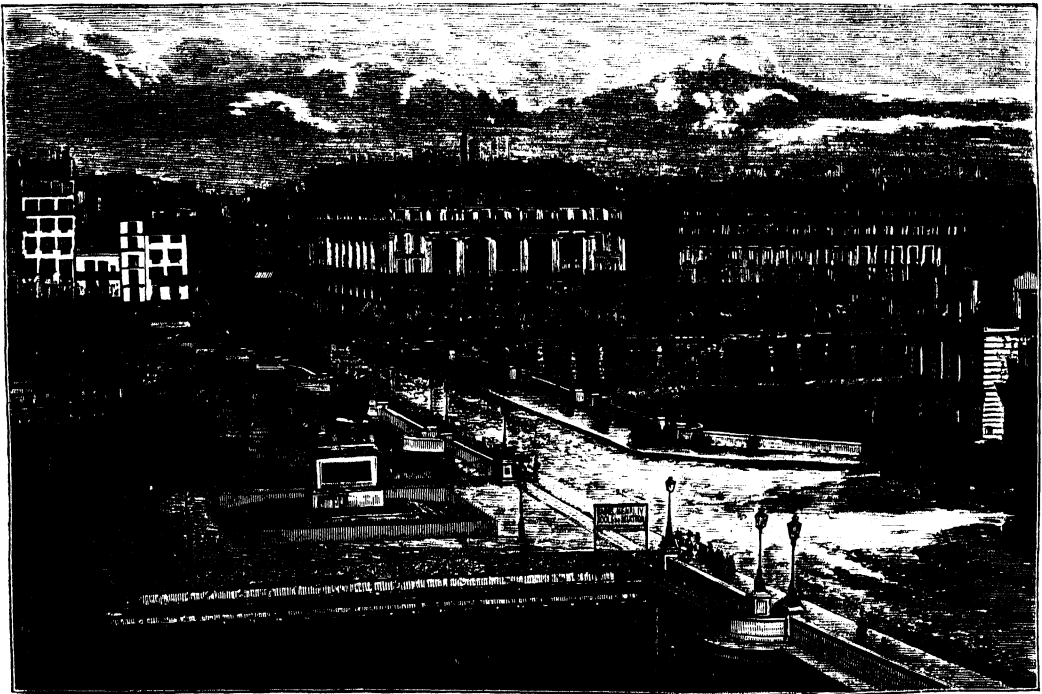
The streets of Paris would of themselves occupy all our space to describe their varying characteristics, or tell the story of their historical associations. The Rue de Rivoli, two miles in length, is perhaps without a rival in the world; it was commenced by the first Napoleon, and finished by his nephew. The Rue Lafitte contains the mansions of some of the richest bankers; two of its most splendid residences belong at the present time to the Rothschilds. The street derives its name from Lafitte the banker, who was ruined by the events of July, 1830. The Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin was the headquarters of the nobility of the First Empire, and is associated with the names of Madame Recamier, Madame Tallien, Cardinal Fesch, and other notables of the period. Next door to Fesch lived Ney, and afterwards Caulaincourt. In the Rue de la Victoire dwelt Napoleon after subduing the Sections. Whilst here he married Josephine, and so became possessed of her Hôtel, which had formerly belonged to Talma the tragedian. The Rue Lepelletier recalls the site of the old French Opera House, burnt down in 1873, on their way to which, in January, 1858, the Emperor and Empress narrowly escaped destruction. Three explosive shells were thrown, which killed eight persons in the crowd and wounded 141. For this crime Orsini and Pieri were subsequently executed. The corner of the Rue des Capucines is the spot where the shot was fired that led to the destruction of the monarchy in February, 1848. The Rue St. Denis claims a remarkable origin, as it marks the track of the footsteps of the patron saint of France as he trudged along, with his head under his arm, seeking a comfortable place of sepulture.

But we must turn from the streets to the silent highway that flows across Paris. The Seine in its course is banked by eleven miles of spacious quays, of which several were constructed by Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., but they were greatly extended and improved by Napoleon. On the Quai Voltaire, noted for its stalls of second-hand books and prints, is the house in which Voltaire died. The room was kept closed up for forty-seven years. The Quai de la Tournelle marks the site of a tower, from which a chain used to be stretched across the river at night. The Ile St. Louis was formerly a rural demesne, belonging to the Chapter of Notre Dame. Here was preached the last Crusade, resulting in the fiasco in which Edward I. and many French and English barons took part. This island was also the scene of the well-known contest between the dog of Montargis and the murderer. It was built over in 1614, and in the eighteenth century all the literary and artistic world of Paris were frequenting its mansions. At the Hôtel Lambert, Voltaire planned the *Henriade*, and Napoleon had that last interview with his minister Montalivet, when he learned that all was lost.

The Seine is spanned by five-and-twenty bridges, of which the oldest is the Pont Notre Dame, dating from the fifteenth century, though recently restored and re-constructed. Two or three wooden bridges successively preceded this erection, the last of which, with sixty houses upon it, fell in with a terrible crash in 1421. For permitting them to come

to such a pass the provost and some of the city magistrates were sent to prison, where they died. A new stone bridge was built, also bearing sixty houses, which were swept away in 1786.

The Pont au Change was preceded by the Grand Pont, once the only communication between the Ile de la Cité and the northern shore. On this bridge Louis VII. compelled the money-changers to dwell, whence its present name. It has been several times destroyed and rebuilt. When, in 1389, it was richly decorated to welcome Isabella of Bavaria, a Blondin of the period came down a tight-rope from the tower of Notre Dame with a



THE PONT NEUF.

torch in each hand, and having placed a crown upon the Queen's head, he went back up the rope as if flying. The Pont d'Arcole, a suspension bridge for foot-passengers only, witnessed a sanguinary conflict in 1830, when the heroism with which a young man led on the people against the artillery caused it to be named after the Bridge of Arcole, where Napoleon displayed similar courage. The Pont de la Concorde is partly constructed of stones from the Bastille. The Pont d'Iéna narrowly escaped destruction by Blucher in 1814, but was spared through the intercession of Wellington. The Pont Neuf was built by Henry IV., and the statue of that King, cast in 1818 from statues of Napoleon, Desaix, and others, replaced one destroyed in the Revolution. The bronze horse was cast in Tuscany for the original statue, by order of Marie de Medici. On its way to Paris it was shipwrecked off the Norman coast, and lay for a year at the bottom of the sea. It

was subsequently fished up, and brought to its destination. At the time of the Fronde all persons crossing this bridge in carriages were made to get out and kneel down in the road. On the river-bank in the Ile de la Cité stands the Morgue (from an old French word, meaning the face), where, on marble slabs, dead bodies found in the streets or river are exposed for identification—a ghastly sight, but thousands of people pass through the building in the course of each day.

From the Morgue to the cemeteries is a natural transition. Of these, the most famous is Père la Chaise, recalling by its name the confessor of Louis XIV., and superior of the Mont Louis community of Jesuits. Their estate was sold up when the community became insolvent, and after passing through several hands, was purchased by the Prefect of the Seine for a cemetery. One of the most celebrated monuments is the tomb of Abelard, constructed out of the ruins of his famous Abbey of the Paraclete.

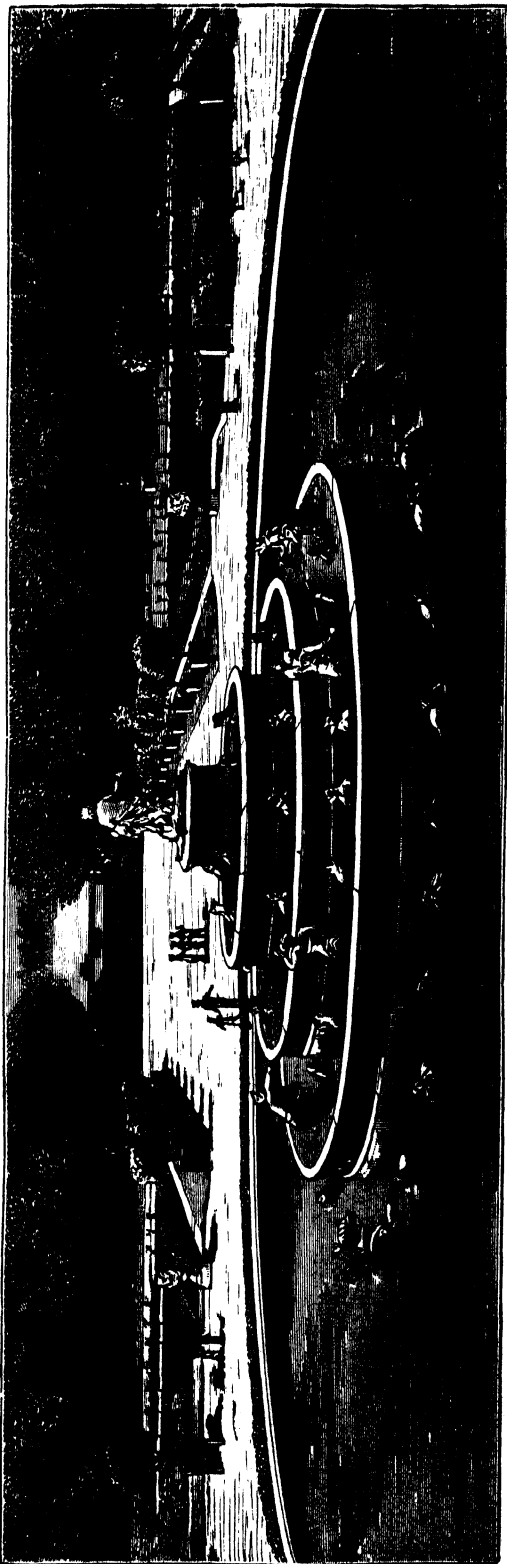
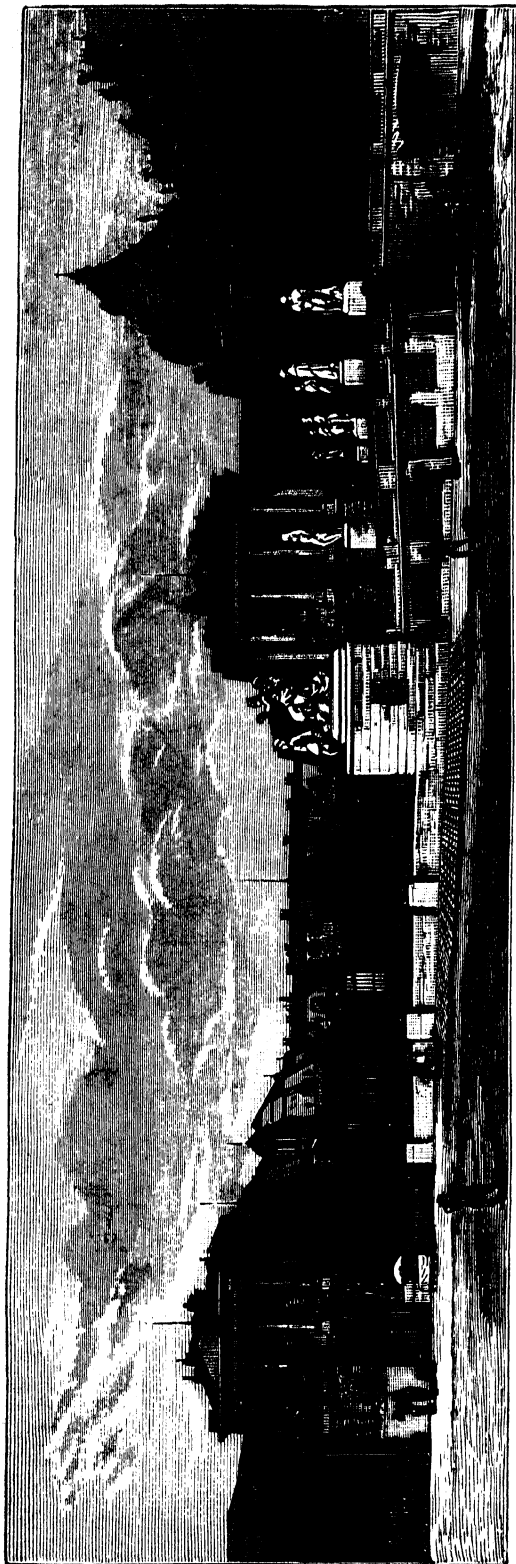
The Cimetière de Montmartre was the first formed outside the city when the burial-grounds were closed, and called the Champ du Repos. It is noticeable for its tombs of Polish exiles.

Since 1785 seven millions of skulls and bones from the old burying-grounds of Paris have been taken to the Catacombs. Walls of skulls, joints, and vertebrae meet the eye of the visitor in every direction. The origin of these singular subterranean caverns, of which an extent of 200 acres has been explored, is lost in the night of time. There seems no doubt but that as early as the fourth century robbers and cut-throats, and similar characters, were burrowing in the soft strata underlying Southern Paris. Very extensive excavations were also made for building purposes. This sort of thing went on for ten centuries, till the foundations of the Observatory and some other public buildings were seen to be giving way. Works were undertaken to insure safety, and at the same time it was resolved to utilise the Catacombs for relieving the burial-grounds of Paris of the overflowing population of the dead.

With the exception of the Bois de Boulogne, all hitherto described is within the walls of Paris, but outside those walls are many sites of historic interest. Foremost of these in point of celebrity comes Versailles, with its grand palace and gardens, created by Louis XIV. at a cost of not less than forty millions of pounds sterling, necessitating increased taxation, that hastened the coming of the Great Revolution. Its splendid saloons and apartments, associated with all the glories and scandals of the French Court from the youth of Louis XIV. to the Revolution; its vast collections of pictures, portraits, busts, and statues; its terraces, avenues, parterres, orangeries, bowers, lakes, and grand fountains: all these and other attractions, which draw thousands of visitors to this magnificent home of royalty, would require a chapter to describe in detail, while to narrate the historic memories of the palace would be to write the history of France for a hundred years. An innumerable train of kings and queens, poets and philosophers, courtiers and lovely women, passed through these halls. Louis XIV. changed his predecessors' hunting-lodge at Versailles into a gorgeous palace for Madame la Vallière. When that lady fled, to die in a convent cell, the graceful and witty Madame de Montespan, with her blue eyes and fair waving hair, reigned here in her stead. When she also sought the cloister, Madame de Maintenon succeeded, and was married to the King in 1686. Magnificent and lavishly







VERSAILLES PALACE AND GARDENS.

extravagant were the Court festivities in those days. At the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy, 4,000 wax candles lit the Great Gallery, that could scarcely contain the throng of courtiers and grand ladies brilliantly dressed and sparkling with flashing gems. Amongst that gay crowd moved generals like Turenne, statesmen like Colbert and Louvet, men of letters like Racine and Boileau and Molière, and preachers like Bossuet and Massillon and Père la Chaise—the latter craftily working to bring about the infamous Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Here Madame de Maintenon watched the death-bed of Louis XIV., and then retired to St. Cyr, to end her days in prayer. Louis XV., whilst loving, in a fashion, his “frozen Venus,” Queen Maria Leckzinska, brought to Versailles Madame de Pompadour, who won his admiration whilst hunting in the forest. Her name for twenty years stood foremost in France, till she died in the palace, suffering in mind and body. Clad in a robe of serge, and with a wooden cross on her bosom, she was carried hence with a pauper’s funeral, as she had directed, to her grave in the Capuchin convent; and the King, who watched the scene from the balcony, soon solaced himself with the society of Madame du Barry. When the last miserable years of Louis XV. were ended, the Du Barry was sent adrift, and a brilliant Court soon clustered round the fair Queen Marie Antoinette. Here Burke saw her, and compared her to “the morning star, full of hope, and splendour, and joy.” In the distinguished crowd that surrounded her, beauty and courage, and wisdom and wit, were conspicuous. There were the lovely Princesse de Lamballe (destined to a horrible doom in the maddest moment of the people’s frenzy); the graceful Duchess de Polignac; young Lafayette; the sage American, Franklin; Talleyrand; the Count d’Artois (long after to be known as Charles X.); “Monsieur” (afterwards Louis XVIII.), writing philosophical articles, and proud of seeing them anonymously in print; and the good and gentle Madame Elizabeth, loving the king, her brother, and his wife and children, with a devotion to be sealed with her blood. But whilst the Court pursued its glittering round of pleasure, and Louis XVI. busied himself with his beloved turning-lathe and forge, ominous clouds were gathering. Soon those clouds broke in the tempest of revolution. A ferocious crowd carried off the King and his family in triumph to Paris, and the Palace of Versailles ceased to be a royal residence. It was stripped and devastated, and turned into a manufactory of arms. Napoleon wished to re-furnish it, but could not spare the money. Louis Philippe spent large sums in restoring the palace, and made it what it now is—a grand historical museum. On the 18th of January, 1871, the Great Gallery beheld a novel scene, for here King William of Prussia was declared Emperor of Germany by the generals of the army that was then besieging Paris.

The Great and Little Trianon are for the most part associated with the royal mistresses. At the latter Louis XV. died of small-pox, whilst the Du Barry was anxiously watching for the signal-light in his window which told her that her reign was at an end. Hither came Marie Antoinette in her straw hat and white muslin dress to cultivate her flowers, and play at being dairymaid and shepherdess.

Fontainebleau, where kings and rulers of France took their pleasure in successive edifices, from the time of King Robert the Devout to Louis Philippe, is a handsome town, with a splendid palace and a grand forest. In this palace Napoleon I. signed his abdication in 1814.

At Compiègne, where in 1430 the Maid of Orleans was made prisoner by the English, there is a beautiful palace which was always a favourite residence with the royalty of France. Here wandered Marie de Medici, watched by Richelieu's spies, till she escaped to die in poverty in a foreign land; here strayed young Louis XV., sighing for Mazarin's lovely niece, Marie Mancini; here Louis XVI., and afterwards Napoleon, came to meet their respective Austrian brides.

St. Cloud, preserving by its name the memory of the pious grandson of Clotilda, shows a mass of ruins for what was once a stately palace. In the adjacent forest Catherine de Medici and her fifty plumed damsels hunted. In the palace the line of Valois became extinct when Henry III. died by the knife of Friar Clement. Here, long after, Mirabeau, won over by the seductive grace of Marie Antoinette, mistook the signs of the times, and declared that the monarchy was saved. Here, as it were but yesterday, the young Prince Imperial was holding his youthful Court.

St. Germain-en-Laye is associated with the exiled Stuarts, who at this place plotted the restoration that was not to be. Here poor Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I. of England, dwelt, so poor at times as to be obliged to stay in bed for want of a fire. Here Charles II. held his Court, and vainly tried to win Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the richest heiress in France. In 1689 James II. came with his troop of exiled nobles to live on the bounty of King Louis, and here the Pretender Charles Edward was proclaimed James III. of England.

Vincennes has won fame as palace, prison, and fortress. It is associated with the loves of Charles VII. and Agnes Sorel, the death of Henry V., King of France and England, and was the prison-house of hundreds of victims of the dreaded *lettres de cachet*. Here the young Duc d'Enghien was shot by Napoleon as a warning to the Bourbons.

There are scores of other interesting spots around Paris which we can but name: St. Denis, famous for its abbey-church, and monuments of the Kings of France, rifled in a single day in 1793 of the royal remains of ten centuries; Malmaison, sacred to Josephine's sorrowing widowhood; Charenton, famous for religious controversies at the time of the League, and at the present time for its National Lunatic Asylum; Arceuil, with its magnificent aqueduct of the time of Louis XIII., and remains of an earlier and Roman structure; Rambouillet, recalling the memory of Diana of Poitiers; the place where Charles X. signed his abdication; St. Cyr, where Madame Maintenon died; Poissy, the birthplace of St. Louis; Marly, a favourite haunt of Louis XIV.; Sèvres, renowned all over the world for its magnificent porcelain; Meudon, where Rabelais laughed, and wrote, and preached; Mont Valérien, a frowning fort standing on the hill where in former times Druids' altars, hermits' cells, and Trappists' monasteries succeeded one another; Nanterre, where La Rosière is crowned on the 15th of May; Neuilly, the favourite home of Louis Philippe when he received the crown in 1830; Chantilly, associated with the great house of Condé and with modern horse-racing; Montmorency, where Rousseau wrote *La Nouvelle Héloïse*.

Such is Paris; and we think we have justified our description of it in the introductory chapter as "gay and mournful, flower-strewn and blood-stained, the home of peaceful arts and the scene of sanguinary revolutions; where every street has a history, and every history a moral."



THE BOOMPJES, ROTTERDAM.

## ROTTERDAM.

Origin of the Town and its Name—Shape of the Town—The Boompjes—The Canals—Curious Street Scenes—Cleanliness and Costume—The Church of St. Lawrence—Erasmus—Boyman's Museum—The Park—Statue of Tollens—Schiedam—A Trekschuit Trip. DELFT:—Its History—The Oude Kerk—The Nieuwe Kerk—Story of Hugo Grotius—The Tomb of William the Silent—The Prinsenhof—The Assassination of the Prince of Orange.

VERY little is known of the origin of Rotterdam. In his "Historia Gallica," Robert Cenalis, Bishop of Avranches, states that it was founded by Rotter, King of France; while Trithème, who wrote about the same time, asserts that it was founded in 808, and that Rutter, twenty-third King of France, was buried there. That these writers are inaccurate is demonstrated from the fact that long after the date given for the foundation of the city the site was buried under the waters of the Maas, and also from the fact that there was no King of France named Rutter.

Rotterdam derives its name from the enormous dam which was placed at the junction of the Rotte and Maas, a dam or dyke, which runs through the town now, and on it is built the principal street, namely, the Hoogstraat, or High Street. When the dam was built a town sprang up, called in consequence Rotterdam; in 1270 it was walled, and became a city; in 1297 it was seized by the Flemings, and in 1418 by Waldegrave, Lord of Brederode. In 1794 the town was taken by the French, and suffered much from the decline of commerce during the long war which was happily terminated by the peace of 1815.

Like all Dutch towns, Rotterdam has suffered from time to time from the incursions of rivers and seas, one of the most disastrous inundations having taken place in 1825, when

there was an extraordinary high tide in the Maas, which threatened to destroy the town, and succeeded in doing great damage.

Like all Dutch towns, too, Rotterdam suffered at the hands of the Spaniards. In 1572, when Count Bossu had made an ineffectual attempt to recover Brill from the hands of the rebel forces, he turned towards Rotterdam, but found the gates closed against him, and the citizens determined to resist as far as possible the entry of the Spaniards. Compelled to parley, Bossu resorted to a perfidious stratagem. He requested permission for his troops to pass through the city without halting. This was granted by the magistrates on condition that only a corporal's command should be admitted at a time. To these terms the count affixed his hand and seal. With the admission, however, of the first detachment, a violent onset was made upon the gate by the whole Spanish force. The townspeople, not suspecting treachery, were not prepared to make effective resistance. A stout smith, confronting the invaders at the gate, almost singly, with his sledge-hammer, was stabbed to the heart by Bossu with his own hand. The soldiers, having thus gained admittance, rushed through the streets, putting every man to death who offered the slightest resistance. Within a few minutes, 400 citizens were murdered. The fate of the women, abandoned now to the outrage of a brutal soldiery, was worse than death. The capture of Rotterdam is infamous for the same crimes which blacken the record of every Spanish triumph in the Netherlands.\*

Since 1830, after the separation of Holland and Belgium, Rotterdam has grown and thriven with surprising speed, drawing to herself all that was lost by her rival Antwerp; and latterly, since the opening of the Dutch-Rhenish Railway, trade has received a marvellous impulse. The situation of Rotterdam is exceedingly advantageous to commerce, communicating with the sea by the Maas, which enables the largest foreign vessels to come to her ports in a few hours; and by the same river easy access is had to the Rhine, which brings from the mountains of Switzerland and Bavaria immense quantities of timber. The enormous bridge open for traffic in 1877 joins every city of Holland by means of railway communication with the whole continent of Europe.

The railway, carried across the town by means of a lofty viaduct a mile in length, has been a stupendous work, involving enormous expense; the new and magnificent quays have been made with immense labour out of mud-banks into which entire forests have been buried for foundations; and the intricate navigation of the Maas, involving heavy pilot dues, has gone a long way towards hampering the prosperity of the town. But Rotterdam, with all the drawbacks to its trade, has had far fewer difficulties to contend with than Amsterdam.

Rotterdam is in the shape of an equilateral triangle, the base of which is an enormous dam, defending the city from the river Maas. Another great dyke forms a second bulwark against the river, which divides the city into two almost equal parts. That portion of the city comprised within the two dykes is the New City, and consists principally of islands, with canals and bridges; the portion extending beyond the second dyke is the Old City.

The base of the triangle is called the Boompjes, signifying in Dutch "small trees," from a row of little elms, now grown very tall, that were planted upon it when it was first

\* Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

constructed. The Boompjes is a handsome quay, extending for more than a mile along the bank of the Maas, and is the centre of life of the commercial city. Here are moored a row of steamboats, which start every hour for Schiedam, Dordrecht, Gouda, and other places. Farther on are the large ships for European ports, and handsome three-masted vessels trading with the East Indies in coffee, sugar, tobacco, rice, and spices. The average number of vessels entering the port annually is 2,500.

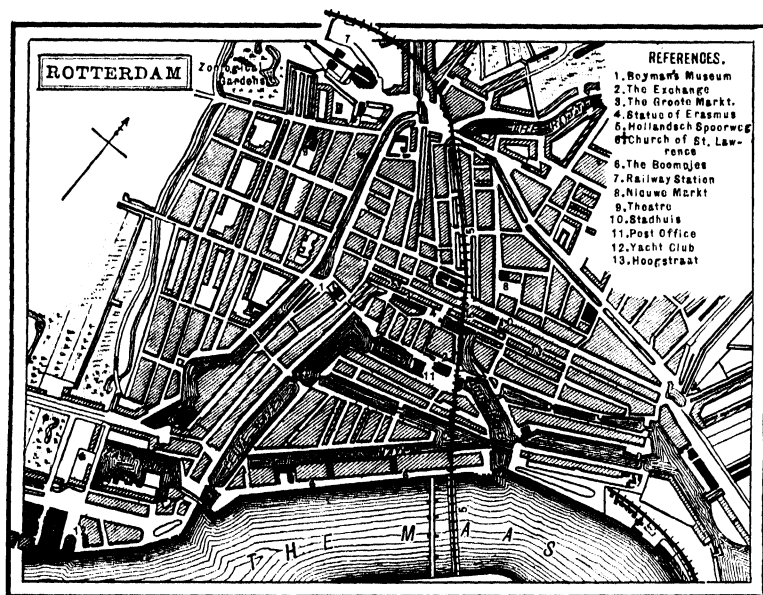
The scene on the Boompjes is always picturesque. Groups of sailors of all nationalities are to be seen at all hours; loungers are to be met with under the shady trees, the pathways are full of busy throngs, the roadway is alive with vehicles; swarms of small boats are on the river, and the passing and re-passing steamers add to the liveliness of the scene.

The whole of the city is intersected by canals, broad, long, and deep, and capable of accommodating vessels of heavy tonnage. These canals divide the city into so many islands, united by drawbridges, swivel-bridges, turning-bridges, and a few stone bridges. It is curious to walk through Rotterdam and find everywhere these canals, with streets on either side, and trees along the side of almost every street, and more curious still to find that you can never get away from the shipping. In the very heart of the city large ships are discharging their cargoes; the masts of ships are seen among the houses, above the trees, beside the churches, and all along the centre of the main thoroughfares. Many of these ships are built expressly for the Rhine and Holland; they are single-masted, broad, stout, and all highly coloured and ornamented. The prevailing style is bright green for the hull, with red or white stripes, gilded poops, varnished or highly polished decks and masts, while buckets, hatches, barrels, and other things are usually painted a bright red, with white or green stripes. The cabins are models of cleanliness and comfort, with brightly polished windows, snow-white muslin curtains, and pots of flowers.

Besides the novelty of finding "a fleet imprisoned in the heart of a city," there are many things to attract attention in the streets of Rotterdam. The houses have pointed façades, are of all shades of brick, from the darkest red to the pinkest pink; whitewashed stone or wood ornaments the façade, the windows and doors are bordered with broad white stripes, the window-sills are generally full of flowers; the windows are provided with little mirrors, by means of which the inmates can see all that takes place up or down the street without being themselves seen; brass plates and brass knobs in a high state of polish adorn the doors, by the side of which bird-cages frequently hang. It is a curious fact that nearly all the houses are a little out of the upright, and lean more or less, while sometimes in a street all the houses will lean slightly in one direction. "There are," says De Amicis, "houses that nod forwards as if asleep, others that start backwards as if affrighted, some bending towards each other as if in secret conference, some falling upon one another as if they were drunk, some leaning backwards between others that lean forward, like malefactors dragged onwards by their guards; rows of houses that curtsy to a steeple; groups of small houses all inclined towards one in the middle, like conspirators in conclave."

The streets are scrupulously clean; no dirt or rubbish, no old rags or decayed vegetables are to be seen; and there are no bad smells, save those which are inevitably present where

much shipping is. The people are cleanly and wear a well-to-do appearance; no hand is ever held out to beg, and there are fewer deformities and monstrosities than in any other city. The costumes of the common people are neat and quiet, and comparatively few are nationally characteristic. Sometimes, however, a group of Friesland farmers may be seen, and more frequently women from the interior, adorned with massive gold and silver ornaments on their foreheads. Some of these are very curious, consisting of a kind of gold or gilt copper ornament encircling the head like a diadem, from which depend spirals of a similar metal, setting out conspicuously on either side of the face. Nearly all the women wear their hair smoothly and tightly drawn on the head, and tied in plaits at the back; the head is covered with a kind of nightcap of spotless white lace, and a muslin veil falls over the shoulders.



PLAN OF ROTTERDAM.

House-cleaning is a mania in Rotterdam, as it is in nearly all the towns of Holland; and it is impossible to pass through a street at any time of the day without seeing servants, armed with syringes and flexible tubes and sponges and rags, scrubbing, polishing, and drenching, as if life depended upon the removal of every speck of dirt or dust either inside the house or out.

Very few soldiers are to be seen in

Rotterdam, for though the town has a population of 150,300 inhabitants, there are only 300 soldiers in garrison. Some of the peculiarities of street scenes in Rotterdam are the crowds that are collected when the drawbridges open, and the means of passing on are removed; the women washing large quantities of linen in the canals; the numberless little carts drawn by muzzled dogs; the inveterate smoking habits of the men; and the indiscriminate use of the roadway by horses, carts, and pedestrians, owing to the absence of pavements.

At night time there are curious effects of light to be seen: there are lamps in the street and at all corner houses, lanterns hanging from the masts of all the ships, lighthouses and lamps on all the bridges, lights from the interior of the houses, and all these are reflected in the waters of the canals.

There are not many historical monuments in Rotterdam, but the few that are there are interesting. The Church of St. Lawrence (Groote Kerk) is a heavy-looking Gothic

brick edifice, dating from 1477. Whatever interior decorations of value it may once have had Protestantism has swept away, and now there is nothing of interest save the great organ, some marble monuments of Dutch admirals, and a handsome brazen screen. But from the tower of the church there is a grand view—a view which reveals not only



THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

the peculiarities of the town, but of the country. Below are the red roofs of houses, the railway viaduct, canals and ships, ships and canals, while all around is a vast green plain covered with villages and windmills, and intersected by long canals, with rows of trees on their banks. The steeples of Briel, Schiedam, Delft, Leyden, the Hague, Dordrecht, and Gouda can be clearly seen, but far as the eye can reach there is not a hill or any attempt at rising ground to relieve the general flatness.



In the middle of the market-place (Groote Markt) is a bronze statue of Gerrit Gerritz, better known by the Latin name of Desiderius Erasmus, the first literary light of Holland. The statue was erected in 1622, and represents Erasmus in cap and gown, with a book held open in his hand. The pedestal bears long inscriptions in Dutch and Latin.

Erasmus, the illegitimate son of a citizen of Gouda, was born in Rotterdam on the 28th October, 1467. As a mere child, a poor little outcast, he was taken to Utrecht, where he sang in the cathedral as a chorister; at nine he went to Deventer to school, and distinguished himself by learning the whole of Horace and Terence by heart. He was severely treated at school, and his timid, sensitive spirit was almost crushed. When he was casting about in his mind as to his future life, his guardians, who were dishonest and unscrupulous, suggested his entering a convent, but against this he stoutly demurred. A trap was therefore laid for him; an old schoolfellow, with whom he had shared a bed-room at Deventer, persuaded him to re-consider the matter, picturing in such glowing colours the tranquil life, the society of holy men, and the sweet companionship of books, that he altered his mind and entered a cloister. His friend was a mere decoy, playing into the hands of the monks and the guardians of Erasmus, who wished to have the little property that belonged to him, and who thought that by getting him into a convent they could effectually get rid of him. Erasmus found in the convent of Stein, instead of "holy calm," noisy, coarse, and sensual monks, who cared for wine more than for books; and his health gave way under the rules, which were rigid when conscientiously obeyed. After some time, at the age of twenty-three, the Bishop of Cambrai rescued him from captivity by making him his secretary and taking him to France, where he was able to pursue his studies in the University of Paris. In 1497 Erasmus came over to England, and in the society and friendship of Lord Mountjoy, a devotee to classic learning, of Sir Thomas More, and of Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, he felt his life enlarged, his tastes expanded, and new hopes kindled.

In 1500 he published the first of his larger works, a collection of over 4,000 "Adages," or proverbial sayings, compiled from Greek and Roman authors, with annotations thereon. It was not till he was forty years of age that he paid a visit to Italy—the Mecca of Roman Catholics. Julius II. was then Pope, and Erasmus had his eyes opened during his stay in Rome to the hypocrisy of the higher ecclesiastics, and his moral sense sickened at the wickedness of the so-called Vicar of Christ. On his return he published "The Praise of Folly," written in nine days under the roof of Sir Thomas More, a work which, preceding the Reformation by many years, served to call the attention of thinking men to ecclesiastical abuses. In 1524 his "Colloquies" were published at Paris, and a report having been circulated that the work would be prohibited, no less than 24,000 copies were sold in one day.

The greatest works of Erasmus, and those which rendered the most signal service to the cause of true religion, were the publication of the New Testament in Greek, in the year 1518—when he was fifty-one—and the Paraphrase or "Exposition of all the Books of the New Testament," published in 1522. Before this the Gospels were only to be found in MS., notwithstanding the fact that the art of printing had been in existence for eighty

years. The "Exposition" was soon translated into different European languages, and in England, by royal proclamation, it was ordered that a copy should be procured for every parish, and fastened securely to the reading-desk.

Erasmus had not in him the spirit of a martyr, nor was he a professed theologian, but he was the scholar and the sage of Rotterdam, and he was incidentally one of the precursors of the Reformation, although he never seceded from the Church of Rome. He laughed at monks and the follies of convent life, he exposed the crimes of Pope Julius, he advocated the translation of the Scriptures into the modern vernaculars, in his last illness he would confess to no other priest than Jesus Christ, and he died without absolution.

Rotterdam is justly proud of the memories associated with Erasmus, and every Protestant should share in that pride, for he was a man who did more than all his cotemporaries to rescue from Romish thralldom the scholarship of Europe—a man who rescued from the tomb and handed down to posterity many works of the Fathers of the Church, and many of the best authors of Greece and Rome—a man of such amazing industry that the works of which he was author, editor, or subject fill a folio volume in the magnificent catalogue of our National Collection.

The house in which Erasmus was born is in the Wijde Kerkstraat, near to the Hoogstraat, or High Street, the busiest street of the town, and built on an embankment or dyke. The house is now a gin-shop, but it bears a small statue of the scholar, with the inscription, "*Hæc est parva domus, magnus qua natus Erasmus.*"

There is a collection of pictures, chiefly by Dutch masters, in Boyman's Museum. (In Holland and Belgium the picture galleries are termed Museums.) In 1864, 300 pictures and 1,300 drawings were destroyed by fire, and of what remained the greater part belonged to one Jacob Otto Boyman, who left them in his will to the city. None of the great Dutch masterpieces are in this collection, which is much inferior to those of Amsterdam and the Hague. But though it cannot be said that Dutch art is adequately represented in the Museum at Rotterdam, the gallery contains some fair specimens of the works of Cuyp, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Maas, Ostade, Ruysdael, Jan Steen, Vandevelde, Wouvermans, and others, as well as characteristic pictures of other schools.

The Exchange is spacious; in the upper rooms is a museum of curiosities, and from the tower is heard a lovely set of chimes. The Town Hall (Stadhuis) is modern and uninteresting, but near it is a handsome fountain, erected in 1874, in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of Dutch Independence.

In the small park on the shore of the Maas, where the band plays on summer evenings, and Dutchmen delight to stroll and smoke their pipes in peace, there is a marble statue of the poet Tollens, a writer who in a remarkable manner endeared himself to the whole of his countrymen, by whom his poems are known almost by heart.

Hendrik Corneliszoon Tollens, born at Rotterdam, 24th September, 1780, was the son of an apothecary and dealer in colours, and at the age of fourteen left school to assist his father in the shop. The year following the French entered Holland, and young Tollens distinguished himself as secretary of a patriotic society, for which he wrote some popular songs. At seventeen he developed a strong poetic talent, studied French and German, and wrote dramas and tragedies. But these were not his best works; a simple domestic poem

won more admiration than all his previous efforts, and from that time he devoted himself to poems on subjects connected with national history and domestic scenes, while still carrying on business in the drug-shop.

He became the most popular poet of his country. His works are voluminous, the shorter poems alone occupying about ten octavo volumes. So greatly was he esteemed that on the occasion of his seventieth birthday (1850) the king presented him with the insignia of Commander of the Order of the Dutch Lion, a very unusual honour for a literary man, and his countrymen gave him a medal struck in his honour with the inscription, "Netherland to its Beloved National Poet," and informed him that a subscription had been organised without his knowledge for the formation of a "Tollens' Fund" to commemorate his name by a charitable institution, the nature of which was to be left to his choice. He died in 1856, beloved by all the Dutch people.

Conspicuous from Rotterdam are the tall chimneys and the everlasting smoke of Schiedam, distant a mile or two. There are 23,000 inhabitants in the town, which is celebrated for the manufacture of spirit bearing the name of "Schiedam," and known also as "Hollands" and "Geneva," so called from the jenever, or juniper-berry, with which it is flavoured. There are over 220 distilleries in Schiedam, and over 30,000 pigs are annually fattened on the refuse of the grain used in these distilleries.

The conveyance almost universally employed in Holland was formerly the *Trekschuit*, or passenger barge, but it is now almost entirely superseded by railways or screw-steamers. There are some left, however, and when time is not an object, a voyage on the stormless waters, where wreck is impossible, in one of these long narrow barges is very interesting. They are gaudily painted; the deck cabin is in two compartments running nearly the entire length, and the roof is covered with a kind of asphalte. Here the passenger can stand and smoke and gaze on the broad sweeps of pollard land, innumerable windmills, countless water-lanes, and unending rows of lime, willow, and poplar-trees. Here too an insight can be obtained into the life of the people, who dwell in homely, scattered cottages, scrupulously clean, and dress in unsophisticated costumes, and on high days and holidays don their helmet-caps, ear-rings, red petticoats, and rosetted shoes.

Trekschuiten, or their modern equivalents, steamboats, run every few hours from Rotterdam to Delft, and as the latter is one of the most interesting of Dutch towns, and full of historical reminiscences, we shall ask the reader to accompany us thither.

## DELFT.

DELFT is a quiet, charming little town, with clean canals bordered by lime-trees, pleasant houses, well-kept streets, a few interesting public buildings, and a population of nearly 26,000. It was founded by Godfrey, surnamed the Gobbo (hunchback), Duke of Lotharingia, who for nearly four years occupied Holland. The town has witnessed a series of mishaps. It was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1536, 200 of its houses were shattered by a gunpowder explosion in 1654, and in 1742 another catastrophe of the same kind occurred.

Here once flourished the manufacture of majolica, the celebrated "Delft-ware," but the industry has almost vanished from the city which gave it its name, all the manufactories,



THE MAUSOLEUM OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.

with one exception, having disappeared. Delft is "holy ground" to Dutchmen, however, for here rests the body of William the Silent, her great hero, and here stands the house in which he was assassinated. Here, too, are gathered together in their final rest some of the greatest men of Holland, in arms, in literature, and in science.

In the Oude Kerk, which has a leaning tower, consequent upon the sinking of the ground, there is a monument to the veteran Admiral Van Tromp.

Tromp was among the greatest of the Dutch admirals. He was a born and bred sailor, as were his father and grandfather before him. When he was only ten years old he saw his father killed on the deck of his own ship, while in action with a Spanish vessel. He lived to avenge his death. In 1639 he was in command of the Dutch fleet which blockaded the Spanish Admiral D'Oquendo in the Downs. Although an English fleet was sent to preserve neutrality, and the commander, Pennington, informed the belligerents that he was ordered to fight the man who fired the first shot, Tromp challenged D'Oquendo to come out and fight; the Spaniard answered that he had no powder, to which Tromp replied by offering him half of his own stock. This offer was refused, so Tromp attacked and defeated the Spaniard, leaving a squadron to watch Pennington—a piece of amusing impudence, worthy of our own Lord Cochrane. Tromp received the Order of Knighthood three years later at the hands of Charles I. In 1652, a battle between Tromp and Blake was fought in the Downs, in which the Dutchman was victorious, and it is asserted that after the victory he hoisted a broom at his mast-head, to signify that he would sweep the channel of the English, but the arrogance was promptly punished.

Tromp's last great fight was against the English, and the scene of the conflict was within sight of the village of Scheveningen, near the Hague. The English fought for victory, the Dutch for existence. It was a desperate struggle; thirty ships were destroyed, and the victory was claimed by both sides. But the Dutch lost their greatest admiral, an English bullet piercing him to the heart, and then they gladly concluded peace with a Power which, despite the question of momentary victory, they were forced to acknowledge was vastly superior to their own.

On the monument to Tromp in the old church it is recorded that "he left to posterity a grand example of mastery in naval warfare, of fidelity to the State, of prudence, of courage, of intrepidity, and of immovable firmness."

Near to the tomb of Van Tromp is that of another naval hero, Peter Hein, the admiral of the Indian Company, who rose to his high position from the ranks of a simple fisherman. It was he who in 1628 captured the Spanish "silver fleet" that carried in the sides of the ships twelve millions of florins. Here also is the tomb of the great naturalist Leeuwenhoek, the inventor of the microscope, "the father of the science of the infinitely little."

In the Nieuwe Kerk is the simple tomb of Hugo Grotius—*Prodigium Europæ*, as he is called in his epitaph—who was born at Delft. He was the great jurisconsult of the seventeenth century: "that Grotius who at nine years of age wrote Latin verses, at eleven composed Greek odes, at fourteen philosophic theses, and three years later accompanied the illustrious Barneveldt in his embassy to Paris, when Henry IV., presenting him to the Court, said, 'Behold the miracle of Holland!'" that Grotius who at eighteen was distinguished as poet, theologian, commentator, and astronomer, and had written a prose epic on the city of Ostend, which Casaubon translated into Greek and Malesherbe into French verse; that Grotius who in his twenty-fourth year exercised the office of Advocate-General of Holland and Zealand, and wrote a celebrated treatise on 'The Liberty of the Seas;' who

at thirty was Councillor of the City of Rotterdam, then partisan of Barneveldt, persecuted, condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and shut up in the Castle of Loevenstein, where he wrote the treatise of the 'Right of Peace and of War,' which was for a long time the codex of all the publicists of Europe; then saved miraculously by his wife, who caused herself to be introduced into his prison in a box believed to contain books, which box went out again with the prisoner in it, while the wife remained a prisoner in his stead; then the guest of Louis XIII., and sent ambassador from France to Christina of Sweden, and finally returning triumphantly to his own country, where he died, at Rostock, full of years and honours." \*

But the monument of greatest interest in Delft, and indeed in all Holland, is the Mausoleum of William the Silent, standing in the middle of the church. It is a magnificent marble monument, with the effigy of the prince resting on a black marble sarcophagus beneath a canopy supported by columns, between which are statues representing Liberty, Justice, Prudence, and Religion. At the foot of the recumbent figure of the prince is the effigy of his favourite dog, which saved his life in 1572, when he was attacked by two Spaniards who came to assassinate him as he lay in his tent at the siege of Malines. At the head of this figure there is a second statue in bronze, representing the prince in full military accoutrement, with uncovered head, the helmet lying at his feet; and, opposite, another bronze figure of Fame or Victory with outspread wings. A Latin inscription on the canopy, pointed out by weeping genii, sets forth that the monument was raised by the States of Holland "to the eternal memory of that William of Nassau whom Philip II., scourge of Europe, feared, and never overcame or conquered, but killed by atrocious guile."

The house in which William, Prince of Orange, the "Father of the Fatherland," and the Founder of Dutch Independence, was assassinated, on the 10th July, 1584, is still in existence; it is a gloomy-looking place, with arched windows and a narrow door, forming part of the ancient convent of St. Agatha. It still bears the name of the Prinsenhof, although it is at present used as a cavalry barrack. There is a melancholy interest in visiting this palace, and recalling the terrible incident which ended the mortal life of Holland's great hero. This is all we can do here: to recall the story of his life would be to recall the whole history of the rise of the Netherland Republic.

In 1584, when William of Orange was residing at Delft, that ancient burgh presented many of the characteristics which distinguish it to-day. Rows of limes and poplars threw their shadows over the placid canals; the streets were clean, the houses well built, and the people busy, cheerful, and thrifty. In the Old Delft Street, opposite the "Old Kirk," was a plain two-storeyed brick mansion, the Prinsenhof, where in the previous winter Louisa de Coligny, the wife of the prince, had given birth to a son, afterwards the celebrated Stadtholder, Frederic Henry. She was the daughter of that Coligny who had been murdered in her sight at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

In that tranquil burgh of Delft there was living at that time a young man of twenty-seven years, known as Francis Guion, who passed for a rigid Calvinist, attended every sermon and lecture, and walked about with a Bible or hymn-book under his arm. This man, was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a native of Burgundy, a fanatical Catholic, and the avowed

\* "Holland." By Edmondo de Amicis.

agent of Philip II. of Spain and of the Jesuits—a man who before he came to man's estate had sworn to murder the Prince of Orange. When the infamous ban was published, Gérard determined to carry his vow into execution, and, in addition, to gain the prize set upon the hero's head by the Prince of Parma.

Eight successive attempts against the life of the prince made by emissaries of Spain had failed, and hitherto the ban had been unsuccessful. No one had been found able to earn the guerdon promised to the individual who should put Orange to death.

During William's residence at Delft, Gérard twice obtained access to the presence of the prince—once unexpectedly, when he was unprepared to carry out his design, and again on the morning of the day in which the terrible deed was done. On that last occasion the princess also saw him, and, struck with his pale face and agitated appearance, questioned the prince anxiously concerning him, saying that “she had never before seen so villanous a countenance.” That same day, as the prince, after dinner, where he had been cheerfully conversing, was ascending the staircase to his private apartments, Gérard advanced from a sunken arch in which he had concealed himself, and discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The last words of the prince, uttered in French, were, “Oh, my God, have mercy on my soul! Oh, my God, have mercy upon this poor people!” So perished the most remarkable man of his time—a man whose life was, as his great biographer remarks, “a noble Christian epic inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fulness, but retaining all its original purity;” a man earnestly religious and God-fearing, firm and constant, with intellectual faculties various and of the highest order. He went through life “bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face; as long as he lived he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.”

The sentence passed on Gérard, the assassin, was, as Motley remarks, “a crime against the memory of the great man whom it purposed to avenge.” It was unique in its barbarity. It was decreed that his right hand should be burnt off with a red-hot iron, that his flesh should be torn from his bones in six different places, that he should be quartered and disembowelled alive, that his heart should be torn from his bosom and flung in his face, and that finally his head should be taken off. The sentence was literally executed on the 14th of July. When it was read to him, the poor infatuated wretch stood calm and unmoved, and throwing open his doublet said, “Eecce homo.” Nor did that calm forsake him for a moment through all the terrible tortures of his doom.

There are many other places of interest in Delft—the most interesting being the handsome *Stadhuis*, erected in 1618, containing some portraits; the Arsenal, where the whole of the admirable artillery of Holland, with the exception of the guns cast at the Hague, is manufactured; and the Polytechnic School of Engineering, “the true military school of Holland,” numbering 300 students, whence issue the officers for the army of defence against the sea, the deadliest enemy of the country.

It was from Delft Haven that the Pilgrim Fathers set sail in the *Mayflower* to found, on the principles of Puritanism, the mighty Republic of the West.







VIEW OF BOSTON, FROM THE STATE HOUSE.



OLD HOUSE, FORMERLY IN DOCK SQUARE, WHERE THE TEA-PLOT IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN HATCHED.

## BOSTON.

The Wilderness—The Puritans—Early Ways—England's no more—The Siege—Many Nations—The City of Notions—The *Literati*—The Divisions of the City—The North End—Christ Church—The Battle of Lexington—Faneuil Hall—The Markets—The Hub of Gold—The State House—Beacon Hill—The Clubs—Men of Letters—Louisburg—Boston Common—The Soldiers' Monument—Bits of History—The Public Garden—Floral Splendour—A Group of Statues—The City Hall—The Fire Brigade, Police, Aqueducts—Charities and Corrections—King's Chapel—The Old Cemeteries—Books and Newspapers—The Old South Church—The Old State House—State Street—The Post Office—The Insurance Palaces—The Public Library—The Athenæum—The Antiquaries—The Puritan Vatican—Music—The Great Organ—Theatres—Education—Boston University—Institute of Technology—Wellesley College—The Public Schools—The West End—Commonwealth Avenue—The Museum of Fine Arts—Trinity Church—The New Old South Church—The South End—The Secret Societies and the Christian Fraternities—The Unitarians—The Cathedral—Suburban Sketches—The Harbour and Forts—Bunker Hill and its Battle—Soldiers' Monuments—Cambridge and Harvard University—Venerable Houses—Mount Auburn.



OLD STATE HOUSE.

GROUP of steep hills, covered with thickets and rank grasses, on an irregular peninsula, containing hardly a square mile of firm ground, near the estuaries of two broad confluent rivers, and looking out on the sea, peopled, withal, only by birds and wild animals, and occasionally visited by petty clans of Indians—such was the site of Boston 260 years ago, when Captain Miles Standish, the gallant Pilgrim soldier, scouting out from New Plymouth, first landed upon its beach. Five years later, and William Blackstone, a mysterious Anglican priest, who sought the seclusion of the wilderness, built a house

and planted an orchard here, and dwelt in solitude among the sea-blown hills of Shawmut. Another space of four years, and Governor Winthrop's colony, rambling down the rugged coast to find a propitious site for a settlement, came hither, attracted by the clear springs and maritime advantages, and founded their new city, on the 17th of September, 1630. The name "Tri-mountain," which the locality had borne, was changed to "Boston," in honour of the ancient city of the same name (in earliest times, "Botolph's Town," from the famous Saxon saint who founded it) among the lowlands of Lincolnshire. Rude wooden huts with thatched roofs soon arose between the hills, wherewith to shelter the exiles; and a barn-like edifice was erected for the First Church of Christ.

By the Act of 23rd Elizabeth, 1582, it was decreed to be treason to England to worship God in any other way than that prescribed by the Church of England; and this rigorous edict was made still harder by her successors on the throne. Two parties of dissenters arose—the Separatists, who believed that Episcopalianism was utterly corrupt, and came off from it; and the Puritans, who lamented the evils in the Church, and hoped to reform it from within. The Pilgrims who settled in Plymouth, about thirty miles from Boston, in 1620, were Separatists; the colony which founded Boston was composed of Puritans. The prolonged persecutions conducted by Archbishops Bancroft and Laud at last caused even these children of the Church to despair of her regeneration, and to see in self-exile their only hope of freedom. The more adventurous sought the trackless Western solitudes, in Winthrop's fleet, but enough remained at home to leaven England, and, under Cromwell, to overthrow the tyranny of the Stuarts and their mitre-bearers. Even Hume has admitted that "the precious spark of liberty was kindled and preserved by the Puritans alone, and it was to this sect that the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution."

So these tough-fibred, resolute, highly-consecrated Englishmen abandoned their homes, and sailed out into the shadowy West, seeking no Ophir nor Cathay, but a tangled northern wilderness, infested by savage and heathen tribes, and brooded over by a harsh and inclement climate, hoping only to be enabled, by unfaltering perseverance and heroic patience, to worship God in peace, and in their own way. It was not a movement in favour of religious toleration, for no one could become a citizen of the new state unless he was a member of the Puritan Church. Under a stern theocratic discipline, the town and colony grew steadily and surely, driving back the Indians farther and farther into the interior; executing sanguinary edicts against the Baptists, Episcopalians, and Quakers, who came among them; and continually endeavouring to secure a greater measure of independence from England. Not only did they trust in God, they also kept their powder dry. The first year's ships brought 1,500 immigrants, and 20,000 came within ten years. In 1639, the train-bands on Boston Common mustered a thousand well-armed men; and a tall mast had already been erected on Beacon Hill, with an iron frame near the top, in which to kindle alarm-fires to arouse the country. A rude castle arose on an island before the town, and war-vessels were commissioned, because at various times the port was menaced with attacks from Dutch, Spanish, and French fleets. Powerful contingents went out from Boston to aid the British expeditions against Louisburg, Quebec, Acadie, and Havana; and the colonials, marching side by side with the best troops in the world, became veteran and skilful soldiers.

One of the earliest colonists wrote back to England that the new country was "a hideous wilderness, possessed by barbarous Indians, very cold, sickly, rocky, barren, unfit for culture, and like to keep the people miserable." In 1663, an English tourist said: "The buildings are handsome, joining one to the other, as in London, with many large streets, most of them paved with pebble; in the High Street, towards the Common, there are fair buildings, some of stone;" and the Kentish exile, Johnson, in his "Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Savior in New England," spoke thus: "The chief edifice of this city-like town is crowded on the sea-banks, and wharfed out with great labour and cost; the buildings beautiful and large, some fairly set forth with brick, stone, tile, and slate, and orderly placed with seemly streets, whose continual enlargement presageth some sumptuous city." The Abbé Robin, coming hither with Rochambeau's French army, said: "The high, regular buildings, intermingled with steeples, seemed to us more like a long-established town of the Continent than a recent colony." Less flattering was the testimony of an earlier London tourist: "Their buildings, like their women, being neat and handsome; and their streets, like the hearts of the male inhabitants, are paved with pebble."

In the days of the royal Governors the houses were quaint to the last degree, half-timbered, like bits from Chester, abounding in pointed gables, and lurching over the narrow footways with long projecting eaves. The affairs of the day were recorded in the *Boston News-Letter*—the first newspaper in America, established in 1704. Rigid sumptuary laws were enforced; a high official was reprimanded by the Governor for indulging in the luxury of a waincoat in his house; fast riding, ball-playing in the streets, absence from church, speaking ill of the clergy, taking tobacco publicly, charging high prices, denying the Scriptures, a man kissing his wife on Sunday, sheltering Quakers or Baptists—all these were crimes in the sight of the law-makers. At night, the watch patrolled the streets, walking (as their instructions attest) "two by two together, a youth joined with an elder and more sober person. . . . If after ten o'clock they see lights, to inquire if there be warrantable cause; and if they hear any noise or disorder, wisely to demand the reason. . . . If they find young men and maidens, not of known fidelity, walking after ten o'clock, wisely to demand the cause; and if they appear ill-minded, to watch them narrowly, command them to go to their lodgings, and if they refuse, then to secure them till morning." There were many slaves in the city, some of them negroes, and others Scotsmen captured in Cromwell's Northern wars, and sold over-seas for labourers. At one time there were more than 2,000 black slaves in Boston.

At last the old immigrants died out—the immediate descendants of the first Hegira—and a new generation took their places. These men to the manner born knew of England mainly as a harsh mother, an insatiable tax-gatherer, and the source of many ill-chosen and autocratic royal Governors. The popular temper soon began to show itself. In 1689 Sir Edmund Andros was deposed, his fortress taken, and the royal frigate in the harbour stripped of her sails and topmasts. In 1747, when Commodore Knowles impressed a few sailors in the streets, the people rose and seized several British naval officers, holding them until their townsmen were released. Later, there was a continuous outcry for years against the Parliamentary taxes; the port was declared closed; and the British guard on King Street, assailed by a motley mob, dispersed it

by a volley which killed and wounded many citizens. This event is still commemorated as the "Boston Massacre." Three years later, a band of men disguised as Indians boarded the English ships at the piers, and threw their cargoes of tea (taxed by Parliament) into the harbour. In 1775, the royal troops, although numbering 10,000, and supported by a large fleet, were shut up in Boston by an army of American volunteers, who filled the adjacent country with their camps and batteries, and frequently bombarded the town. Before the investment, the expedition to Concord was made, when the troops were hurled back into Boston, with great loss, by the rapidly assembling yeomanry. There was fighting among the islands of the harbour and along the adjacent coasts, and the beleaguered garrison failed to better itself in any way. A daring movement on the part of the insurgents brought about the battle of Bunker Hill, which was won by the king's troops, but at fearful cost. Finally, the American commander seized upon Dorchester Heights, overlooking the town, and strongly fortified their lines, thus rendering Boston untenable. Early in 1776, the royal troops embarked on the fleet, accompanied by many hundreds of loyal Bostonians, and sailed away to Halifax, while the American army marched triumphantly into the half-ruined streets.

At the close of the War of Independence, Boston was the most influential community in America; but now she has fallen behind in the race, and the Republic has at least two cities of greater importance, and four larger in population. It has seen the usual great conflagrations so common to American cities, a few devastating pestilences, a blockade by British frigates, in the war of 1812, and other mischances; but the manufacturing and commercial interests of the six States of New England have grown steadily to vast proportions, and made Boston their natural market and distributing-point. Of late years this has become the Western port of several lines of British steamships, doing an immense and increasing freight business, and favoured by the depth and security of the harbour and by the marginal railways, which allow luggage-vans to be run directly out upon the docks.

The 1,500 pilgrims of conscience who landed here in the wilderness in 1630 were represented, 140 years later, by 17,000 citizens, of pure and homogeneous Puritan stock. For the last forty years, however, vast floods of emigration and immigration have changed the character of the population. Scores of thousands of citizens, mostly the younger and more enterprising of the descendants of the Puritans, have gone westward, to search for the golden fleece upon the mid-continental prairies, and to build up great cities and states, with New England principles, among and beyond the Rocky Mountains. Sir Charles Dilke found in Australia, New Zealand, and North America a Greater Britain; the ethnologists and statisticians recognise in the vast North-west, stretching from Lake Erie to the Sierras, a Greater New England. In the meantime, a heterogeneous multitude has poured across the Atlantic, and settled in the ancient city. The Irish number full 80,000; the Germans, 9,000; Italy has 1,800 representatives; England, 10,000; Scotland, 3,000; Sweden, 2,000; and almost every other nation in Europe has sent its contributions. There are nearly a thousand who came from the Azores Islands, and still cling to the musical Portuguese language and the pomp of the Latin Church. The last element to enter is composed of the yellow and moon-faced Chinese, 200 of

whom are now dwelling in the Puritan streets, and carefully retaining their national costumes and habits. The Israel of the wilderness has been overwhelmed by all manner of ecclesiastical Philistines, and has become only a little sect among many other sects. The multitudinous Irish societies, affluent in green banners and badges, are a prominent figure in the civic processions; the German Turners support a theatre of their own; the kilted Caledonians march, with screaming bagpipes, to picnics among the braes and muirs of Plymouth County; the associated Italians honour the memory of Columbus in straggling processions; and the dark Azoreans bear the blue-and-white flag of Portugal over ranks devoted to mutual benefit and charity.

In all the philanthropies and fanaticisms of the century, Boston has led the Republic; and her orators, essayists, and clergy have started popular movements which have been far-reaching in their effects. The Puritan City is the Exeter Hall of America; and the advanced ideas which from time to time agitate the Continent are born here. The discipline of the theocracy is still apparent in scores of thoughtful men and women, intensely narrow, but correspondingly deep and powerful, and each living with a definite and overmastering purpose, to struggle in season and out of season with some real or imaginary colossal evil of civilisation. The presence of these agitators has won for Boston, among her good-natured and imperturbable civic sisters, the name of "The City of Notions." The long and terrible



CHRIST CHURCH.

battle against human slavery—as yet not entirely won—was commenced by a handful of these fanatics, and most nobly continued by serried columns of thinking bayonets from New York and Chicago. The Christianity of America has been liberalised (and perhaps sentimentalised) by the Channing and Parker influences; and an anti-Christian theism, active in its propaganda, emanates from the conclaves in Paine Memorial Hall. Spiritualism, too—that strange medley of diabolic supernaturalism and human imposture—is stronger here than in any other city, and has thousands of adherents and a great body of mystic

literature. Here are the head-quarters of the people who belligerently demand that wars shall be done away with; the advocates of abstinence from drinking liquor, who intemperately claim that the State should forbid the sale of intoxicants; the leaders of the movement in behalf of woman's suffrage, continually flouting the old order of things from platform and press; the champions and exemplars of various dress reforms; and a great variety of other whimsies. The philanthropic and missionary societies hold their annual meetings during the so-called Anniversary Week, in May, when the city is honoured by the presence of godly men and women from all the States; and some of the impractical associations for social revolutions meet at the same time, attracting a large constituency of long-haired men and short-haired women. In the old days, when the Bostonians were like the Athenians, in that they "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing," Anniversary Week was the great festival of the year. The modern commercial city cares less for these things.

Boston is the object of much banter from its sister-cities, who regard the intense local pride, the indomitable self-assertion of its people without displeasure. That the inhabitants of the Yankee metropolis are mainly nurtured on baked beans and brown bread; that the Puritan maidens all wear spectacles, and can talk in Greek and Sanscrit; that an ineffable dilettanteism called Culture is enthroned and worshipped on Beacon Hill—all these and many similar amusing assumptions are wire-drawn into a thousand forms of merry badinage in the newspapers beyond New England. The citizens are ruffled when the New York papers speak of Boston as "in the provinces;" they are pleased when tourists from the fatherland say (as they often do) that it is more like an English city than any other in America.

But that which gives Boston its greatest distinction is the fact that the foremost authors and scholars of the country live in or near the city, where for several decades they have indeed done mighty works. To quote the words of Mr. George William Curtis, an eminent New York *littérateur*, "It is a very remarkable body of men which has for many years made Boston the literary capital of the country. It has contained, with the three exceptions of Cooper, Irving, and Bryant, all the chief names in our literature; and a breakfast to Holmes, at which Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier sat—Lowell being absent in Europe—without mentioning another name, shows the literary distinction of the city. The great literary day of Edinburgh, at the beginning of the century, was not so brilliant in genius as the last twenty years of Boston have been; Scott, indeed, was there, but there was only one Scott. When the famous Boston Round Table is finally dissolved,

‘Which was an image of the mighty world,’

it will be remembered not only for the literary lustre of its great names, but for the purity and dignity of the literary life which gathered about it. There has been no Bohemia at that table. Its chief guests have shown that genius is not another name for loose habits, and shiftless and weak extravagance and vagabondage of every kind, but comports with the highest manhood and good citizenship." To the august names mentioned above should be added those of Howells and Aldrich—younger men, and widely famous for their charming

novels; and many more recent writers, whose future may be worthy of the examples set by the closing generation.

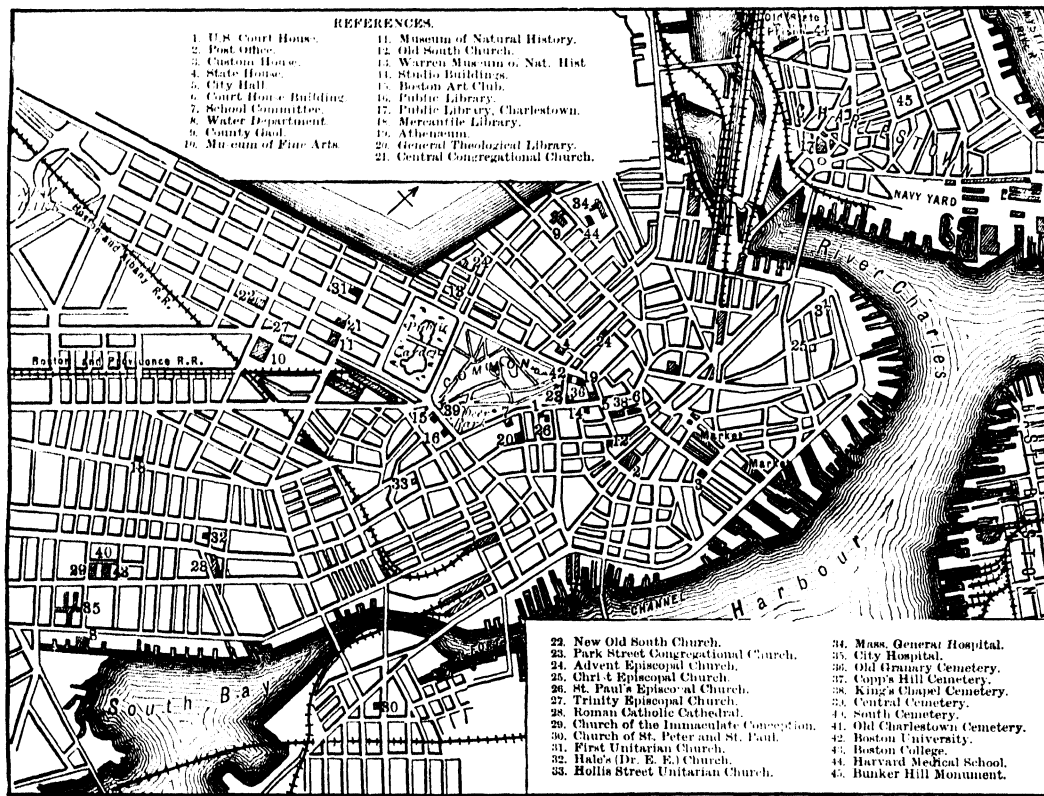
There are five well-marked quarters in the city proper—the North End, where the first settlement was made; the South Cove, an unsavoury district, where a little bay was filled in; the West End, formerly the aristocratic quarter, but now occupied by shops and tenement houses; the Back Bay, a broad area of new land, made by filling in, and the site of the great churches and museums, and the fashionable residence streets; and the South End, most of which was reclaimed from the water, and is now densely covered with houses and public buildings. One of the chief characteristics of the older parts of the city is the crookedness of the streets, which gives good opportunity for architectural display, but also makes it an unceasing puzzle for strangers to find their way about. The winding ways of the old English village still remain in the modern metropolis, although the municipality has spent many millions of dollars in straightening the ancient cow-path curves. The modern wards, however, are laid out in Babylonian rectangularity, with streets which are broad and straight, and vistas terminating on the suburban hills.

The North End, now abandoned by all save the poorest classes, and crowded with foreigners and sailors, was the cradle of old Boston, and is still rich in historical associations. Great wharves project from it on three sides, fringed by the shipping of the port, and overlooked by massive warehouses; and the land rises from each shore to the crest of Copp's Hill, where ancient trees still brood over the cemetery, which was established as early as 1660, and contains many quaint and curious old tombstones. A British battery on this hill was very active during the battle of Bunker Hill, firing on Charlestown and the American works.

The oldest church in the city is Christ Church, founded by the Episcopalians in 1723, and still occupied by that denomination. In 1744 a chime of bells was made in the famous West of England foundry at Gloucester, and sent across the ocean, with this inscription (among others): "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America." They still sound their sweet melodies high over the crowded alleys of the North End, calling the artisans and their families to matins and evensong. The church itself is a very plain structure, with massive brick walls laid in "English bond," and a few queer old monuments inside. Among others who were buried in the vaults below was the gallant Major Pitcairn, who was shot in the battle of Bunker Hill and fell into the arms of his own son. He has a monument in Westminster Abbey. The sacred books and silver service now used in Christ Church were presented by King George II., in 1733; and the chandeliers and the cherubim in front of the organ were taken from a French vessel by the privateer *Queen of Hungary*, and presented to the parish in 1746. The tall and graceful tower and spire are 175 feet high, and form one of the chief landmarks of the city as seen from the harbour. In 1775, when the patriot citizens apprehended that the British garrison would attempt to seize the military stores of the province, at Concord, it was arranged that if the troops should leave the town at night, signal-lanterns should be hung from this tower—two if the movement was by water, one if by land. The grenadiers and light infantry marched out secretly and with all precautions, at midnight on April 18th, but the ominous lantern swung



over Christ Church tower, and a bold rider on the mainland shore mounted at the signal and galloped through the inland villages, rousing all men to repel the invasion. In the words of Fenimore Cooper, "At first the whole country appeared buried in a general sleep . . . till the deep tones of a distant church-bell came sweeping down the valley in which they marched, ringing peal on peal in the quick spirit-stirring sounds of an alarm. Bell began to answer bell in every direction, fires blazed along the heights, and the bellowing of the conches and horns mingled with the rattling of the



PLAN OF BOSTON.

Typographic Etching Co., del. et sc.

muskets and the various tones of the bells." The marching column accomplished its object, but was nearly overwhelmed on the return, being attacked on every side by swarms of fearless yeomen; and the rapid advance of Lord Percy with four regiments and a battery from Boston was all that prevented its annihilation. The royal troops lost 273 men; and the rural militia gained a confidence and *prestige* worth many batteries.

Faneuil Hall (see p. 20), "the cradle of liberty," stands in this ancient quarter. It was built in 1742, and presented to the town by Peter Faneuil, a prosperous Huguenot merchant, as a market and public hall; and the present city charter contains a provision forbidding its sale or lease. There are no seats, and thousands of people can stand in the hall at

one time. The walls are adorned with large and valuable portraits and historical paintings, and the quaint and antiquated architecture of the interior is very interesting. The hall can never be leased, but if a certain number of citizens apply for its use it is placed at their disposal. When any great popular question takes definite form, the people say, "Let's go down and rock the cradle," and assemble in the hall to be addressed by their favourite orators and leaders, and stimulated to gallant or generous deeds. The spirited addresses delivered here between 1765 and 1775 went far towards arousing the provincials



THE STATE HOUSE.

to successful revolution against the Crown, and in every succeeding crisis the voices of the foremost orators of New England have been heard in old Faneuil.

Adams Square is just to the westward of Faneuil Hall, in one of the busiest commercial districts of the city, and contains a bronze statue of Sam Adams, the most active, prudent, and influential of the patriots of Boston during the Revolution. A few rods farther west is Scollay Square (named after one of the early colonists, from the Orkneys), adorned by a picturesque bronze statue of John Winthrop, the founder and first Governor of the Massachusetts Colony, clad in the ancient Puritan costume, and holding the royal charter in one hand, and a great Bible between the other arm and his breast. These statues were erected in 1880.

The chief of the markets of the city stands in the North End, and is now more

than fifty years old. It is popularly known as the Quincy Market, and consists of a two-storey granite building, 535 feet long, with Doric porticoes at either end and a dome over the centre. The ground thus occupied was under water when the first colony settled in Boston, and the expense of filling, making new streets, and erecting this elongated temple of Epicurus was in excess of £200,000. The markets of Boston (like those of most of the coast cities of the United States) are very well served, and contain a great variety and abundance of all manner of provisions, although their prices are high. The seasons of vegetables and fruits are long, beginning with the supplies brought in early in the spring-time from Florida and Bermuda, and following up the continental coast-line week after week until the local farmers bring in their supplies, and after that, when the later-ripening fruits are sent down from the British provinces on the north.

In the North End are many small factories; streets devoted to shops for household goods; and the five terminal stations of the railways to Portland and the British Maritime Provinces, to the White Mountains and Quebec, to Montreal and Saratoga. Some of these are very costly and extensive. That pertaining to the Lowell line is of brick and stone, 700 feet long and 250 feet wide, with numerous louvre domes and other ornaments.

Travellers approaching Boston over the adjacent landward roads, through the fragrant gardens of the environs, and still more those who draw near by sea, ascending the harbour, whose shimmering waves lapse against the green mamelons of the islands, will see, crowning the pyramidal lines of the densely-populated hill, a great hemisphere of gold, flashing in the rays of the northern sun, or dully glimmering even under the greyest winter sky. This is that point which Dr. Holmes characterised as "the hub of the solar system," the dome of the State House, covered with gold-leaf, and reflecting the light of the sun, as it rises from the neighbouring ocean, with no unequal radiance.

Ninety years have passed since the town of Boston bought Governor Hancock's cow-pasture, near the breezy crest of Beacon Hill, and gave it to the State; whereupon there ensued a pompous display of Puritan burghers, the Freemasons marching to lay the cornerstone of the State House, under Grand Master Paul Revere, and Governor Sam Adams, not long before exiled for liberty's sake, giving the speech of dedication. The stone itself was drawn up the steep and grassy hill by fifteen white horses, one for each State in the Republic. In 1798 the conscript fathers of Massachusetts held their first session in the new capital; and since that day many an assembly—"The Great and General Court," as immemorial custom calls it—of wise men and foolish, noble men and petty, have discussed and ordered here the affairs of Massachusetts, and influenced, in some degree, the greater national councils.

It is a plain enough brick building, constructed massively, but at small cost, and seeking ornament only in a dark colonnade of Corinthian pillars and a shining Byzantine dome. Many an American State which, when this honest old edifice arose, was inhabited only by red Indians and wild beasts, now boasts of huge public palaces of marble, everywhere fretted with sculpture and carving; but the capitol of the Bay Commonwealth still typifies the simplicity and solidity of the founders of the Government. The high terraces

in front are encumbered with time-blackened bronze statues of Daniel Webster, the greatest of American orators, and Horace Mann, a famous educator, and are cheerily enlightened by masses of brilliant flowers. The lobby, known as Doric Hall, contains the tattered remnants of several scores of flags borne by the Massachusetts regiments and batteries through the iron tempests of the recent War for the Union. Here also are Sir Francis Chantrey's statue of Washington, a statue of Governor Andrew, and busts of Samuel Adams, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, and Abraham Lincoln; with other and rarer remembrancers of ancient days in the Bay Province. The Hall of Representatives, accommodating 500 legislators, is overhung by a venerable figure of a codfish—typical of one of the foremost industries of the State, and which has looked down on the Yankee Solons for more than eighty years. The Senate Chamber, where the Upper House meets, is adorned with notable trophies, and portraits of ancient worthies of Massachusetts; and near it is the State Library, where more than 40,000 volumes are kept. The summit of the dome, 110 feet from the ground, is visited by myriads of persons every year, and commands a very charming view, from the level eastern horizon, where the sea meets the sky, over the crowded harbour and city, the picturesque Blue Hills of Milton, the rocky heights of Essex, the scores of white villages and hamlets inland, and the great dark forests which close the western prospect like a veil of the primeval wilderness.

Beacon Hill was formerly the most conspicuous feature of the city's site, and its three peaks gave rise to the name of "Tri-mountain," applied before "Boston" was thought of. Much of its upper part has been cut away, and the remainder is densely covered with houses, formerly the most aristocratic in the city, but now (except in two or three streets) being invaded by the sturdier rank and file of humanity. Beacon Street passes over its crest, and runs in a straight line out to the western suburbs, built up solidly for a mile and a half, save where for a half-mile the Common and Public Garden form one side of it. This is the patrician street of New England, corresponding with Fifth Avenue in New York, but much less splendid than that grand thoroughfare, being lined with tall blocks of sombre brown-stone houses, and lacking the fine church architecture which gives colour and variety to the Avenue. For a long distance it is close to and parallel with Charles River; and the Mill Dam, its prolongation towards the aristocratic suburb of Longwood, has for generations been the favourite drive-way of the first families. On and near Beacon Street are the chief club-houses. The Somerset is a very fashionable and exclusive club, occupying a large granite building on the site of the home of John Singleton Copley, a famous portrait-painter and afterwards a Royal Academician. Copley's son, born here, became Lord Lyndhurst, "the Nestor of the House of Lords," and Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. The Somerset has 600 members, and their annual assessment is about £20 each. The Union Club has a roomy old house fronting the Common, and dates from the days of the great Southern Rebellion, when it was organised for the purpose of assisting the National Government. It is now purely social, noted for the excellence of its *table-d'hôte*, and containing 600 members, including many representatives of the bench and bar. St. Botolph's is a new club, located in front of the Public Garden, and containing 300 gentlemen of New England, many of whom are eminent in literature and art.

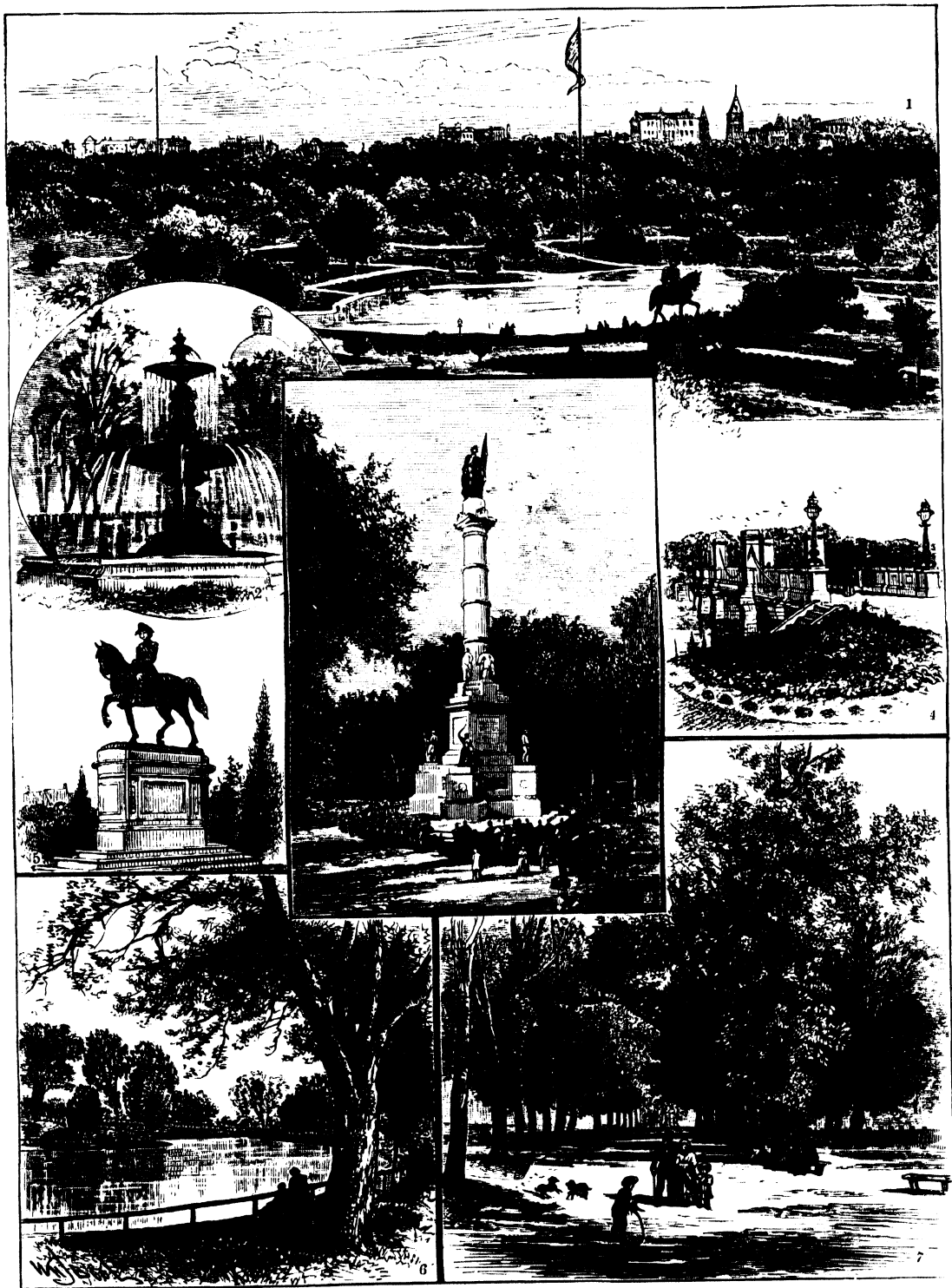
There are several houses on the hill which are interesting to literary men. Here is the home, for forty years, of the late George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, the friend of Southey and Scott; the house of W. H. Prescott, the blind scholar, whose fascinating histories of the Spanish conquests of Mexico and Peru are so well known; that



THE OLD ELM, BOSTON COMMON (BLOWN DOWN, 1876).

of Francis Parkman, the historian of the French *régime* in Canada; that of C. C. Perkins, whose books on Tuscan sculptors and Italian art are known in both hemispheres; of Richard H. Dana, one of the sweetest poets of the last generation; and of Charles Sumner, the leader of the anti-slavery movement.

Louisburg Square, a quiet old enclosure of trees on Beacon Hill, commemorates "the Gibraltar of the North," "the Dunkirk of America," which the French Government



**BOSTON COMMON AND PUBLIC GARDEN.**

1, The Public Garden; 2, The Brewer Fountain; 3, The Army and Navy Monument; 4, The Bridge; 5, Washington Statue;  
6, The Frog Pond; 7, Tremont Mall.

spent twenty years and 30,000,000 livres in fortifying, as a menace to New England. In 1745 an army of 4,000 undisciplined Yankee farmers and artisans sailed from Boston, aided by a powerful British squadron, and reduced this great fortress, after a long and terrible siege and bombardment. Louisburg Square contains two singular bits of Italian art, statues of Aristides and Columbus, which were given to the city by an Armenian gentleman, the Turkish Consul at this port.

The Church of the Advent pertains to the mission priests of St. John the Evangelist, an Anglican brotherhood, whose chief house is at Cowley, near Oxford. They live in community at the mission-house, with a monastic *régime*, wearing long robes through the streets, and have no salaries. The church is an antiquated Independent meeting-house, lighted up by rude frescoes and an ornate altar; and the seats are all free, with services twice daily throughout the year. There are high pomps of processions here, beautiful choral services, frequent celebrations of the Communion, which most resemble the Latin mass, a sisterhood of Episcopal nuns, the confessional, devotional retreats, missions, and many other revivals of mediævalism which trouble the Bishop of Massachusetts and the dominant Low-Church party; but, withal, a wide outreaching of parochial charities, and a direct and beneficent contact of the clergy with the poorer classes of the city. The society possesses a great pile of picturesque buildings near the Charles River, including a lofty-naved church, chapels, crypts, a baptistry, and a clergy-house, with dormitories and a refectory.

Boston Common—perhaps the most famous bit of land in America—is an undulating natural park of forty-eight acres, surrounded by an iron fence over a mile long, crossed by five malls, and shaded by a thousand ancient and graceful elms. It is surrounded on all sides by line upon line of busy and populous streets, from whence the people come by thousands, on pleasant days and evenings, to rest on the seats which are aligned along the walks. Concerts by military bands enliven the summer nights; frequent reviews of the State troops brighten the parade-ground; ball matches and other athletic sports are almost constantly in progress on the western lawn; and the mall towards the business district is dotted with fruit-stands, penny shows, and the dramatic arena of Punch and Judy. The Serpentine is not more dear to the children of May Fair than is the Frog Pond—a little pool of pure, clear water—to the Bostonian. Near this point stood the old elm—a tree which was more ancient than Boston, and with its waving branches welcomed the Puritan colonists. In 1876 this venerable elm was blown down, and its place is now occupied by two young offshoots. Farther southward is a little cemetery, closed for many years. At one corner of the Common is an enclosure of deer; on another side is a bronze fountain surrounded by Greek gods and goddesses, designed by Liénard, of Paris; and on a hill over the parade-ground stands the Army and Navy Monument, bearing record: “To the men of Boston, who died for their country on land and sea in the war which kept the Union whole, destroyed slavery, and maintained the constitution, the grateful city has built this monument, that their example may speak to coming generations.” The base is cruciform, three steps rising to a pedestal which is faced with large bronze reliefs representing the departure of the State troops, battle scenes in which the army and navy are engaged, the work of the hospitals in the field, and the return of the volunteers to the

city. Between and above these stand four heroic bronze statues—the Soldier, fully equipped, with his musket and fixed bayonet; the Sailor, facing seaward, with drawn cutlass; History, a female figure, laurel-wreathed, clad in Greek costume, and about to write on a tablet; and Peace, another classic female figure, seated, and holding an olive-branch towards the South. Above these rises a tall Roman-Doric shaft of white Maine granite, with allegorical figures representing the North, South, East, and West, at its base, and four marble eagles at the top. The summit of the monument, seventy feet high, is a colossal bronze statue of the Genius of America, crowned with thirteen stars, holding a bare sword and two laurel-wreaths in one hand, and a banner-staff in the other, and with her face bowed towards the South. This great memorial cost £15,000, and its dedication was signalised by a procession of 25,000 men—militia, veterans, and civic societies. Boston gave to the national armies 24,134 soldiers and 685 officers.

In 1634 the colonists laid out forty-four acres as a common, for the drilling of the train-bands and the grazing of the village herds. In after-years the provincial artillery-train was kept here; and frequent executions occurred under the ancient trees, especially in 1676, after the Narragansett Indians had been crushed in a terrible battle among the swamps of Rhode Island, when many a valiant red warrior was brought hither in chains and put to death. Thirty Indians were thus slain in a single day. Here also the Quakers who dared to enter the Puritan Israel were executed, meeting as little grace as the pirates captured on the New England seas. The provincial army of Shirley and Pepperell encamped on the green sward in 1745; and thirteen years later Lord Amherst's British army—soon to be the heroes of the Conquest of Canada—pitched their tents here. In June, 1774, the 4th and 43rd British regiments encamped on the Common; and during the next year a large part of the garrison was quartered there, guarded by redoubts, lunettes, and bomb-batteries facing the American lines at Cambridge. 1,750 soldiers manned these works, and the artillery was parked on Flagstaff Hill. General military executions took place near the batteries, and many of the soldiers slain at Bunker Hill were buried here. The cannonade of the Americans, from Cambridge and the floating batteries, swept the Common night and day, but with very little damage to the sheltered soldiers. As one of the Boston antiquaries has written, "Washington and Winslow, Loudon, Amherst, and Hood, Gage, Clinton, Burgoyne, and Howe (the last seven British nobles and generals), have all sought its leafy shades. Talleyrand, Moreau, Louis Philippe, and Lafayette have paced within its cool retreats, and meditated upon the fate of empires they were to build or overthrow. Silas Deane, Pulaski, Gates, and Greene have certainly trod this famous walk."

The Public Garden lies just to the westward of the Common, from which it is separated only by a drive-way. This site was formerly a most dreary expanse of marshy flats, overflowed by high tides, on which the town allowed several long rope-walks to be built, about ninety years ago. In 1824 the city bought back the possession of these amphibious acres, which the town had heedlessly given away; and about forty years later began the construction of the present beautiful garden, covering more than twenty acres. In its centre is an artificial lakelet, with exceedingly irregular shores, rockeries, swan-houses, and other adornments. In the summer season a great number of boats,



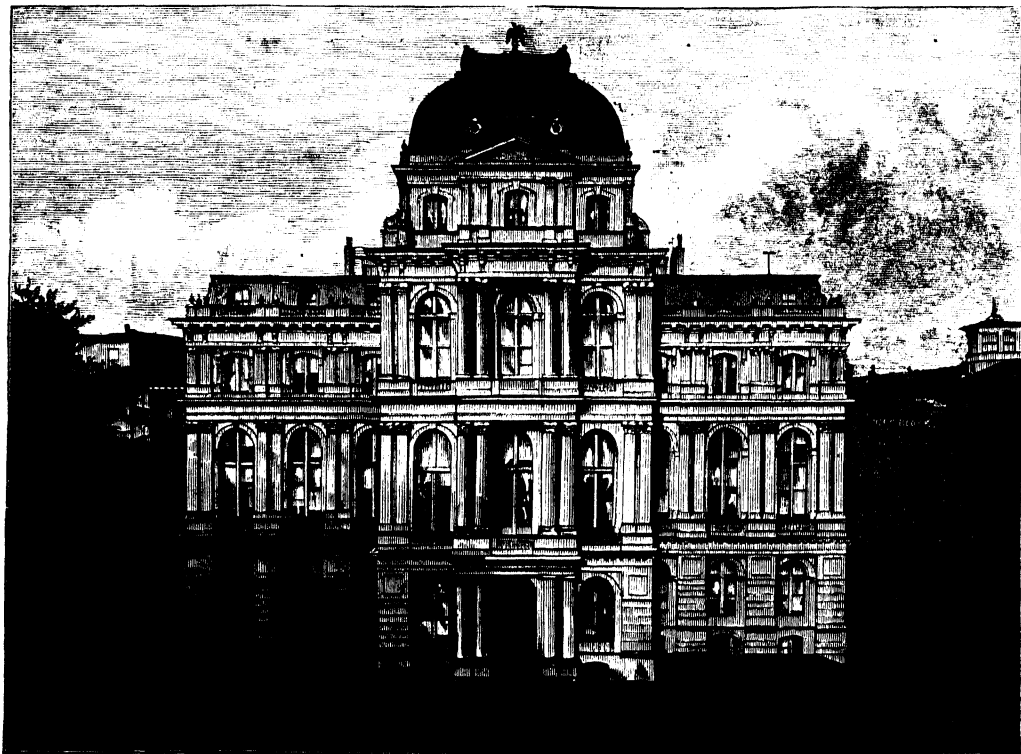
with gaily-coloured awnings, continually cruise along these narrow waters, filled with pleasuring citizens; and in winter thousands of skaters make merry music upon the frozen surface. The Garden is crossed by many sinuous paths, between clumps of shrubbery and umbrageous trees, fountains and statuary, close-clipped lawns, and marvellously brilliant beds of flowers. The floral display is the most beautiful in America, and entails a great expense on the city, whose children, rambling here by tens of thousands, highly enjoy the masses of gay colours and the delicious fragrance exhaled by the choicest flowers. Horticulture is a passion with many of the Bostonians and the suburban gentry, and the annual exhibitions of azaleas, rhododendrons, and other jewels of the garden draw great crowds of admiring citizens.

The best piece of monumental art in New England, Ball's colossal equestrian statue of General Washington, stands in the Public Garden, looking down Commonwealth Avenue from the top of a high granite pedestal. The bronze-casting was executed at Chicopee, Massachusetts; and the State pride is excited by the fact that the artist, the artisans, and the funds for this noble memorial were of local production. The bronze statue of Charles Sumner was erected in 1878, with moneys raised by a popular subscription, and as a result of a prize competition by American sculptors. It is nine and a half feet high, on a massive block of Quincy granite; and represents the lion-hearted Senator as standing in the delivery of an oration, with a roll of manuscript in one hand. The statue of Edward Everett, an eminent Boston orator and statesman, was modelled by William W. Story, at Rome, cast at Munich, and presented to the city in 1867; a sum vastly larger than it cost having been raised by the free-will offerings of the citizens. The Ether Monument is another ornament of the Public Garden, built of granite and red marble, with delicate reliefs, and a group representing the Good Samaritan and his patient on the top. The discovery of the use of ether as an anæsthetic appears to have been made by two Boston physicians at about the same time, and each of them stoutly claimed the invention as his own, giving rise to a discussion which has not yet ceased. A local wit suggested that the monument should be composed of statues of both these gentlemen, standing on a pedestal inscribed "To Ether." The memorial, as it now exists, commemorates the fact alone, and bears no name.

The City Hall is a handsome Renaissance building, of Concord granite, erected within twenty years, at a cost of half a million dollars. Within are the spacious offices of the City Fathers, the bureaux of the various departments which go to make up a modern municipality, with its power, splendour, and extravagance. In the high louvre dome is the head-quarters of the fire-brigade, whence telegraph wires carry alarms to the engine-houses scattered throughout the city. The brigade consists of 650 men, with 29 steam fire-engines, 40 hose-carts, 11 hook-and-ladder waggons, and a fire-boat; and costs more than £120,000 a year. The police force numbers over 700 men, including the mounted officers in the suburbs and the men who patrol the harbour in boats. There are nearly 150 miles of tramways in Boston and its suburbs, with 900 passenger carriages, carrying more than 50,000,000 passengers yearly.

Unfailing streams of pure water continually pour into the city through the brick aqueducts from Lake Cochituate, twenty miles to the westward, and sixteen miles around,

the Sudbury River, and Mystic Lake (about seven miles distant), and are distributed by 400 miles of pipes under the streets. The cost of these works was nearly £7,000,000; and a large revenue is yielded by the annual water-rates. The reservoir at Brookline stores 120,000,000 gallons; that at Chestnut Hill, 750,000,000 gallons; that on Parker Hill, 7,000,000; that on Beacon Hill, 2,600,000; at South Boston, 7,500,000; at East Boston, 5,600,000; at Walnut Hill, 26,250,000; and the daily consumption is 30,000,000 gallons. Boston is the cleanest city in the United States. Its streets are swept weekly, and the efficient system of the Board of Health insures utilisation of waste,



THE CITY HALL.

healthy homes, and a free harbour. Many of the streets, however, are on made land, but little above the tide-level; and in order to give these perfect drainage, and to avoid the discharge of sewage into the harbour and rivers near the homes of the people, the municipality has expended several million dollars in the construction of a huge intercepting sewer, to take up the contents of all the street drains, with the aid of powerful pumping engines, and to carry them through subterranean and submarine tunnels to a point far down the outer harbour, where the waste matter will be discharged during ebb-tide, and swept out to sea.

The City Hospital, the Massachusetts General Hospital, and other similar institutions, occupy fine buildings and parks in various sections of the city; and the public correctional

establishments at South Boston and on the islands have their interest for specialists. It is enough for our purpose to quote the words of Charles Dickens, who examined them carefully: "I sincerely believe that the public institutions and charities of this capital of Massachusetts are as nearly perfect as the most considerate wisdom, humanity, and benevolence can make them. . . . The unfortunate or degenerate citizens of the State are carefully instructed in their duties both to God and man; are surrounded by all reasonable means of comfort or happiness that their condition will admit of; and are ruled by the strong Heart, and not by the strong (though immeasurably weaker) Hand."

On the narrow lawns in front of the City Hall are two bronze statues—the one, on a verde-antique pedestal with bronze bas-reliefs, representing Benjamin Franklin, the celebrated philosopher, a native of this town; the other being a new memorial of Josiah Quincy, "The Great Mayor" of Boston, and long-time President of Harvard University.

Adjacent to the City Hall is the County Court House, a ponderous and gloomy old granite building, with a heavy Doric portico. An intense excitement centred on this point, many years ago, when the fugitive-slave cases were under trial, and the citizens of Boston, indignant that men should be carried from their free soil into a terrible and degrading servitude, came near rebelling against the United States, and rescuing the doomed negroes by force of arms. The County Prison is a massive granite building near the Charles River, with four long wings radiating at right angles from an octagonal centre. The United States Court House fronts on the Common, and is a churchly edifice, built for a Masonic temple, in 1832, with battlemented towers and walls of triangular pieces of blackish Quincy granite.

In the vicinity of the Court House are the Tudor Buildings, on the site of the home of Colonel William Tudor, a statesman and jurist of many years ago. When he was presented at the court of George III., the queer old king ejaculated, "Eh? What, what! Tudor, Tudor!—one of us, eh?" Near the same site was the office of Rufus Choate, the leader of the Massachusetts bar, a master of oratory, of pathos, and of wit. Once when Choate was summoned into court to hear an adverse decision from the homely Chief Justice Shaw, he addressed the judge thus: "In coming into the presence of your Honour, I experience the same feelings that the Hindoo does when he bows before his idol. I know that you are ugly, but I feel that you are great." Hereabouts, also, Smibert, the canny Scot, painted "landskips," 150 years ago; and Franklin printed his pioneer newspaper; and Captain Kidd, the famous pirate, was imprisoned; and Sir John Leverett, the friend and veteran of Cromwell, dwelt.

King's Chapel still preserves in its name the memory of the ancient time when Boston was loyal to the British Sovereign. In the year 1646 a few Episcopalian citizens timidly craved the Puritan authorities to allow them to worship with the Book of Common Prayer "till inconveniences hereby be found prejudicial to the churches and colony;" but the rigid old Roundheads sent them away in discomfiture. The chaplain of Charles II.'s Commission introduced the Anglican ritual by royal order twenty years later, and after another pair of decades a church was built. On the same site the present King's Chapel was erected, in 1749–54, a small and massive structure of blackish stone, whose lower windows, deep-set and square, gave point to Mather Byles's pun,

that he had heard of the canons of the church, but had never seen the port-holes before. The organ, selected by Handel, the great composer, and sent hither from England in 1756, still serves the church, although the escutcheons of the knights and gentlemen who formed the King's Provincial Government have long since disappeared from the ancient pillars. When the British army evacuated Boston, in 1775, the rector went also, carrying away the vestments and registers, and the service, a gift of the king, and amounting to 2,800 ounces of silver. In 1787 this parish, under the lead of its rector, forswore orthodoxy, and became the first Unitarian Church in America. The interior of the chapel is very quaint, with its high square pews, mural tablets and monuments, heavy pillars, high pulpit and sounding-board, and stained windows. Adjoining is an ancient cemetery, rich in coats-of-arms and singular epitaphs, where Winthrop, Shirley, and others of the colonial Governors, and several of the early Puritan clergy are buried. Here also are the remains of Isaac Johnson, one of the founders of Boston, who married Lady Arabella, the daughter of the Earl of Lincoln. When he was about to sail from England with Winthrop's fleet, this brave patrician lady insisted on accompanying him, saying, "Whithersoever your fatal destine shall dryve you, cyther by the furious waves of the great ocean, or by the many-folde and horrible dangers of the lande, I wyl surely not leave your company. There can no peryll chaunce to me so terrible, nor any kinde of death so cruell, that shall not be much easier for me to abyde than to live so farre separate from you." Three months after landing at the rude coast-settlement of Salem, she died; and her husband was buried at Boston a month later.

Near this graveyard is the famous Old Granary burying-ground, now 220 years old, and shaded by many great and venerable elms. Here are buried nine Governors of Massachusetts, two signers of the Declaration of Independence, six famous divines, the victims of the Boston Massacre, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Peter Fanueil, Paul Revere, Samuel Sewall, the parents of Benjamin Franklin, and many other notable Americans. Until a recent period, the crowded side-walk in front of the burying-ground was partly occupied by a line of noble elms, which were imported from England in 1762; they were cut down at night, for the City Fathers feared the opposition of the people. The famous old Tremont House, where Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Charles Dickens, and other notables have sojourned, lifts its dark granite walls alongside the cemetery. Near the Tremont, and facing King's Chapel, is the famous Parker House, a six-storey marble building, which Dickens called the best hotel in America.

The Park Street Church, now about seventy years old, pertains to the leading Congregational society in Boston, and has been the cradle of several of the chief missionary and philanthropic organisations of that sect. Plain, spacious, and conspicuous, it occupies a commanding position alongside the Common. Many years ago, when the people of New England were going over to Unitarianism by myriads, this church stood firm, and such stern and uncompromising Calvinism was fulminated from its pulpit that the rancorous polemics of that era called the locality "Brimstone Corner." Near by stands St. Paul's, a church of the Episcopal communion, now sixty years old, and built of dark granite, with a fine Ionic portico and colonnade of sandstone. The ceiling is panelled and cylindrical, and the chancel contains modern frescoes and a brilliant stained window.

The heart of the city, within a circuit of a half-mile from the City Hall, is also the literary centre, where the chief book dealers and newspaper offices are established. Boston stands next to New York as a head-quarters for publishers, and is famous also for its old book shops, and for the cheapness at which books are sold. The fact that a majority of the



OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

authors of America have been New-Englanders, and very many of them residents of this city and its environs, gives reason for the remarkable development of the publishing trade, which, at this remote corner of the Union, employs several millions of capital. The local firms have a monopoly of the works of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Sumner, Parkman, Howells, Aldrich, Mrs. Stowe, and other leaders in American literature, and make countless reprints of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Meredith, Scott, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Browning. Much of the best printing in the country is done here, especially at the great University Press and Riverside Press, in the adjacent city of Cambridge. Three curiosities in the way of kindly fanatical fraternities are grouped in a building in the "book district"—the American Metric Bureau, which sends out myriads of tracts decrying the old English weights and measures, and extolling the decimal system; the American Library Association, composed of the leading librarians of the country; and the Spelling Reform Association, whose circulars read like queer old Gothic or Runic inscriptions.

Boston has 9 daily papers, 73 weeklies, 90 monthlies, and 11 quarterlies, nearly all of which have their offices within the central half-mile. The *Herald*, a penny paper, full of news and independent in politics, has a circulation of 100,000 copies, and occupies a splendid new building of granite and rare marbles, in French Renaissance architecture, and 100 feet high. The *Advertiser* is the oldest daily in the city, and circulates chiefly among the wealthy and cultured classes. The *Transcript*, the largest daily east of New York, is the tea-table and family paper, devoting much space to miscellany, literature,

foreign news, and society. The *Journal* is a large folio, with its main circulation among business men and in the country. The *Traveller*, an enterprising collector of news; the *Post* and the *Globe*, advocating the doctrines of the Democratic party, complete the list of the newspapers.

The region between the North End and South End, the Common and the harbour, is occupied by the business district, where the chief wholesale and retail shops are grouped, the theatres, the city and national buildings, and the older hotels. A great part of this area was swept by a fire in 1872, which destroyed 776 buildings and property to the value of nearly £16,000,000. The district demolished in that vast conflagration has been all rebuilt, and with a variety and picturesqueness of material and architecture which is exceedingly pleasing.

The Old South Church is the most famous ecclesiastical building in New England, although its architecture is of the simplest and plainest, and its dimensions are not large. The second Congregationalist (Independent) society in the town built a cedar church on this site in 1669, which was replaced by the present edifice in 1729. Here Benjamin Franklin worshipped; Whitefield preached; Warren delivered patriotic orations; the citizens assembled to protest against the tyranny of George III.; and the quaint civic celebration known as the artillery-election sermon was preached for 160 years. In 1775 the British garrison used the church as a riding school for dragoons, covering the floor deeply with earth, and establishing a liquor shop under one of the galleries. The great fire of 1872 swept close up to the ancient walls, on two sides; but was stayed there, as if by miracle. In 1876 the society sold the building and land, being about to erect a new church in a distant part of the city; but the people of Boston, unwilling that this palladium of the local liberties should be replaced by shops, through the agency of a volunteer committee purchased it for £86,000, and consecrated the old shrine to the cause of Freedom and the public good. It is now used for lectures by eminent citizens, for great popular celebrations, and for a loan museum of American antiquities, historical relics, flags, and weapons of the Revolutionary era, quaint old furniture, portraits of the fathers of New England, and other interesting objects.

The walls of the Old Province House are still standing near the Old South Church, but masked by later constructions, and retaining very little of the quaintness of which Hawthorne wrote so charmingly. It was built in 1679, and became the vice-regal residence of Shute, Burnet, Shirley, Pownall, Sir William Howe, and a long line of British Governors, when the court ceremonies of the province were enacted within its halls, and the royal proclamations were read from its high balcony.

On the site of the old village market-place a town-house was erected in 1638, and in 1748 a new building arose on the same ground, which was used for the Provincial Council, and also at different times for an exchange, a post office, an engine-house, barracks for British troops, and a capitol in which the State Legislature met for fifteen years. Here, according to John Adams, "Independence was born;" here the death of George II. and the accession of George III. were proclaimed; here Generals Howe, Clinton, and Gage held a council of war before the battle of Bunker Hill; and a year later the Declaration of Independence was read from the balcony to the rejoicing soldiers and

people below ; and the constitution of Massachusetts was planned ; and Governor Hancock gave a grand reception to the Count d'Estaing ; and Washington reviewed the militia and was welcomed by the people. The quaint old steeple has lost part of its height, and the lion and unicorn have disappeared from the angles of the roof, but otherwise the exterior of the building remains much as it was 130 years ago ; inside, however, the grave fathers of the province and founders of the State have given place to throngs of busy insurance agents and brokers, to whose offices the Old State House is now for the most part appropriated.

On and near State Street—once King Street—are scores of banks and insurance offices, and the head-quarters of many mining and manufacturing companies and railways. Here also are the great gathering-points of the traders—the marble-paved and frescoed hall of the Merchants' Exchange, with its newspaper files, bulletins, wind vane, and ship registry ; the Board of Trade room, richly furnished in heavy mahogany ; the Commercial Exchange, where grain and flour are sold ; the Produce Exchange, in the high hall under the dome of the Quincy Market ; the Fish Bureau, controlling the largest fishery business in America ; the Furniture Exchange, the Shoe and Leather Exchange, and other associations of busy merchants. The first bank in Boston was founded in 1686, and the city now contains sixty-one national banks, with a capital of £11,000,000 and enormous surpluses. The business is conducted with great conservatism, yet not without a high spirit of enterprise.

The Custom House was built between 1837 and 1849, at a cost of £200,000, and rests on ground reclaimed from the sea, the foundation being composed of a deep bed of granite masonry laid in hydraulic cement on the heads of 3,000 piles. It is not much thought of by the citizens, but no building in Boston is more imposing or more pure and satisfactory in architecture. It is Doric in style, cruciform in shape, fire-proof in construction, and granite in material, with thirty-two fluted monolithic columns, weighing 42 tons each, fronting its stately porticoes and extending around the sides, surmounted by classic cornices and pediments, and sustaining a roof and dome of granite slabs. Under the dome is a handsome rotunda, surrounded by twelve tall Corinthian columns of white marble.

The United States Post Office, the largest and most costly building in New England, was begun in 1869. This mountain of Cape Ann granite rises in the heart of the commercial quarter, with four façades giving a frontage of nearly a thousand feet, and the projections, colonnades, swelling Mansard domes, and heavy piers of the Americanised Renaissance architecture. The cost will have been not less than £1,000,000. In the second storey is the splendid hall of the Sub-Treasury, copiously adorned with marble from Siena and Sicily, massive mahogany, and rich decorations in bronze. Great amounts of treasure in coin and precious metals are kept in the invincible safes adjoining this chapel of Mammon. The great plaza in front of the Post Office will in course of time be adorned with what will form the most picturesque statue in America, representing the old Norse sea-king Leif Ericssen, who is supposed, on the authority of the Icelandic sagas, to have visited Boston Harbour about the year 1,000. He is clad in a shirt of mail, a pointed and winged helmet, and other Scandinavian armour, and bears a great two-edged sword.

Near the Post Office are three of the most stately commercial buildings in the country—those belonging to the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and the Equitable Life Assurance Society; the two last-named being New York companies. The New England has an immense fire-proof granite building in Renaissance architecture, fronting on Post Office Square, reaching upward for seven storeys, and crowned by a group of allegorical statuary. The Mutual Life occupies a superb white marble palace on the same square, fire-proof, seven storeys high, with two elaborate façades 188 feet long, and rich modern French detail architecture. A beautiful marble tower, visible for many miles, rises from the front to a point 234 feet high, and sustains a huge clock and bell. The Equitable building is an enormous pile of granite, nine storeys high, erected at a cost of £220,000, and fire-proof in every way. Property of an immense value is stored in the massive burglar-proof deposit-vaults underneath; and the top of the building is occupied by the observers of the United States Signal Service, with their delicate scientific instruments, the flag-staff from which cautionary storm-signals are displayed, and the black time-ball which is dropped by telegraph from the Harvard College Observatory at high noon daily. From this roof a very charming view is given over the harbour and sea, the city and its environs, and the blue mountains in the interior. One of the chief branches of business in Boston is that of insurance; 250 companies of this character having offices in the city, and taking total risks in all parts of the world to the amount of £1,400,000,000, on an aggregate capital of £100,000,000. They are controlled by a Department of the State Government, and assume risks on fire, shipwreck, death, accidents, boiler explosions, and the breaking of plate-glass.

The prominent position of Boston among the American cities in respect to literary and scientific culture is largely due to its great libraries, which contain (including those at Cambridge) not far from 800,000 volumes. The Public Library is free to all the people, to read in its halls or to take books home, and has a force of 200 librarians and assistants, and eight branches in other parts of the city. The municipality devotes £24,000 a year to the support of this institution; and more than 1,300,000 books are issued annually. The library (with its branches) contains nearly 400,000 volumes, and has collections in art and archæology, and reading-rooms where all the chief periodicals of America and Western Europe are kept on file. The library was founded in 1854; and Theodore Parker, George Ticknor, and Edward Everett gave more than 20,000 volumes to it. The building is of brick and brown-stone, and fronts on the Common. The lower rooms are devoted to works of fiction and popular interest; and the upper hall has sixty alcoves, in which the literature of a higher grade is kept. The latter is a very lofty and beautiful room, called Bates Hall, in honour of a bright Boston boy who was taken from a stone-cart which he was driving and put into the mercantile office of William Gray, from which he advanced until he stood at the head of the great London house of the Barings. Not forgetting his native city, Mr. Bates presented £10,000 to the Public Library, and also £10,000 worth of books. Among the valuable special collections preserved here are the great Ticknor library, 7,500 volumes of Spanish books; the Barton library, 12,000 volumes of Shakspeareana and early French literature; the



Prince collection of ancient *Americana*; and Cardinal Tosti's collection of engravings, 6,000 in number, including many Dürers and Marcantonios, and presented to the city by Mr. T. G. Appleton. The State has granted to Boston a large block of land near Art Square, for a new and extensive building for the Public Library, designed to accommodate the special collections, the reference books, and other classes of works not needed for popular circulation, and to become a resort of scholars and a mine of literary treasures.

The Boston Athenæum was founded by the Anthology Club in 1807, and about thirty years ago moved into the building constructed for it on Beacon Hill, a large and handsome brown-stone structure in the Palladian style of architecture, so common in North Italy. It belongs to a society of about a thousand members, and the right of using the library and taking out books pertains only to these and their delegates, although scholars and authors who are properly introduced are freely allowed all the privileges. The property of the Athenæum exceeds £160,000 in value, and includes much productive real estate, the library of 125,000 books, and valuable collections of paintings and statuary. The large private libraries of John Quincy Adams and George Washington are preserved in this building; and there are halls devoted to works on art, theology, fiction, and other specialities; a reading-room, where the chief American and European papers, magazines, and reviews are kept; and many pictures and statues. Three thousand books are added yearly, and 50,000 are circulated. One of the halls is occupied by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, instituted in 1779, and limited to two hundred members, including the foremost scholars and scientists of America and Europe. The Academy has charge of the awarding of the Rumford Medal, derived from a fund left by Count Rumford in 1796 for the encouragement of discoveries in light and heat. Benjamin Thompson was a poor school-teacher, born in a suburb of Boston, and living there when the Revolution broke out; afterwards an officer of the loyalist dragoons, and knighted in London; then Chamberlain and Minister of War of the Elector of Bavaria, when he reorganised the Bavarian army, suppressed mendicancy, and made the English Gardens at Munich. Ennobled by the Elector, he took the title of Rumford, from his old home near Boston, and afterwards went to London, where he founded the Royal Institution, and passed the remainder of his life in philosophical and chemical studies and experiments.

The Massachusetts Historical Society, dating from 1791, and domiciled in a fire-proof granite building bordering on King's Chapel burying-ground, has a library of 25,000 historical volumes, and double that number of pamphlets; there are also many notable curiosities in its quiet chambers—ancient weapons, mementoes of the red aborigines, the swords of Miles Standish, Sir William Pepperell, Governor Carver, Colonel Church, and Colonel Prescott, and portraits of Endicott, Winslow, Pownall, Dummer, Winthrop, and other Governors of the colony. The New England Historic Genealogical Society owns a handsome and spacious building on Beacon Hill, with 15,000 volumes and 44,000 pamphlets, mainly bearing upon the local and family histories of the Eastern States, and much frequented by the venerable antiquaries of this region.

Tremont Temple is the head-quarters of several Baptist organisations, and in the great hall is the place of worship of the largest Baptist society in America. Here Elihu

Burritt, Webster, Choate, Everett, Joseph Cook, Jenny Lind, Charles Dickens, and scores of other celebrities have appeared before the people, to arouse, to amuse, or to instruct. The Congregational House is a large and spacious stone building on Beacon Hill, which stands as the Vatican of the Independent sect, the original founders of New England. The chief denominational paper is issued hence; and in the chambers above are the head-quarters and museum of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose beneficent stations are found on all the dark continents and islands, bearing the fair light of Christian civilisation everywhere. The fine library hall in the Congregational House contains 30,000 books and 100,000 pamphlets, mostly relating to the history, doctrine, and polity of the Pilgrim and Puritan Churches. There are several other public ecclesiastical libraries in the city, the chief of which is the General Theological Library, with its 12,000 volumes and a reading-room for religious periodicals. The legal and medical professions also have large libraries, 15,000 in one case and 10,000 in the other.

Music Hall, in the heart of the city, is the pride of Boston musicians, and has heard the best singers, instrumental performers, and lecturers in the world. The architecture is rich and appropriate, and its acoustic properties make it, as Dr. Holmes says, "a kind of passive musical instrument, or at least a sounding-board constructed on theoretical principles." Here is the great organ, made twenty years ago, in Germany, and containing 84 complete registers and 5,474 pipes. In front is a grand colossal bronze statue of Beethoven, by Crawford; and the organ-case is a magnificent piece of carved wood-work designed by Hammatt Billings, the architect.

The musical culture of Boston enjoys a wide reputation, and is represented by several fraternities of singers. The Handel and Haydn Society is the oldest and best choral association in America, dating as it does from the year 1815, and giving great triennial festivals, where oratorios and other solemn and stately music are rendered by famous soloists and a wonderful chorus of 600 voices. The Harvard Musical Association, founded in 1837 by Harvard University graduates, has a large library of music, and gives annual symphony concerts. The Apollo Club is composed of 70 chosen vocalists, with an associate-membership of 500, who receive and distribute the tickets to all performances. The Boylston Club has 90 male and 90 female voices, carefully chosen and rigidly drilled, and renders the music of Bach, Palestrina, and other illustrious masters. The Cecilia embodies 100 picked soloists, and 250 associates bear its expenses and receive tickets to the concerts, which are of classic music—Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Durante, Handel, and others. There are also several large and flourishing German choral societies—the Orpheus, the Liederkrantz, the Männerchor, the Liedertafel, and the St. Michael's. The New England Conservatory of Music is the largest school of the kind in America, and occupies 25 rooms in the Music Hall building, having 75 skilful teachers, and giving instruction to over 1,000 pupils annually. For £3 one can get 125 hours of instruction in music in any form, from some of the best musicians in the country.

The first theatre in Boston was opened in 1794, with the venerable tragedy of "Gustavus Vasa Erickson, the Deliverer of Sweden;" and sixty years later came the establishing of the famous Boston Theatre, one of the most splendid in the world, with

3,000 seats, spacious lobbies and salons, and three galleries. Among the players here have been Booth and Forrest, Fechter and Sothorn, Ristori and Cushman, Salvini and Janauschek, Nilsson and Lucca, Parepa-Rosa and Abbott. This is the home of the opera in Boston; and the balls given to the Prince of Wales and the Grand Duke Alexis occurred in its auditorium. The Globe Theatre has a rich and beautiful interior, seating 2,200; the Park, a popular theatre, accommodates 1,200; and the Gaiety and other variety houses give light and sparkling entertainments. The Boston Museum is an ancient theatre, with a stock company, which has for many years been a favourite popular resort, especially for people from out of town, and not wholly devoid of attractions for the rural clergy. William Warren, the best comedian in America, has been a member of the Museum company for nearly forty years.

The colleges and schools of Boston and its suburbs are renowned all over the Continent for their number, affluence, and efficiency, and form the crown of that system of popular education which New England guards as her brightest jewel. Foremost stands Harvard University in Cambridge, founded in the wilderness in the year 1638, *Pro Christo et Ecclesid'*, as its motto says; and now, although almost unaided by the State, possessed of property worth over £1,200,000. Boston University is not yet twelve years old, but has large endowments, and a group of colleges and schools attended by 500 young men and 150 young women. It is under the control of the Methodist Church, the most powerful religious denomination in America. There are no dormitories; and the lecture-rooms and other buildings are scattered in various parts of the city. The College of Liberal Arts, the College of Music, the College of Agriculture, and the School of Oratory, all have their staffs of professors and busy classes of students; and the Schools of Theology (Methodist Episcopal), Law, and Medicine (Homœopathic) have a larger aggregate number of students than the similar departments of any other American university. The School of All Sciences is devoted to post-graduate studies in the liberal arts, and has an affiliation with the Universities of Athens and Rome. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a polytechnic school of high grade, where the arts and sciences are taught by forty instructors, aided by large museums and collections. The institute occupies a stately building on the Back Bay land, and near by is its School of Mechanic Arts, conducted on a plan found very serviceable in Russia; and also its gymnasium and drill-shed, where the students are instructed in infantry tactics, in consideration of which the National Government gives a subsidy. Tufts College occupies a group of modern buildings on a hill-top in Medford, overlooking Boston, and is the chief institution of the Universalist Church, whose Divinity School is connected with it. Boston College was founded in 1863 by the Jesuits, who still conduct it, and has spacious buildings and grounds, alongside the Church of the Immaculate Conception. There are about 140 students. The Sisters of Notre Dame, and other conventual bodies, have schools of varying grades; and there are numerous Roman Catholic parochial schools, two alone of which have more than 2,000 pupils. The Medical School of Harvard University is in Boston, and has 12 professors and 240 students, with a large anatomical museum and library; and near it is the Dental School. Wellesley College, a few miles out, in a park of 300 acres, which borders on the beautiful Lake Waban, is the largest institution in the world devoted to the higher education of women. There

are about 350 students, all young women, with an average age of twenty years; and the curriculum is similar to that of the older universities. The library contains 25,000 volumes, and is supplemented by a large art-gallery and museum. The main building is a splendid piece of architecture, in stone and brick, four storeys high and nearly 500 feet long; and the adjacent Stone Hall is a very handsome and extensive Elizabethan structure.

The graded public schools of Boston are of remarkable efficiency, and maintain 1,300 teachers and 60,000 pupils, at a cost of nearly £300,000 a year, in 116 primary, 49 grammar, 23 evening, 4 special, and 9 high schools, and a normal school. Besides the usual studies, drawing, music, and sewing are taught; the metric system of weights and measures is the rule; and grammars and spelling-books are banished, in favour of more modern methods of teaching language. The Latin School, founded in 1635, and famous for its *esprit de corps*, with a large library and collections of classical objects, has in its hall a marble statue of Victory, designed by Greenough, and represented as holding out a wreath over the inscribed names of the Latin School boys who died in the Civil War. The city has erected a large pile of fire-proof buildings, of brick, stone, and terra-cotta, in modern Renaissance architecture, for the Latin School and the English High School. There are two fronts, highly decorated and picturesquely irregular, each about 400 feet long, with interior court-yards, laboratories, libraries, cabinet-rooms, lecture-halls, a spacious gymnasium; fifty-six recitation-rooms, fitted for forty pupils each; and a drill-hall covering 8,000 square feet, with a caulked timber floor resting on concrete. This group of buildings cost nearly £150,000. The Girl's High School has a large and massive brick building at the South End, which, ten years ago, when it was constructed, was the most costly edifice for public education in the United States. The main hall is adorned with casts from antique statuary.

Chauncy Hall is the foremost of the hundred private schools in Boston, and occupies a picturesque modern building on Art Square. Many of the children of the best families are prepared here for Harvard University, entering the kindergarten class and climbing the long hill of science until they are fitted to become Harvard freshmen.

The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind occupies a great brick building on the heights of South Boston, commanding a charming view of the harbour and the inland suburbs. It was founded in 1832, by Dr. S. G. Howe, then fresh from his labours in the Greek War of Independence; and was the first institution in the world wherein a systematic teaching of the blind was attempted, and successfully accomplished. There are 160 inmates, many of whom are proficient in music; and a large number of raised-letter books for the blind are printed here yearly.

The site of the patrician quarter commonly known as the Back Bay was once overflowed daily by the sea-tides; but the State caused several hundred acres to be filled in, and then sold them, making a clear profit of half a million pounds. The parallel streets have fine old English names, alphabetically placed, and alternating three syllables and two—Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Exeter, Fairfield, Gloucester, Hereford. Shops of all kinds are excluded from this district; and the two hotels, the Vendome, a splendid marble building, eight storeys high, with 360 rooms, erected at a cost of £160,000, and the Brunswick, nearly as large, and still more costly, are the finest in New England.

Commonwealth Avenue has often been likened to the Champs Elysées. It begins at the Public Garden and runs westward for a mile to the new park, deflecting there to unite with outer Beacon Street. It is 240 feet wide, and has a wide mall in the centre, adorned with lawns and trees and statues, and extending its entire length. On either side is a broad drive-way, flanked by stately houses, much more diversified and picturesque than is usual on an American residence-street, and exhibiting many detached buildings in modern French and Queen Anne architecture. A movement is in progress to erect at the end of this avenue, or rather where it enters the park, a lofty triumphal arch of masonry and carved stone, to commemorate the achievement of the freedom of the United States.

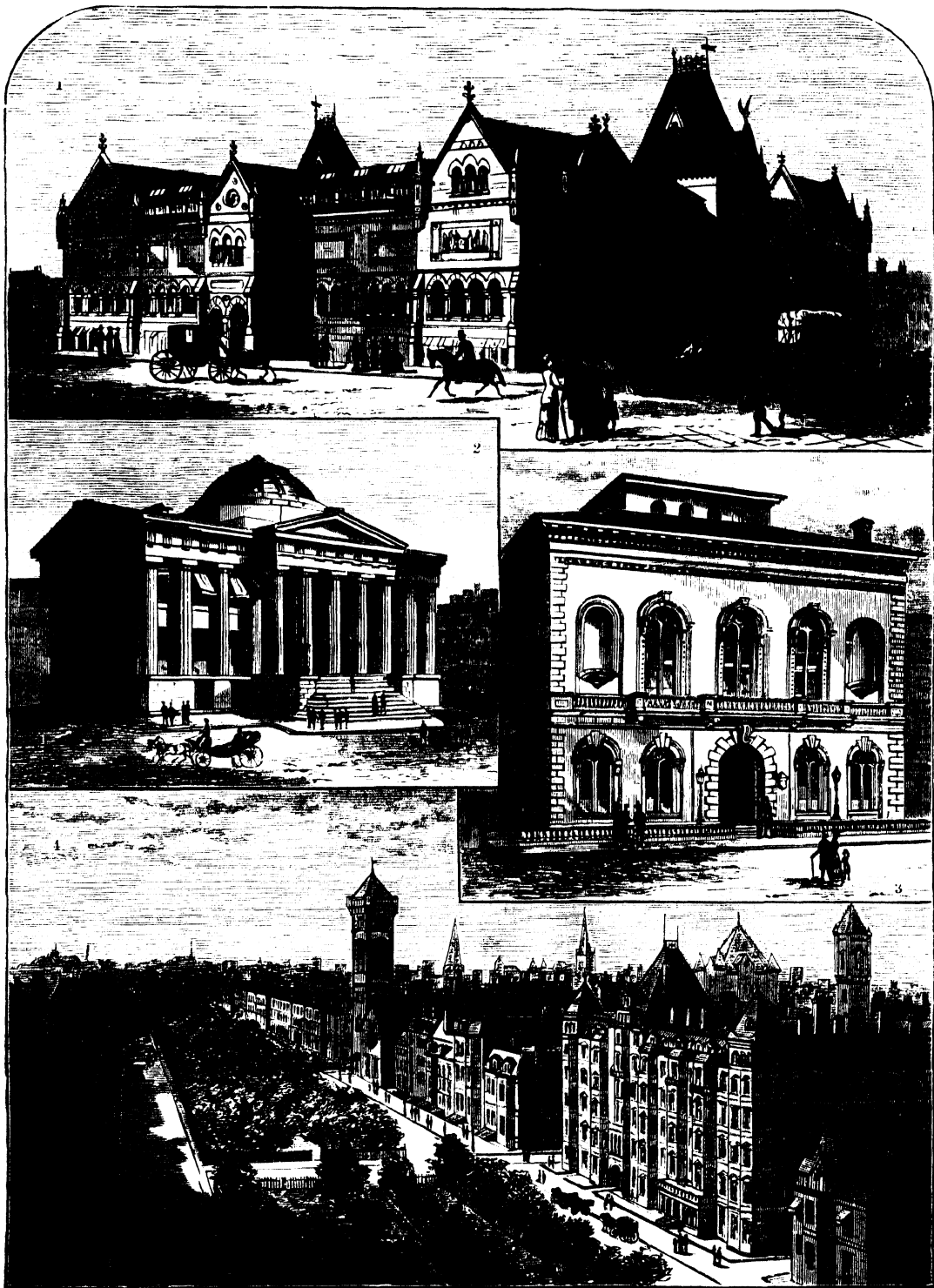
A granite statue of Alexander Hamilton, given to the city in 1865, stands in the Commonwealth Avenue park, and commemorates the merits of the ancient patriot as "Orator, writer, soldier, jurist. Although his particular province was the Treasury, his genius pervaded the whole administration of Washington." A bronze statue of heroic size, presented to the city in 1875, shows the sturdy features and picturesque Continental uniform of General John Glover, who commanded the thousand amphibious soldiers of the Marblehead marine regiment in the Revolutionary War.

The finest tower in Boston (and, some say, in America) is attached to a church on Commonwealth Avenue belonging to the Unitarians, and now closed for several years on account of the decadence of the society. The edifice is of Roxbury stone, in the form of a Greek cross, with an open basilica roof of stained ash, and three rose-windows; and the tower, 176 feet high, rises in plain and massive courses to the frieze, near the top, which is covered by colossal figures in high relief, designed by Bartholdy, of Paris, and carved by Italian sculptors after the rough stones had been placed in position. The four groups represent Baptism, Communion, Marriage, and Death—one on each face of the tower—and at the corners of the frieze are colossal statues typifying the Angels of the Judgment, with golden trumpets.

The First Church in Boston erected a rude house of worship in 1632, with mud walls and a thatched roof. It now occupies a beautiful Gothic edifice on the Back Bay, erected at a cost of £55,000, with stained-glass windows from England, and an organ made in Germany. In the great religious contest which agitated New England about eighty years ago, this was one of the many ancient churches which repudiated Calvinism, and embraced the doctrines of Unitarianism, which it still maintains. Another church of the same sect in this vicinity is an outgrowth of a Presbyterian society founded in a barn in 1727; and enjoyed the ministrations of the saintly Channing for nearly forty years. It is a handsome brown-stone building, recalling Sir Christopher Wren's architecture, and has a melodious chime in the spire.

The Central Church pertains to the Congregationalists, and is a miniature cathedral in appearance, with elaborate porticoes, high transepts, flying buttresses, pointed arches, and lines of stone pillars between the nave and aisles. It is a large stone building, of the best forms of Gothic architecture, and has a very lofty tower and spire, with numerous pinnacles.

The Museum of Fine Arts is a new Gothic building of brick, copiously ornamented



VIEWS IN BOSTON.

1, Boston Museum of Fine Arts ; 2, The Custom House ; 3, Public Library ; 4, Commonwealth Avenue.

with red and buff terra-cotta work made in England, including large allegorical bas-reliefs and the heads of many famous artists, enclosed in roundels. The lower floor is occupied by the studios and lecture-rooms of the schools of drawing, painting, modelling, wood-carving, and other artistic work, attended by many students. The next floor includes a succession of halls, containing a few pieces of modern sculpture, Gobelins tapestry, armour, Moorish and Spanish curiosities; the large collection of mummies, scarabæi, and other Egyptian antiquities, gathered by Robert Hay of Scotland; casts from ancient Greek statuary of Mycenæ and Ægina; Cypriote, Etruscan, and Campanian vases in great numbers; and casts of all the Parthenon sculptures, and many other works of the golden age of Greece and Latin Rome, and reproductions of several of Michael Angelo's master-pieces. The great halls above are devoted to paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Boughton, Rubens, Dow, Guido, West, Correggio, Velazquez, Corot, and other ancient and modern European masters; Allston, Copley, Stuart, and other American artists of the elder schools; and a few pictures by contemporaries. Here also is the original of Turner's "Slave Ship," which Mr. Ruskin called "the noblest sea ever painted by man." The Gray Collection of Engravings, mainly by ancient and famous engravers, and numbering many thousand titles, occupies one of the halls. Among the countless other curiosities are tapestry and arras, Persian and Japanese fabrics and wares, antique carved furniture and panelled rooms, old Italian bronzes, cloissonné and Limoges work, a cartoon by Delaroche, electrotype reproductions of many objects in the South Kensington Museum, and wares of Robbia, majolica, Sèvres, Delft, Dresden, Wedgwood, Derby, and other quaint and beautiful work.

The Boston Art Club, the Society of Decorative Art, the Studio Building, St. Botolph's Club, and other organisations have frequent exhibitions of paintings and works of art in various departments. The Normal Art School is a creation of the State, which decrees that all her cities and large towns must have industrial drawing taught in their public schools; and in the fine old Deacon House, at the South End, 150 men and women are given free instruction in drawing, with a view to providing teachers for this branch. Boston has always occupied a noble position in the little world of American art, since the remote date when Copley, Stuart, and Allston had their studios here. The most illustrious of the recent painters are the late William M. Hunt, a master in portraiture and landscape; George L. Brown, who was known in Rome as the American Claude; John Appleton Brown, a follower of Corot; and W. E. Norton, the marine painter.

The Boston Society of Natural History owns a large and ornate building, on land given by the State, with a library of 18,000 books and pamphlets, frequent lecture-courses, annual publications of discoveries, and a spacious hall, open to the people two days in each week, and containing a famous collection of minerals, birds, shells, insects, plants, skeletons, and other curiosities. The Warren Museum of Natural History is a similar institution, occupying a fire-proof building near the Charles River, and containing the most perfect skeleton of a mastodon in existence.

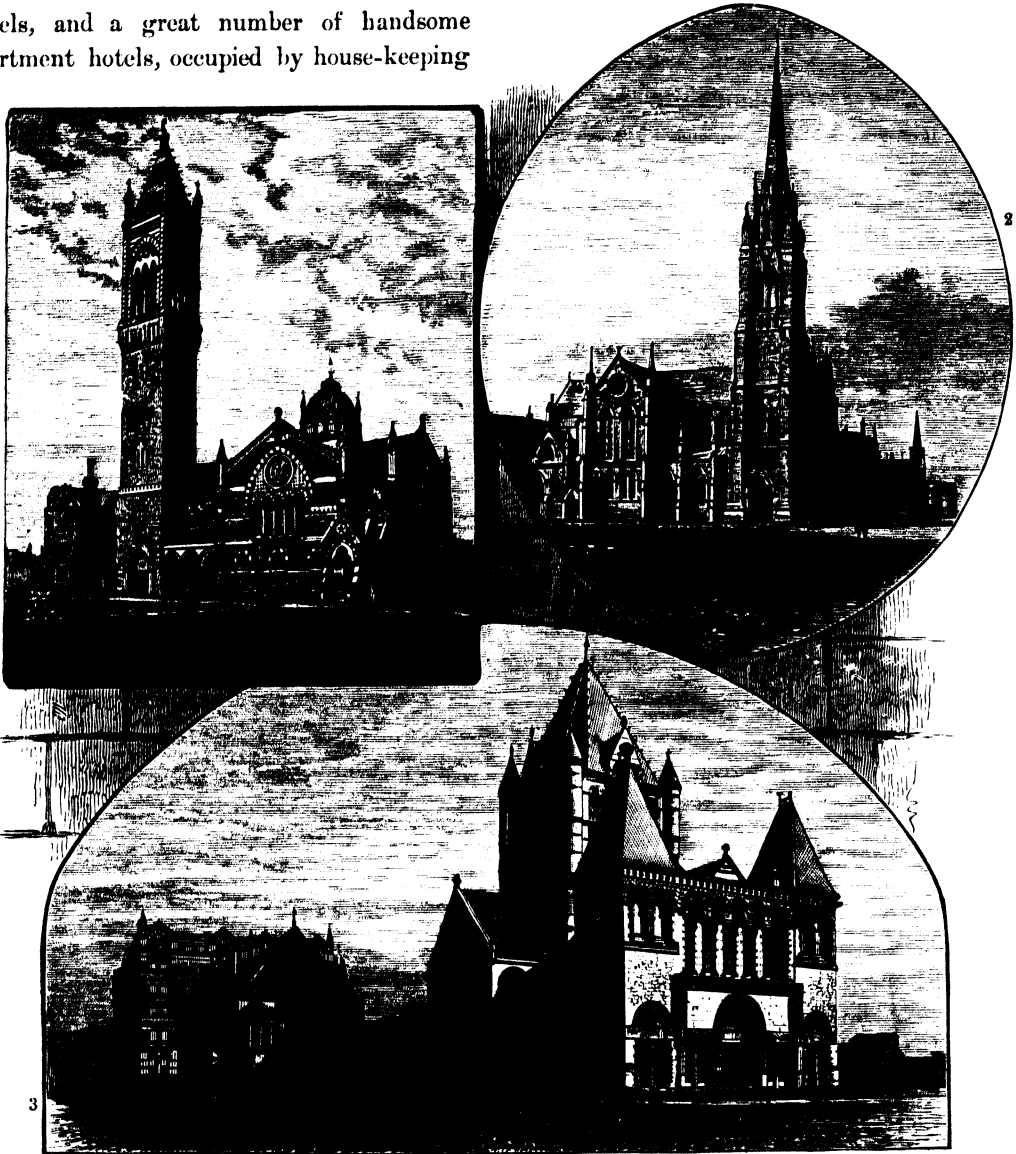
The finest Protestant church in New England is that pertaining to Trinity parish, of the Anglican communion, of which Phillips Brooks is rector. The parish was organised in 1728; and a century later it occupied a new granite church, for which the king and

queen (William and Mary) gave the communion-plate and other presents, including a huge tablet on which were painted the Decalogue, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed. In the Great Fire of 1872 this building was destroyed, and five years later the new church was finished, at a cost of £160,000, and consecrated, free of debt, when a procession of three bishops and 104 surpliced clergy entered the main portal. It is 160 feet long, 120 feet wide at the transepts, and 63 feet high in the nave; and has an elevated chancel nearly 60 feet square, adorned with brass lecterns and a costly marble font. The walls are of reddish granite ashlar, trimmed with vari-coloured sandstone masonry; and double cloisters connect the main building with a dainty little chapel. The architecture is the old French Romanesque, as seen in the pyramidal-towered churches of Auvergne and Aquitaine, whose grandeur and repose are here exemplified on a distant strand. The main external feature is an enormous square tower, flanked by round turrets, and covered with a pyramidal roof of red tiles, visible from far down the harbour. The construction of such a mass of masonry upon land reclaimed from the sea was a task of great difficulty, and the first step consisted in driving 2,000 piles in the space to be occupied by the tower, and binding them together by a layer of concrete, two feet deep. On this floor arose four pyramids of huge blocks of stone, 35 feet square at their bases, and on their truncated tops sustaining the granite piers which bear the tower. The interior is richly furnished and decorated, the chief features being the many memorial windows of stained glass, imported from Europe at great cost. The frescoes of Scriptural scenes and characters, which adorn the dome and the nave, are fine examples of encaustic painting, mainly executed by John La Farge, a master in this art. Five of the rectors of Trinity have been made bishops of the American Church; and its present rector (whose voice has been heard in Westminster Abbey, and St. George's Chapel at Windsor) is the most popular preacher in the Episcopal denomination. During the decline of Unitarianism, which has for some years been going on in Boston, many of the more religiously inclined of the failing sect have become communicants of Trinity Church.

The New Old South Church, erected by the ancient Independent society, stands on the made lands of the Back Bay, near Art Square, and was erected at a cost of nearly £100,000. The architecture is the North Italian Gothic, decorated with alternating bands of light and dark stone, surrounded by a broad course of sandstone, delicately carved to represent vines and fruit, among which animals and birds are seen, and illuminated by panels of Venetian mosaic on gold ground. The great bell-tower is an imposing structure of rubble and parti-coloured masonry, 248 feet high, with Gothic windows and spires; and a short cloister runs thence to the south transept, sheltering memorial tablets. The vestibule, paved with red, white, and green marbles, is separated from the nave by a high carved screen of Caen stone, supported on columns of Lisbon marble, and crowned by gables and finials. At the intersection of the arms of the cross, the roof opens up into a lantern formed by a painted dome of copper, gilded in bands. The great stained window in the chancel represents the announcement of Christ's birth by the angels of Bethlehem; that in the south transept shows forth the five parables; that in the north transept, the five miracles; and the windows of the nave illustrate the prophets and apostles. These brilliant windows were made in England: The organ is famous for its melody, and has 55 stops and 3,240 pipes.



The South End extends from the Common to the foot of the Roxbury Highlands—a broad and level region, densely populated, and diversified by broad avenues and public squares. Herein are several of the large hotels, and a great number of handsome apartment hotels, occupied by house-keeping



BOSTON CHURCHES.

1, New Old South Church ; 2, Central Church ; 3, Trinity Church.

suites, on the system so generally in vogue in Paris. This region was formerly covered with salt water, except along a narrow isthmus where batteries and a fortified gate were established.

The Masonic Temple is a very lofty and imposing granite building, fronting on the Common, built in a semi-feudal Gothic style, and containing rich Corinthian, Egyptian, and Gothic halls, banqueting-rooms, and other mysteries. Farther south on the same

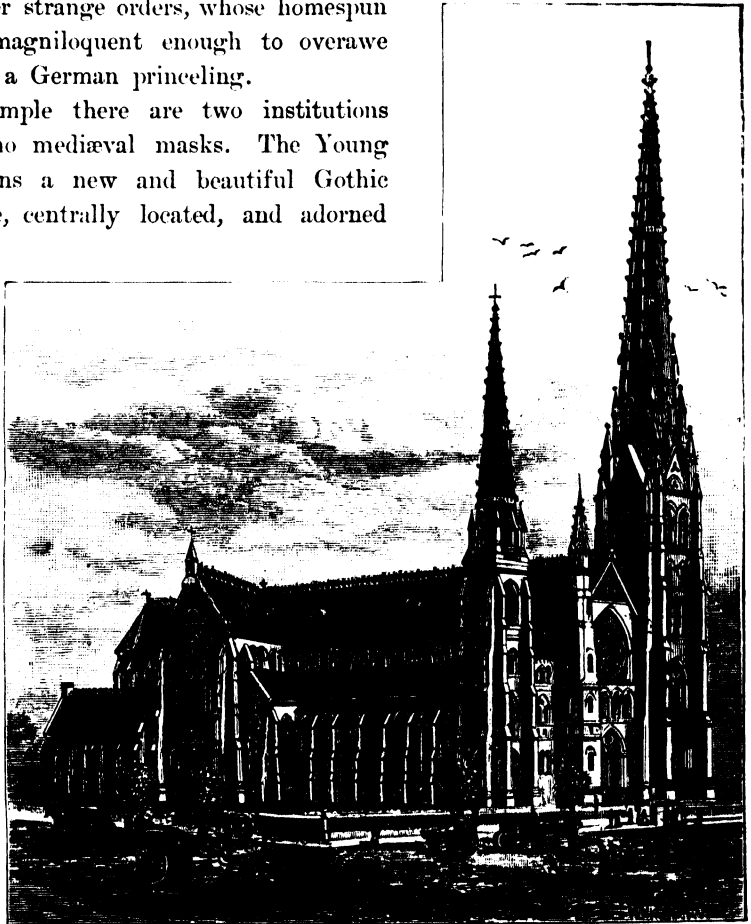
street is Odd-Fellows' Hall, a great Gothic building with three façades, in white granite, and enshrining a variety of occult symbolry, large and handsome halls, and lodge-rooms. The passion of Americans for singular secret societies is manifested in Boston by hundreds of lodges, tents, encampments, and groves (so-called) of Templars, Harugari, Foresters, Druids, Alfredians, Knights of Pythias, Red Men, Elks, Knights of Honor, and other strange orders, whose homespun citizen-officers bear titles magniloquent enough to overawe even a Neapolitan noble or a German princeling.

Near the Masonic Temple there are two institutions whose philanthropies wear no mediæval masks. The Young Men's Christian Union owns a new and beautiful Gothic building of Ohio sandstone, centrally located, and adorned with a high clock-tower.

Within are halls, parlours, a library of 6,000 volumes, a museum, a gymnasium, a coffee-room, chess-rooms, and other comforts. The Young Men's Christian Association owns and occupies a large four-storey building close by, and its 3,000 members have the use of rooms similar in purpose to those of the Union. It is the oldest society of the kind in the United States; and during the Civil War, when 500 of its members were in the army, the army relief-committee raised £66,647 to be applied

for the comfort of the troops in the field. Both these buildings are for the provision of attractive resorts and Christian influences for young men coming to the city as strangers; for whom they also prepare a great variety of free lectures and concerts, dramatic entertainments, talks on science and art, evening classes in practical studies, suburban excursions, social receptions, and other delightful pastimes. There are employment committees, to secure work for deserving applicants; and boarding-house committees, to find good homes for strangers. The Association is composed of Evangelical men alone; the Union includes also many Unitarians, Universalists, and others outside the ancient pale.

The station of the Providence Railway, the route to Providence, in Rhode Island



CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS.

(a city of 120,000 inhabitants), and New York, fronts on Park Square, and cost £200,000. It is 800 feet long and 150 feet wide, of brick and stone, in picturesque Gothic architecture, and with a tall detached clock-tower in front. The waiting-rooms are arranged on each side of a noble hall, 80 feet high and 180 feet long, paved with marble, and over-arched by a pointed roof of richly carved timber-work. In other parts of this district are the termini of the railways to Plymouth and Cape Cod, and the routes through southern New England.

The Emancipation Group stands in Park Square, facing the Common, and was presented to Boston by a public-spirited citizen in 1880. It is of bronze, with colossal figures representing President Lincoln bidding a negro slave to rise and be free; and stands on an immense pedestal of polished red granite. The bronze was cast at the Munich Royal Foundry.

Columbus Avenue, the finest residence-street in this quarter, is a mile and a half long, straight and level, and paved with asphalt, making a smooth, hard flooring, over which military and civic processions delight to march. The sides are lined with long blocks of marble, stone, and brick houses, and occasionally open off into triangular plazas, where other streets cross diagonally. Near its end are the spacious grounds devoted to the national game of base-ball, where eight or ten thousand people sometimes assemble, to see contests between the local champions and clubs from other cities.

The Hollis Street Church was built in 1732, on land given by Jonathan Belcher, a wealthy Boston merchant, whom King George I. liked well enough to make Governor of Massachusetts. His son, a United Empire loyalist, received the commissions of Chief Justice and Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. The church became a barrack for British troops during the siege of Boston; and its successor, on the same site, was moved away, hauled down the hill, placed on an immense raft, and towed down the harbour to a distant village, where it still serves the purpose of a church. The building now occupying the site, a quaint old edifice of brick, with a tall wooden spire, has been the scene of the labours of John Pierpont, Thomas Starr King, and other famous Unitarian divines. Mather Byles, the first pastor, was the Sydney Smith of the old province. He paid his addresses unsuccessfully to a lady who afterwards married Mr. Quincy; and when he met her, the witty divine remarked: "So, madam, you prefer a Quincy to Byles, it seems." The quick-witted damsel replied: "Yes; for if there had been anything worse than biles, Job would have been afflicted with it."

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, M.P., and his brother, General John Coffin, of the British army, were born in Harrison Avenue; Sir Thomas Aston Coffin, Commissary-General of the royal forces, was also born here, and educated at Harvard; in Essex Street was the birth-place of Lieutenant-General Sir Roger Sheaffe, who fought under the British flag in Canada, Denmark, and Holland. One of the most beneficent of the Unitarian societies is the Church of the Disciples, whose pastor is James Freeman Clarke, and whose temple is a spacious octagonal building at the South End. Its members unite "as learners in the school of Jesus Christ, with Christ for their Teacher. . . . with faith in Jesus, as the Christ, the Son of God, and for the purpose of co-operating together as His disciples in the study and practice of Christianity." In the same vicinity is the Church of the Unity, a handsome

classic building, occupied by a society of Unitarians of the most radical type; and the South Church, whereof Edward Everett Hale is the pastor.

The Cathedral of the Holy Cross towers over the buildings of the South End like a vast mountain of stone, and is the seat of the Archbishop of Boston, the Metropolitan of New England. The early English Gothic, in its simplest form, is the style of the architecture, and the ponderous walls are of dark Roxbury stone. The nave is 320 feet long and 120 feet high, with chapels and a crypt below, and at the eastern end a chantry and the beautiful Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. The nave is bordered by tall clustered columns of bronzed iron, upholding a high clerestory and rich ceiling of wood, in mosaics of religious emblems. The chancel-windows, over the great marble altar, show forth the Crucifixion, Nativity, and Ascension; and the transept-windows, each 800 square feet in area, illustrate the Finding of the True Cross by the Empress Helena, and the Exaltation of the Cross by the Emperor Heraclius; while the aisles also are bordered by immense and brilliant windows, defended by heavy plate-glass, which also aids in equalising the temperature within the building. The great organ is built round the rose-window on the west, and has 5,292 pipes and nearly 100 stops. The cathedral is larger than many of the most famous temples of Europe—St. Denis, Vienna, Pisa, Rheims, Antwerp, Strasbourg, and others—and has been built within fifteen years, by voluntary contributions, mainly of the labouring classes of Irish extraction. The growth of the Roman Catholic Church in Boston has been very remarkable, and may be attributed altogether to the steady immigration of the Irish. In 1647 a law was passed prohibiting any ecclesiastic ordained by the See of Rome from entering the colony; but there is no evidence that any one ever suffered arrest in Boston on account of his Romanism—although the other sects which dissented from the Puritan Establishment were grievously persecuted. Cheverus, the first bishop, and afterwards Cardinal and Archbishop of Bordeaux, was a personal friend of Otis, Quincy, and other patriots; but his people were a feeble folk, scarce filling one small chapel. Now, the Catholic population of Boston numbers more than a hundred thousand, with immense churches, convents, colleges, and all the complicated and costly ecclesiastical machinery of a great European metropolis. *The Pilot*, edited by John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish poet (an escaped political prisoner of the British Government), is a great weekly paper, with a circulation of 103,000 copies, the largest number of any Roman Catholic publication in the world. Quite recently, Mr. Horatio Seymour, a venerable statesman of New York, expressed his conviction that Massachusetts was destined to become an Irish State. This is wildly pessimistic, indeed, but if perchance it does come to pass, the new Hibernia will be an educated and a religious community.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception is a great granite building, in classic architecture, with some rather good painting and statuary, and is controlled by the Jesuits, who also conduct the adjoining Boston College. Opposite the church stands a long and picturesque Gothic building, where the Sisters of Charity take care of several hundred destitute Roman Catholic children. There are several other very large Roman Catholic churches within the city proper, attended by devout congregations. On a conspicuous suburban hill stands the Mission Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, a new and very

spacious Romanesque basilica of stone, with interior colonnades of polished granite, and a high octagonal dome.

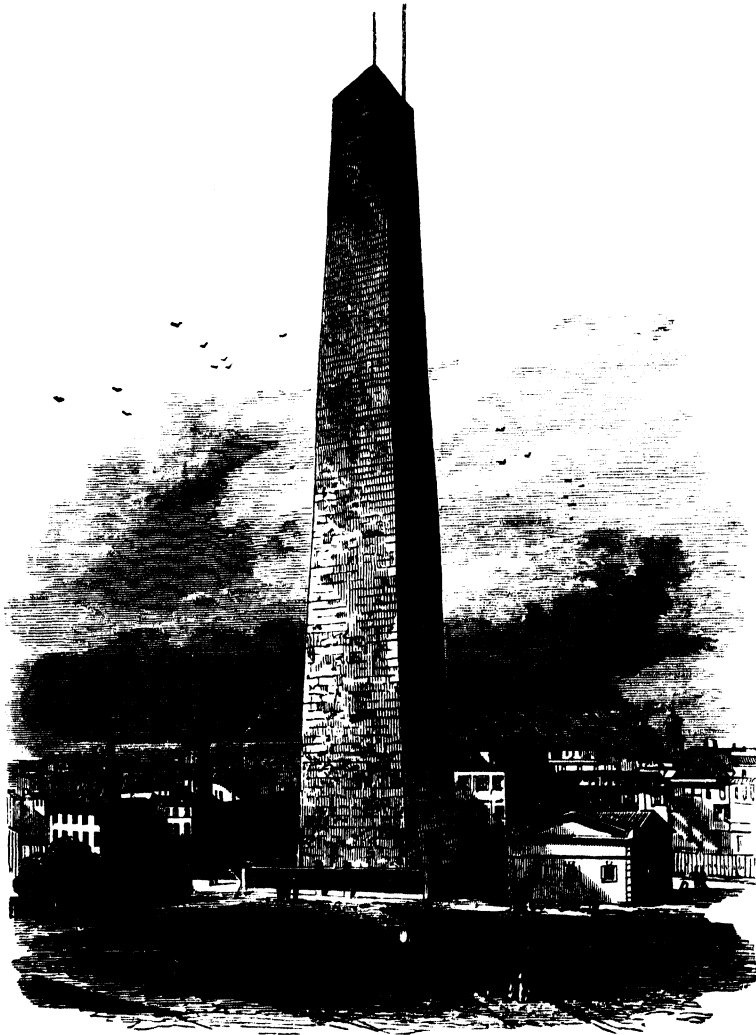
Sir Charles Dilke has said: "It is not only in the Harvard precincts that the oldness of New England is to be remarked. Although her people are everywhere in the vanguard of all progress, their country has a look of gable-ends and steeple-hats, while their laws seem fresh from the hands of Alfred. In all England there is no city which has suburbs so grey and venerable as the elm-shaded towns around Boston—Dorchester, Chelsea, Nahant, and Salem; the people speak the English of Elizabeth, and joke about us—'He speaks good English for an Englishman.'"

The suburbs of Boston, where bright streams wind between graceful hills, and ancient forests alternate with velvety lawns, are more beautiful than the city itself; and it is generally conceded that no other American environage is so attractive and diversified. The charming sites thus afforded for villas and mansions have been utilised by the old families, and thousands of pleasant homes are scattered through the rural wards. On the south, beyond the Neponset Valley, are the Blue Hills; on the north, over the Mystic Valley, are the Middlesex Fells, a wide area of low and abrupt rocky hills, covered with forests and abounding in flowers; and on the east is the harbour.

The harbour of Boston is very attractive in its scenery, and during the summer numerous steamboats carry hundreds of thousands of people down to Nantasket Beach, the long natural breakwater which shelters the anchorage. Here are several mammoth hotels, pavilions and cafés without number, and long lines of summer cottages. Islands of various shapes and sizes dot the surface of the waters; and on the south-west are the picturesque and rolling masses of the Blue Hills of Milton. Castle Island has been fortified ever since 1634, and upholds the long granite walls of Fort Independence, frowning on the harbour with hundreds of innocuous embrasures. Governor's Island, ceded to the United States by the Winthrop family, after 176 years of ownership, contains the modern works of Fort Winthrop, with their enormous grassy embankments and granite citadel. Fort Warren, the key to the harbour, is farther out, and contains a garrison of artillerymen, and formidable batteries of heavy guns, bearing on the narrow and sinuous ship-channel. Other islands are occupied by redoubts, hospitals, prisons, farms, and colonies of *Fayalese* lobster-fishermen; and among these the trim vessels of the yacht-clubs flit in and out all the summer long; the numerous schooners of the coasting fleets move up and down in endless sequence; and the immense British steamships plough their way, giving wealth to America and comfort to England. At the mouth of the harbour is a cluster of rugged rocky islets, where stands the tall stone tower of Boston Light, whose welcoming gleam first flashed over the sea in the year 1715. Just in-shore is the bold hill over the village of Hull, crowned by the ruins of a fort erected by the French troops under Lafayette, a century ago. On the opposite shore is Point Shirley, a famous resort of the *bon vivants* of Boston, where such sumptuous fish and game dinners are served as even the old "Ship" at Greenwich could not excel. From the harbour headlands the coast trends away north and south, bending towards the promontories of Cape Cod and Cape Ann, and everywhere occupied by summer hotels and cottages, fishing hamlets, and ancient cities, the homes of a hardy and industrious population. On the one hand is the Jerusalem Road, high above the sea, lined

with villas, and reproducing the beauties of the Cornice on a small scale; on the other is Nahant, a rocky peninsula projecting far into the ocean, where Longfellow and other famous *literati* had their summer homes.

The celebrated Bunker Hill Monument stands on the summit of a populous hill in



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

the Charlestown District, and is surrounded by a pleasant little park of lawns and trees. It is an obelisk of Quincy granite, 30 feet square at the base, and narrowing slowly toward the pyramidal apex, 221 feet above. A flight of stone steps inside leads to a chamber at the top, containing two ancient cannon, veterans of the Revolutionary War, and commanding a very noble view of Boston and its northern suburbs, the harbour and islands, the western forests and the eastern sea. The corner-stone was laid by the Marquis

de Lafayette, in 1825, when Daniel Webster delivered a famous oration; and in 1843 the monument was dedicated, the President of the United States being present, and Webster again acting as orator. In 1875, on the hundredth anniversary of the battle, magnificent commemorative ceremonies took place, when 200,000 strangers visited Boston, including several brigades of the State militia, and bodies of infantry from nine other States. Bunker Hill Day (June 17th) is always a public holiday in the city, when schools and offices, factories and public institutions are closed.

On Winthrop Square, the old militia parade of Charlestown, stands a beautiful monument erected in honourable remembrance of the volunteers of Charlestown who were slain in the Civil War. The chief figure, colossal in size, is an allegorical representation of America placing crowns of laurel upon the heads of a soldier and a sailor, who stand on pedestals below. On one occasion, when the 5th Maryland Regiment (largely composed of old Southern veterans) was in Boston, the command marched over here, unannounced and unexpected, and formed a hollow square around the monument, at parade rest, the band playing a dirge, while a detachment carried forward a huge shield of flowers and laid it on the granite pedestal. The Dorchester District has commemorated its fallen soldiers by a tall obelisk of red granite, ornamented with reliefs of laurel wreaths and military emblems, inscriptions and tablets bearing the names of the heroic dead. The West Roxbury District has raised a stately Gothic shrine of granite, in which is a block of Italian marble, whereon are carved the names of the slain, while pinnacles laden with trophies rise at the corners, and above all is a statue of a soldier leaning on his rifle and wrapped in pensive meditation. The Brighton District has inscribed the names of its martyrs on a high shaft, with pyramids of cannon-balls, and the top surmounted by an eagle. Roxbury's volunteers, many of whom were killed at the battle of Antietam, within a month from the time of their enlistment, and are now buried around their monument, are commemorated by a bronze statue of a soldier of the line, of heroic size, and on the pedestal are these words of Abraham Lincoln: "From the honoured dead we take increased devotion to **that cause** for which they gave the last full measure of devotion." Cambridge, Lynn, Chelsea, and other suburban communes have beautiful and costly memorials of like character in their public squares; and the 30th of May is set apart as a solemn holiday in almost all parts of the Republic, when processions of veterans and citizens march to the soldiers' monuments and graves to decorate them with vast masses of flowers, and to participate in patriotic and funereal rites.

The United States Navy Yard covers eighty acres in Charlestown, with its depôts of timber and naval stores, marine barracks, machine shops, ship-houses, rope-walks, magazines, officers' houses, and parade-ground. A high stone wall separates it from the town, and a sea-wall fronts the harbour. The granite dry dock cost £135,000, and is 341 feet long and 30 feet deep. In the ancient days of naval warfare several lofty ships-of-the-line were built at this dockyard, and sailed hence to bear the stars and stripes over distant seas. For more than two hundred years after its settlement Boston was a city of the sea, devoted to commerce with the uttermost parts of the earth, and giving the flower of her youth to man and command her swift ships. Within ten years from the time when Winthrop's colonists occupied Tri-mountain, they had built several sea-going vessels, and the snug little barque *Blessing of the Bay* was launched as early as 1631. At a

later day the frigates employed in expeditions against the French Americans were constructed here; the *Constitution*, the *Boston*, and the *Argus*, famous in the naval wars with Great Britain, France, and Algiers, were launched toward the close of the last century; and in the days of the California trade the local shipwrights produced the finest and fleetest sailing ships that ever floated—the *Dreadnought*, the *Great Republic*, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, and other gallant conquerors of the Cape Horn passage.

The peninsula of Mattapan, afterwards known as Dorchester Heights, and now as South Boston, was annexed to the city in 1804, when it had but ten resident families. It is now the seat of several large iron works and other manufactories, and has a population exceeding 60,000. There are far-viewing parks on the crest and the seaward slope of the Heights; and on the easterly point, near the mooring-ground of the yacht clubs, is a public esplanade, commanding a lovely view of the harbour and sea, and of the closely adjacent Fort Independence. East Boston is an island, the terminus of the Cunard and other steam-ship lines, and the single farmhouse which stood there in 1833 has been replaced by the homes of 40,000 people.

It would take volumes to consider the traits and attractions of the landward suburbs of Boston, but we must dismiss them with a page. There are patrician Brookline, with scenery of rare beauty, and villas and churches whose architecture and surroundings are most attractive; Longwood, a little *bijou* of a hamlet, with two dainty stone churches; Savin Hill, a high, rocky promontory in the harbour, surrounded with villas; Dorchester, with its sea-viewing hills, venerable colonial mansions, and the summer gardens, where the people go in thousands to hear music and breathe the balmy air; Milton, under the Blue Hills, on whose slopes are country houses which would do honour to Warwickshire or the Isle of Wight; Quincy, an ancient village, the home for centuries of the Adamses and Quineys, and with a stone church, under which are the ashes of two Presidents of the United States; Chelsea, the seat of the national Marine Hospital, near the sea; Revere Beach, a half-hour's ride from town, where the surf rolls in along a sandy strand three miles in length, lined by a great variety of hotels and pavilions; Concord, a lovely old village, long time the home of Hawthorne and Thoreau, and the seat of a famous summer school of philosophy, whereof Ralph Waldo Emerson and A. B. Alcott were leaders; Lexington, the famous battle-ground of 1775, with its venerable memorials; Hingham, near the sea, with its noble statue of Governor Andrew, and the oldest church in Yankeedom (built in 1681); and many another interesting locality.

Cambridge is a city of about 40,000 inhabitants, separated from Boston by the narrow reaches of the Charles River. Its chief interest lies in Harvard University, the oldest, most famous, and most richly endowed in America, founded in 1636, and materially aided in 1638 with a library and legacy from the Rev. John Harvard, of Charlestown. The hamlet around it was named Cambridge because several of the founders of Massachusetts had been educated in the ancient English town on the Cam. Many of the foremost scholars of New England, her poets and historians, her divines and philosophers, her statesmen and generals, have graduated at Harvard. There are now about 1,400 students in the several departments, with 124 instructors. The annual expenditure of each student varies from £100 to £300 a year, the average being about £150. The system of elective studies has been



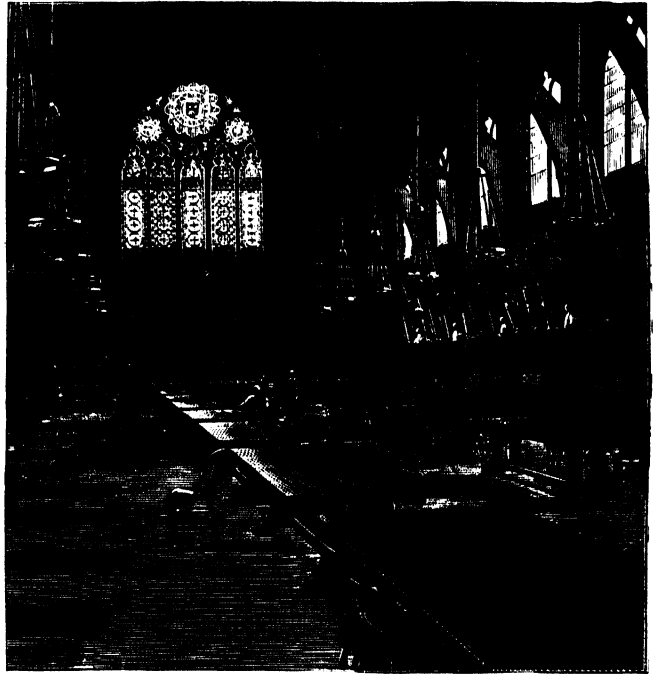
introduced, and 291 hours per week of instruction are available for the choice of the student. The main buildings of the University are disposed around the sides of a great quadrangle, with pleasant lawns and fine old trees. In the adjacent embowered streets are numerous other halls pertaining to Harvard and its departments. The oldest of the buildings are Massachusetts Hall, erected by the Province in 1718; the Wadsworth House, dating from 1726; the Holden Chapel, from 1744; and Hollis Hall, from 1763. Rooms in the latter were occupied by Edward Everett, Charles Sumner, Henry D. Thoreau, Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Adams, Prescott, and Curtis. Most of these ancient



THE QUADRANGLE, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

brick halls were erected with funds sent from the old country by wealthy English merchants, when New England was still very new. The later buildings, Matthews, Grays, Weld, Thayer, and other halls, imposing edifices in Gothic and Elizabethan architecture, have been constructed at the cost of the Massachusetts families whose names they bear. Some of them are of stone, others of brick. The library contains 180,000 volumes (besides which there are 75,000 volumes in the minor libraries outside), including rare collections of Italian classics, Orientalia, works on art, and ancient MSS.; and has immense funded resources. The building devoted to its use is a sober copy of King's College Chapel, in English Cambridge, fire-proof, with a capacity of 500,000 volumes; and is adorned with the gilt cross brought home by the Massachusetts troops from their victorious crusade

against the French fortress of Louisburg, in 1745. The finest college-building in the United States is the Memorial Hall, erected in 1870-7, "in commemoration of those sons of Harvard who perilled and laid down their lives to preserve us as a nation," whose names are engraved on mural marble slabs in the arcades of a lofty monumental vestibule, under a groined roof of timber-work. The main feature of the building is the great dining-hall, more spacious than any in England, and seating a thousand men. The high wainscotings are adorned with scores of ancient portraits and busts of the magnates of Massachusetts and benefactors of the University; and the west end is occupied by a stained-glass window covering 750 square feet. In this hall most of the students get their daily meals. At one end of the building is a fine classic theatre; and over it rises a massive tower, 200 feet high, a landmark for many miles. The Memorial Hall cost upwards of £100,000. Divinity Hall, the nursery of Unitarian clergy, and the special pet of the University (now for eighty years anti-Puritan), lies to the northward, opposite the spacious buildings of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, richly endowed by George Peabody in 1866, and the Museum of Comparative Zoology, founded by Professor Agassiz, and endowed with over £160,000. The remarkably large and valuable collection in these two museums is safely preserved in fire-proof buildings. The Botanic Gardens and the Astronomical Observatory are also admirably arranged, provided with exhaustive special libraries and the costliest instruments. Near the University is the exquisite little quadrangle of the Protestant Episcopal Theological School of Massachusetts, with its group of modern stone buildings, where the future rectors of the Bay State parishes are prepared for their labours.



INTERIOR OF THE MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

There are many ancient houses in Cambridge, which have a deep interest for all people. Among these are the Holmes house, built in 1730, and the birth-place of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet; the Bishop's Palace, dating from 1761, and afterwards the head-quarters of General Putman and the captive General Burgoyne; Elmwood, built in 1760, and the ancestral home of James Russell Lowell; the Lee house, a relic of 1680; the Riedesel house, where the captive Baron Riedesel, commander of the Brunswick troops in Burgoyne's

army, was quartered; the Vassal mansion, built about the year 1700, and still a noble and stately home; and the fine old colonial manor house of 1769, long time used as Washington's head-quarters, afterwards entertaining Talleyrand and the Duke of Kent, and for forty years the home of Longfellow, America's late Poet Laureate.

Near the western border of Cambridge is the famous Mount Auburn Cemetery, occupying picturesque and embowered hills and dales, with thirty miles of roads and paths, and a handsome Gothic chapel adorned with statues of Massachusetts patriots. In this city of the dead rest Hosea Ballou and John Murray, the fathers of Universalism; Dr. Bowditch, the mathematician; Hannah Adams, the historian of the Jews; Charles Sumner; Charlotte Cushman, and many other famous people.

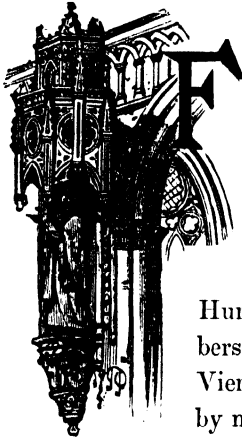
The climate of Boston is severe, especially in winter and spring; but the intense heats of summer are tempered by refreshing east winds, which fill the streets with the salty smell of the adjacent sea. The surrounding country is highly picturesque, with its green hills, glens, and lakes; but the soil is sterile, and affords scant profit to the farmers, so that the chief natural products of Massachusetts still consist of granite and ice. The men who constructed in such an unfavouring region one of the fairest cities of the Anglo-Saxon world were surely of the flower of the English race, rich in unwavering faith and energy, and born to a nobler work than that which won immortal fame for Æneas, or crowned the labours of the sea-kings of Venice with imperishable laurels.



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

## VIENNA.

A Cosmopolitan Empire—Treaties—The House of Hapsburg—Early History of Vienna—The Modern City—Its Situation—Inundations—Climate—Streets and Houses—The Cathedral—Other Churches—The Imperial Palace—The famous Public and Private Libraries—The Belvedere—Picture Galleries—The University—Walks, Gardens, Theatres, and Public Resorts—The Suburbs—Wilden—Schönbrunn—The Villa of Haydn—A Sketch of his Life—Advance of the French, and Death of the Musician—Associations of Mozart and Beethoven with Vienna—Story of their Lives—Manufactories—The Wars of the City and the Empire—The Horrors of a Siege—Defeat of the Turks under Sobieski and Lorraine—Hero-Worship—Napoleon Attacks the City—Saves the Life of the Archduchess Maria Louisa.



FOR a long period Vienna occupied a position of pre-eminence among the cities of the European Continent, and, consequently, of the civilised world. In more recent times, however, the centres of political interest have gradually shifted westward and northward, so that now London, Paris, and Berlin are generally considered to be the centres of political movement and action, rather than the capital of that cosmopolitan Empire which includes among its subjects Germans, Hungarians, Slavs, Czechs, Magyars, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, and members of various other races and peoples. Politically as well as historically, Vienna is still a place of very considerable importance, and is remembered by most people as giving a name to one of the most important of European treaties of modern times—that of 1814, when, after the defeat of the

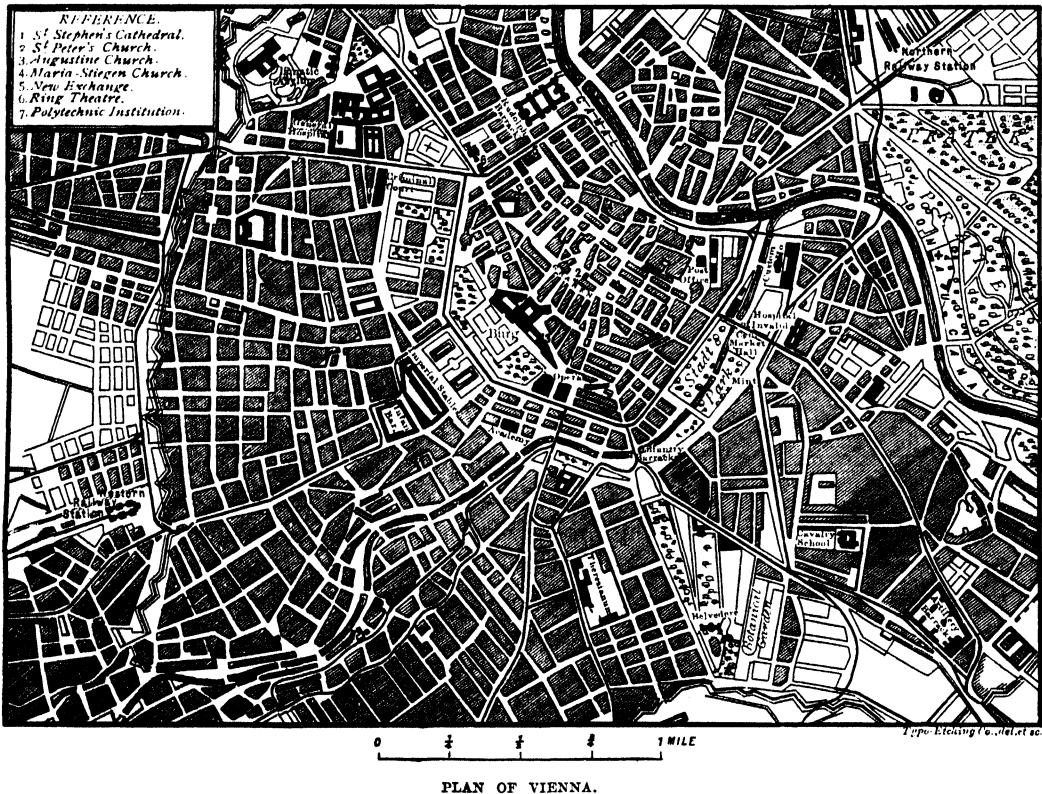
Great Napoleon, the map of Europe was re-arranged so much to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned that no great war convulsed Europe for nearly fifty years. During the Crimean War, when Russia was struggling against the united Powers of England, France, Turkey, and the then little Kingdom of Sardinia, the influence of Vienna was more than once brought to bear on the combatants with a view to peace, and most important conferences were at that time held in Vienna. Nor should the Treaty of Vienna made in 1730 be forgotten, for, although its provisions are now of little moment, it caused no small stir at the time, and was brought about as a result of what is known in history as the “Quadruple Alliance.”

The history of Vienna is to a very large extent identified with the history of the House of Hapsburg, a family presenting “every possible variety of character, and every species of merit or acquirement; cultivators or protectors of letters and science; the distinguished heroes and statesmen of almost every age; its ministers and warriors the patterns and admiration of their contemporaries. The period of its history comprises a space of six centuries, from the earliest dawn to the meridian of modern science; from the age of feudal barbarism to the full splendour of European civilisation.”

Vienna possesses an endless variety of objects of interest. Art is munificently endowed and largely cultivated; next to the Italians, the Viennese are the most musical people in Europe. Vienna possesses many fine buildings, and has large and numerous art

galleries and libraries ; it has been the home of great artists, of great musicians, of great statesmen, and of great warriors ; it has basked in the sunshine of prosperity, and shivered in cold adversity.

Vienna, as a centre of population, may be traced back to before the fifth century. A collection of barbarous native tribes, known as the Winden, inhabited the region now occupied by the modern city. These peoples were subdued by the Romans, who founded on the site of Vienna a permanent military camp called Vindobona, a word implying the habitations of the Winden. From the time of Augustus to that of Vespasian, sometimes



one and sometimes two legions of soldiers were stationed here, the confluence of the rivers Wien and Danube being found very convenient for the stowage and conveyance of stores and war material.

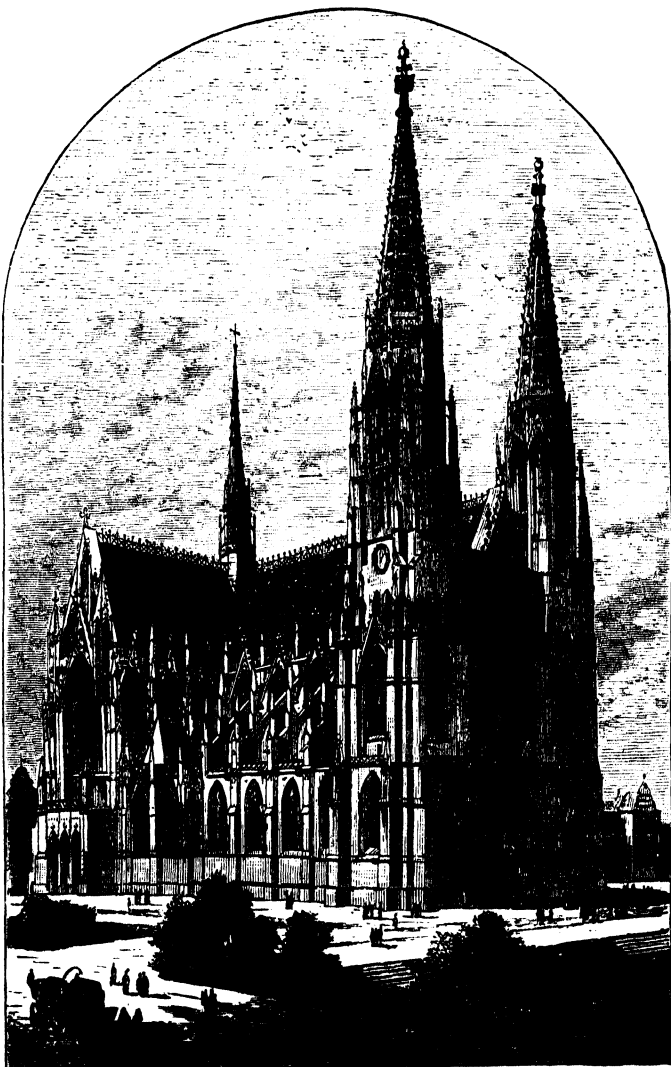
During the fifth century, however, the Romans were unable longer to withstand the hordes of barbarians continually pouring in upon them from the North and the border provinces, and they made, therefore, a convention with the Rugii, by which the country round Vindobona was ceded to them. Under the domination of the Rugii the name of the former site of the Roman camp was changed to Faviana, or Fabiana, either from Fava, one of the kings of the Rugii, or from Fabianus, one of the Roman generals ; and it would seem that the modern name of Vienna is a corruption of one or other

of the latter names. It is certain that from the fifth century Vienna became something more than a mere military station, for we find that St. Severinus, an African monk, who died in the year 482, founded churches and convents in the neighbourhood, the Christian religion having before that time firmly taken root among the people.

Vienna does not again come prominently forward in history until the year 791, when it was attached with the rest of Austria to the dominions of Charlemagne; and, indeed, until the twelfth century Vienna was relatively a place of but little importance, and of no historical interest.

The origin of the modern city is somewhat obscure, but it is generally attributed to Henry, the first Duke of Austria, who is usually believed to have founded it some time after the year 1140. There is good evidence tending to prove that Vienna was a growing centre of population in 1156, the year in which Austria was erected into an independent Duchy by the Emperor Frederic II., and conferred upon Henry "as an indivisible and inalienable fief" of the House of Bamberg, in the possession of which family it remained until the death, in 1245, of Frederick "the Warlike," the last Duke of the Bamberg line.

The above-named approximate date of the founding of the present city is further proved by the known fact that St. Stephen's Cathedral, which was founded before the year 1114, was at that time situated without the walls of the then existing city, and it was not until after the foundation of the present city by Henry that the cathedral, which was then rebuilt, was included within the walls, and became, and has ever since remained, the principal object in the centre of the town.



THE VOTIVE CHURCH.

From the seventeenth century to the present day Vienna has taken a more or less important place in the history of Europe.

It is situated on the right bank of the Danube at its confluence with its tributary the Wien, from which the German name for the city (Wien) is taken. The main stream of the Danube is about two miles from the city, but a branch known as the Danube Canal passes immediately beneath the walls between the inner town and the suburbs of Leopold-Stadt and Brigittenau, and serves the city as a canal. Unlike ordinary canals, the stream of the Danube Canal is very rapid, usually flowing at the rate of eleven miles an hour, while at times, owing to floods and other causes, the current runs at a speed of twenty miles an hour.

Another small stream, known as the Wester, waters the western portions of the suburbs. Every winter, when the first ice is seen coming down the Danube Canal, that portion of the population dwelling in the low ground in its immediate neighbourhood has much cause for uneasiness on account of floods, occasioned by the ice blocking up the stream at its outlet to the river. Although much has been done of late years to lessen the danger of inundation and to mitigate the sufferings of the inhabitants, the uneasiness remains, and serious floods are of not infrequent occurrence.

In ordinary times the height of the banks above the stream makes it seem that the risk of flooding is very remote; but the volume of water constantly rushing past, together with the intricacy of the Danube branches just above and below Vienna, renders the danger of overflow, when the outlet becomes icebound, very imminent. It is then that the distance between the tops of the banks and the water diminishes with alarming rapidity, and the most that modern science has yet been able to accomplish has been somewhat to diminish the frequency and extent of the floods, which, previous to some improvements in the outlet made so recently as 1873 and 1874, necessitated on an average every third year the evacuation by the inhabitants of the low-lying districts for a lengthened period, and their accommodation during that time in the higher parts of the town. The most serious inundation within the memory of man occurred in 1830, when Vienna was flooded for a considerable extent. During that year, on the night of the 28th of February, the water was observed to rise more than six feet in less than the same number of minutes.

The city is at an altitude of between 500 and 600 feet above sea-level, and is at the foot of Mount Kahlenberg, in a great valley between a northern and southern range of mountains connected with the Carpathians. From its topographical situation it might be imagined that the city of Vienna would possess a warm and salubrious climate; but the reverse is the case. It is partially encircled by mountains, or lofty hills, on which snow and ice continue for many months during each year, and it rarely experiences powerful heat for more than a month, while during the winter the cold is very severe. The hot weather is moderated by very frequent and sharp winds, so that it has become proverbial of a Vienna summer that it is either windy or poisonous, the alternations of heat and cold being then so frequent and violent. Notwithstanding all precautions, Vienna remains one of the most unhealthy of the great cities of Europe, a fact to be attributed to its situation, and not to any lack of precaution on the part of its sanitary authorities.

Its climate is fatal to delicate constitutions; colds, catarrhs, and pulmonary complaints of all sorts are very prevalent. The city is exposed to bitter easterly winds from the plains of Russia, Poland, and Hungary, and while it is also equally exposed to the cold north winds, it is shut out by the neighbouring chain of mountains from the softer and more genial breezes of the south and west. The dampness arising from the Danube and its branches, and the surrounding marshes, tends to increase the general insalubrity of the place.

The city proper of Vienna is comparatively small, but its suburbs, which are all of comparatively modern growth, are extensive, and rival in beauty those of any capital in Europe, being eclipsed only by those of Naples and Constantinople. Vienna itself, however, lays no claim to beauty, nor has it any special mark of splendour like the "Boulevards" in Paris, or the "Unter den Linden" in Berlin. There is, however, in spite of this lack of external beauty, a certain charm of its own, inseparable from an old city.

In the old city, which is about three miles only in circumference, are contained nearly all the principal objects of interest, such as the Imperial Palace—the usual residence of the Imperial Family—the offices of the Government, the mansions and residences of the aristocracy and of the wealthy classes, the chief of the public museums, libraries, galleries, and public institutions, the best shops and the majority of the good hotels. The streets are extremely narrow, and the appearance of narrowness is increased by the great height of most of the houses, which rise to four, five, and more storeys, and are let out in flats. So vast and extensive are some of these buildings, that they are capable of housing comfortably more inhabitants than are to be found in many a large village, or small provincial town. One such building contains no less than 150 different sets of apartments, and produces a rental equal to £2,000 per annum, while another still larger is inhabited by 2,000 persons, and produces to its owner £4,000 a year.

Previous to 1858 Vienna was one of the most strongly-fortified inland capitals, and was surrounded by a strong, compactly-built brick wall, rising some sixty or seventy feet above an outer ditch. It formed a splendid terrace, and served as a public promenade. But in 1858, the year in which Vienna ceased to be a fortress, and was declared an open city, the wall, or "Bastion," was blown up and levelled. Boulevards, planted with fine avenues of chestnut and acacia trees, were laid out on the space covered by the wall and the glacis without, and one of the finest recreation-grounds in Europe, known as the "Ringe," became the property of the Viennese. Previous to the demolition of the fortifications, the bastions were surrounded by the glacis, an open space, varying in width from about 1,000 feet in the narrowest parts to about 1,500 feet in the widest, and which gradually rose into eminences, upon which the suburbs are built.

In the heart of the city the most prominent building is the Cathedral Church of St. Stephen, a handsome Gothic structure, considered to be one of the finest specimens of ancient German architecture; it was built by the first Duke of Austria, about the year 1160; it was twice partially destroyed by fire during the thirteenth century, and was then rebuilt in its present form. Its extreme length is 345 feet, its greatest breadth 230 feet. The steeple, which declines towards the north about three feet from the perpendicular, is 444 feet high; it is built on a tower, and is ascended by 753 steps. There are three other towers besides the one on which the steeple stands. Flanking the western doorway are two towers,



the remains of the original church. The exterior of the cathedral is decorated with rich tracery, and within are fine specimens of wood-carving, and a few pictures; but otherwise the interior has not much decoration. The principal monuments in the church are those to



ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL.

Prince Eugene and the Emperor Frederic III., and attached to the cathedral is a gorgeous chapel, the property of the Lichtenstein family. In the principal tower is hung an enormous bell, weighing upwards of 357 hundredweights, cast in 1711 from the cannon used by the Turks in their unsuccessful siege of Vienna in 1683, under the Grand Vizier Caza

**Mustapha.** The crypt beneath the church consists of thirty large vaults, in which, since the time of Ferdinand III., the bowels of the deceased members of the Imperial Family of Austria have been deposited in urns, their hearts being laid in the Augustinian Church, and their bodies in the Church of the Capuchins. Of the other principal churches, St. Peter's is built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome, and is but a poor imitation of that splendid edifice. It is adorned with some fine frescoes, and contains some old paint-



THE PRATER STRASSE.

ings. The Augustinian Church, which is also known as the Church of Santa Maria dei Frari, is chiefly remarkable for its extent, and that within it is the mausoleum of the Archduchess Christina, a masterpiece of Canova, characterised by simplicity of composition and expression, and by its exquisite finish. St. Ruprecht's is remarkable chiefly as the most ancient of the Christian churches in Vienna, having been originally built during the first half of the eighth century. The Church of Maria Stiegen is also of great antiquity, having been founded during or about the year 822. The Scottish Abbey Church is so named from the Scottish Benedictines, who possessed it from the year 1158 to 1418.

On the south side of the city is situated the Kaiserburg, or Palace of the Imperial

Family of Austria. It is a very large building of most irregular form, being, in fact, a continuation of edifices erected at different times and in different styles, some portions being of remarkable magnificence and beauty of architecture. Enclosed within the structure are several courts or squares, in one of which, the "Josephs Platz," is placed the famous bronze statue of the Emperor Joseph II. It is a well-executed, noble work, and the likeness of the Emperor is most striking and happy. He is represented as seated on horseback, attired in Roman costume, and crowned with a chaplet of laurels; one hand is engaged in curbing the impetuosity of the horse, while the other is outstretched towards a presumably assembled populace. The statue is placed on an elevated pedestal of granite, on which are the words, "*Saluti publicæ vixit non diu sed totus.*" The pedestal and pilasters are adorned with well-executed medallions, representing some of the remarkable events that occurred in the Emperor's travels.

There are many statues and fountains in squares and open spaces of the city of unequal merit; that in the Burghof is one of the best; another, representing the Emperor Francis I., erected in 1846, is placed on a lofty pedestal bearing figures of Religion, Peace, Justice, and Fortitude. That portion of the Kaiserburg used as the residence of the Sovereign is known as the Schweitzerhof, and is an extensive building making two sides of a square. Forming parts of the Kaiserburg are the Hof Bibliothek, or Imperial Library; the building formerly called the Chancery of the Empire; the Imperial Riding Schools, and the Theatre of the Palace. The Imperial Library is itself a handsome edifice, and contains nearly half a million of printed books in all languages, and about 20,000 manuscripts, many of which are very ancient, and of great value. For a long time the Library was esteemed inferior only to that of the Vatican at Rome, and to the Royal Library at Paris, for the rarity and value of its contents. It was founded as early as the year 1440 by the Emperor Frederic III., who spared no expense to enrich it with printed books, as well as manuscripts in every language.

By the munificence of succeeding Emperors, many important and valuable additions were made to the Library until its present magnificent collection was attained. Among the notable additions made to its contents was the collection of John Joseph Fugger, one of the most learned members of a learned family, who from the fifteenth century to the present time have busied themselves in promoting learning and culture, and in assisting in the literary education of their countrymen. The large and interesting library of the Prince Eugene was added to the Imperial Library after his death, as was also a considerable portion of the library of Corvinus, King of Hungary, who died in the year 1490, having in those remote times collected a library of 60,000 volumes, and spent his life and energy in promoting the fine arts. In 1575, the Imperial Library was declared to be at the service of the public, and particularly of students, for the general promotion of learning. The principal room exceeds in splendour any room in Europe devoted to a similar purpose; its floor is of red and white marble; it is roofed in by a vaulted oval dome 193 feet high by 57 feet wide, supported on columns of scagliola; it is decorated with painted ceilings, and contains some fine marble statues. The books from the library of Prince Eugene are for the most part to be found in this room, and they are all richly bound in old morocco. A sum of about £1,100 is allowed

annually for the purchase of new books, and this sum is quite independent of any amount that may be allowed as an extraordinary grant for the purchase of books other than those of recent date. The Library is open to the public without introduction on every day except Sundays, public holidays, and during the vacations; and in addition to this accommodation to the public, books are lent to, and allowed to be taken away by, the dignitaries and high functionaries of the Empire, and those scholars and literary men whose known position and respectability insure the safe return of the books.

The private libraries of noblemen and others in Vienna are under regulations more or less strict, but, as a rule, they are open to the public, and especially to foreigners. The library of the Archduke Charles contains about 25,000 volumes; of Prince Lichtenstein, 40,000 volumes; of Prince Metternich, 23,000 volumes; of Prince Esterhazy, 20,000 volumes; and there are many other smaller and inferior collections in the city.

The buildings of the Imperial Chancery and the Imperial Riding School are chiefly celebrated in that they are among the best examples of the architecture of Fischer von Erlach.

The palaces and mansions of the nobility and aristocracy are among the most interesting of the show-places to be found in Vienna, the buildings devoted to public purposes being for the most part worthy of but little notice.

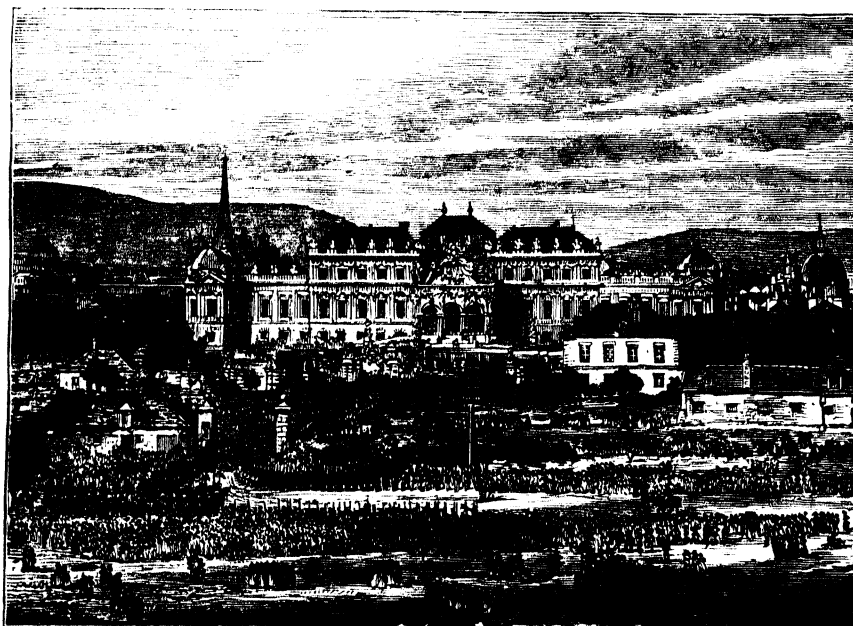
The Belvedere, the ancient palace of Prince Eugene, was converted into a museum by the Emperor Joseph II., to whose princely munificence and cultivated taste Vienna is indebted for one of the best collections of paintings in Europe, a collection particularly rich in specimens of the German and Flemish schools. There is, in addition to the picture gallery, a splendid collection of ancient armour, and a valuable historical collection of portraits of the most distinguished persons connected with the House of Hapsburg.

Attached to the Belvedere is the Botanical Garden, a favourite public promenade and place of resort. It was made by Francis II., and is devoted almost exclusively to the culture and study of German plants; specimens of almost every variety of vegetable growth indigenous to Germany being found here. In addition to the art gallery in the Belvedere, Vienna boasts several other fine collections of pictures and works of art, among which should be specially mentioned the Imperial Gallery, the Gallery of Prince Lichtenstein, the Esterhazy Gallery, and the celebrated collection of upwards of 160,000 engravings of the Archduke Charles. The most celebrated pictures in Vienna are in the Imperial Gallery, where may be seen Titian's "Ecce Homo," "A Holy Family" by Raphael, three of Rubens' masterpieces, in addition to some very fine specimens of Paul Veronese, the Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Teniers, Cuyp, G. Dow, and many others.

The gallery of Prince Lichtenstein is spread over twenty-five apartments, and contains some exquisite paintings of the Italian, Flemish, French, and Dutch schools, including many famous works of Raphael, Guido, Rubens, Vandyke, Domenichino, Guercino, Claude Lorraine, and others. The Esterhazy Gallery contains no less than 600 pictures, and is particularly rich in specimens of the great Spanish masters, besides which there is here a valuable and interesting collection of 50,000 engravings, and a gallery of sculpture, containing amongst others some fine specimens of Canova and Thorwaldsen. These galleries, as well as others of lesser note, are at all times open to the public, they are easy of access, tastefully decorated and judiciously arranged.

The stores of wealth in literature, art, and science, contained in Vienna, have under the beneficent government of the present Emperor been utilised to an extent that can hardly be realised when contemplating the state of intellectual torpor into which the Austrian people had sunk previous to the present century. During the two preceding centuries it may be safely asserted that, excluding music, no Austrian of note in any of the professions or arts had been known, Haydn and Mozart alone during that period having made themselves illustrious. Nevertheless, the dawn has come, and Austria now takes her place with the advancing nations of civilisation.

Among the principal institutions for the promotion of science and literature is the University, founded in 1365, and chiefly celebrated as a school of Medicine. It is

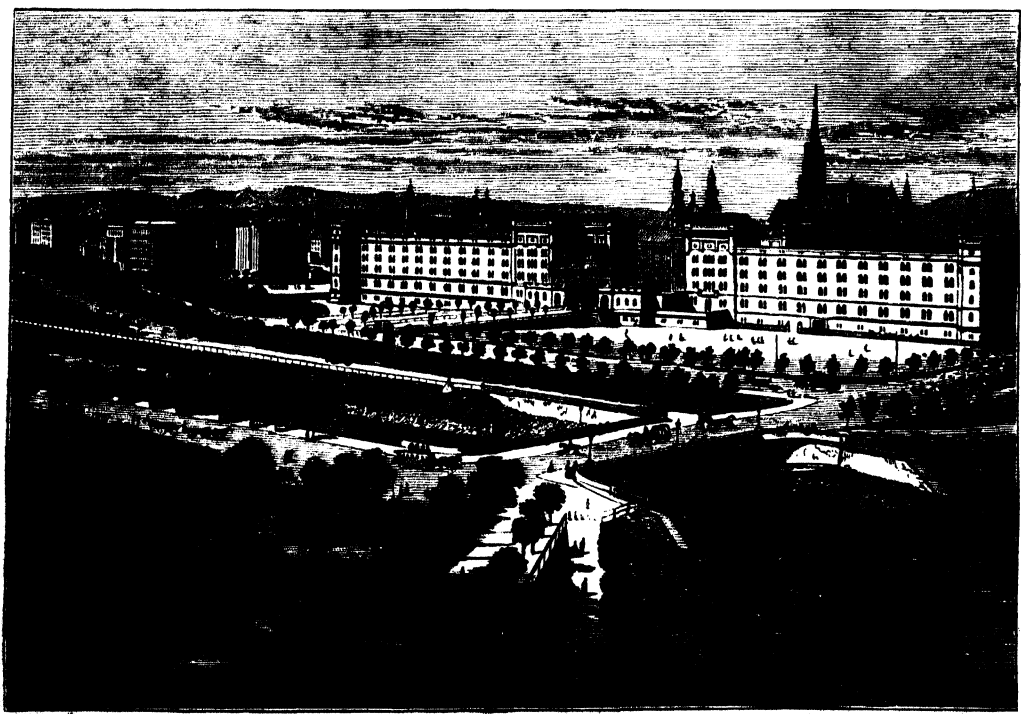


THE BELVEDERE.

attended by upwards of 2,000 students, and possesses a magnificent library, an astronomical observatory, a laboratory, an anatomical theatre, a botanical garden, and a museum of natural history. At the Oriental Academy, an institution unique of its kind, young men are instructed in the languages and customs of the Oriental peoples with which Austria is politically and diplomatically associated, as well as in the several political relations of Austria with the Eastern nations. When their studies in this Academy are finished, the students are employed as secretaries to ambassadors, consuls, or other Government agents in the East, thus acquiring valuable practical knowledge. This institution, which has produced some of the most distinguished men in the recent history of Austria, was founded by the Emperor Joseph II.

The Academy of Surgery, although established only during the present century, has already acquired an European reputation. It was at first placed under the care of

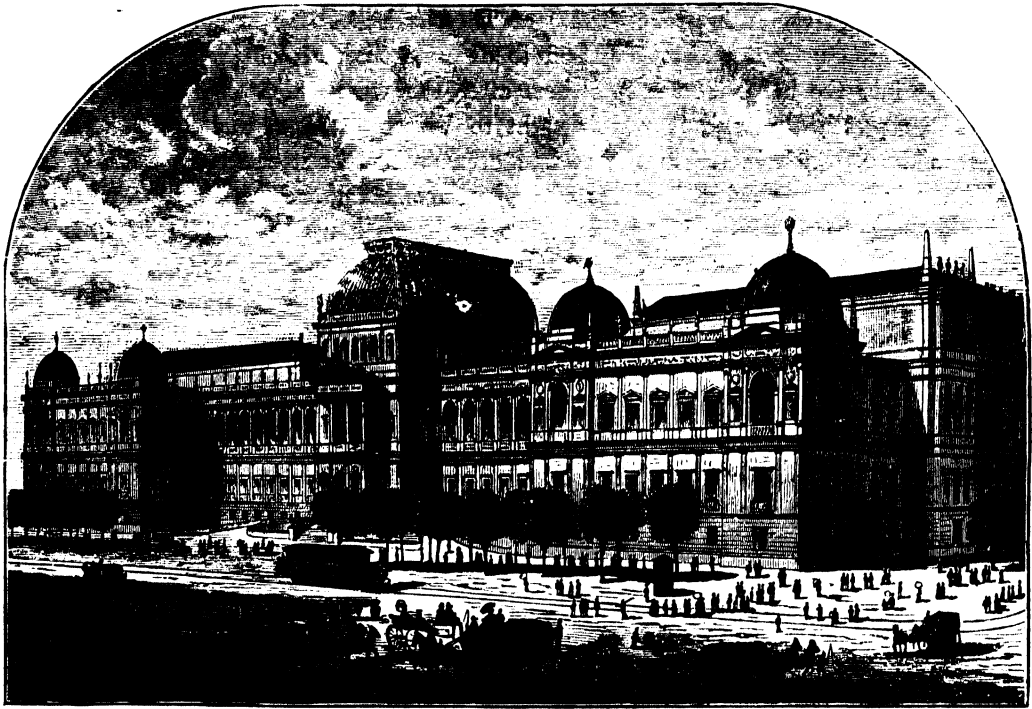




VIENNA: THE CITY PARK AND THE RING STRASSE BOULEVARD.

Brambella, who, with two professors, had the entire charge. It has, however, long outgrown its earlier modest pretensions, and boasts some of the most perfect appliances to be found in any surgical school in Europe, together with a valuable medical library, open to the public, under certain restrictions, every day of the week.

With the revival of learning in Vienna, the Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, established in 1705 for the encouragement and promotion of the fine arts, has become an important and valuable institution, as well as several other public schools and academies, supported, aided, or endowed by the State: among them the School of



THE UNIVERSITY.

Commerce, in which the pupils are not merely instructed in the ordinary routine of school learning, but also in the history and science of commerce, knowledge of merchandise and mercantile law, chemistry as applied to the useful arts, and other kindred subjects. For many of these valuable and practical institutions in which Vienna is so rich, the Viennese are indebted to the Empress Maria Theresa. Those institutions which existed before her day were enlarged and improved under her direction, and the impetus then given has gone on and received additional force under the guidance of the more enlightened of her successors.

Of the walks, gardens, and places of public resort, the Ringe formed on the site of the old Bastions and Glacis is the most important, and has already been described as the boundary within which the city proper is situated. It is the Ringe



that the Viennese most delight to frequent on days of leisure and times on holiday, but they have other favourite resorts which are worth notice and have in themselves no mean power of attraction.

After the Ringe, the park known as the Prater is probably the most celebrated. It is situated on the north-east side of the city in a large island formed by two branches of the Danube, and is by many considered to be one of the finest public parks in Europe. On the same island are the Augarten and the Brigittenau, both of which are much patronised, especially on certain fête days. The garden known as the Volksgarten, attached to the Kaiserburg, is also open to the public, and is a favourite promenade; there is a building in the grounds copied with slight variations from the Temple of Theseus at Athens, and within it is placed Canova's group (1817) of Theseus killing the Minotaur. This splendid work was bespoken by the First Napoleon to decorate the arch of the Simplon at Milan; but, falling into the hands of the Austrians after the wars which raged during the early years of the present century, it was brought to Vienna in 1822, and in 1830 was placed in this building, which in the meantime had been specially constructed to contain it.

Vienna is well supplied with places of in-door recreation, such as theatres, concert-halls, dancing-saloons, beer-halls, and the like. The new opera-house, opened in 1869, is capable of accommodating an audience of 3,000 persons; and the performers, both instrumental and vocal, are among the best in Europe. The Karl Theatre in the Leopoldstadt, rebuilt in the year 1847, is however the true national theatre, and the favourite place of entertainment of the middle and lower classes, who are here to be seen, as it were, "at home."

One of the most fearful catastrophes of recent years occurred at Vienna on the evening of December 8, 1881, when the Ring Theatre was destroyed by fire. At about seven o'clock, shortly before the time for the commencement of the performance, the theatre being then partially filled, and the gallery crowded to excess, a fire was discovered to have broken out on the stage. The employés of the theatre, as well as the audience, became panic-stricken, a wild rush was made to the doors, which became blocked up, and hundreds of persons were trampled to death or suffocated.

The best concerts, including those of the Philharmonic Society, are given in the concert-hall of the Musikfreunde, which was completed and opened in 1871. The dancing-saloons are the most popular, if not the most fashionable, of the evening places of entertainment, and are much frequented on Sunday evenings by the tradesmen and their families. A small fee is usually charged for admission, and dancing is kept up from 10 o'clock until the early hours of the following morning. The beer-halls are much frequented at all hours of the day and night, one of the natural results being that an enormous quantity of beer is consumed by the working classes. The beverage, which is cheap, only slightly intoxicating, and not unwholesome, has become a popular drink in many of the restaurants of London. The best beer in all Germany is that brewed at Dreher's brewery, situated about four miles outside Vienna, and it is stated that during the five winter months there are turned out of that brewery daily 1,270 barrels, each of thirty-six gallons.

The hotels and cafés of Vienna are numerous, and well appointed, although not decorated with the splendour of the Parisian cafés. They are comfortable places of resort,

and are much frequented, especially between the hours of 2 p.m. and 4 p.m., when they are generally crowded to excess.

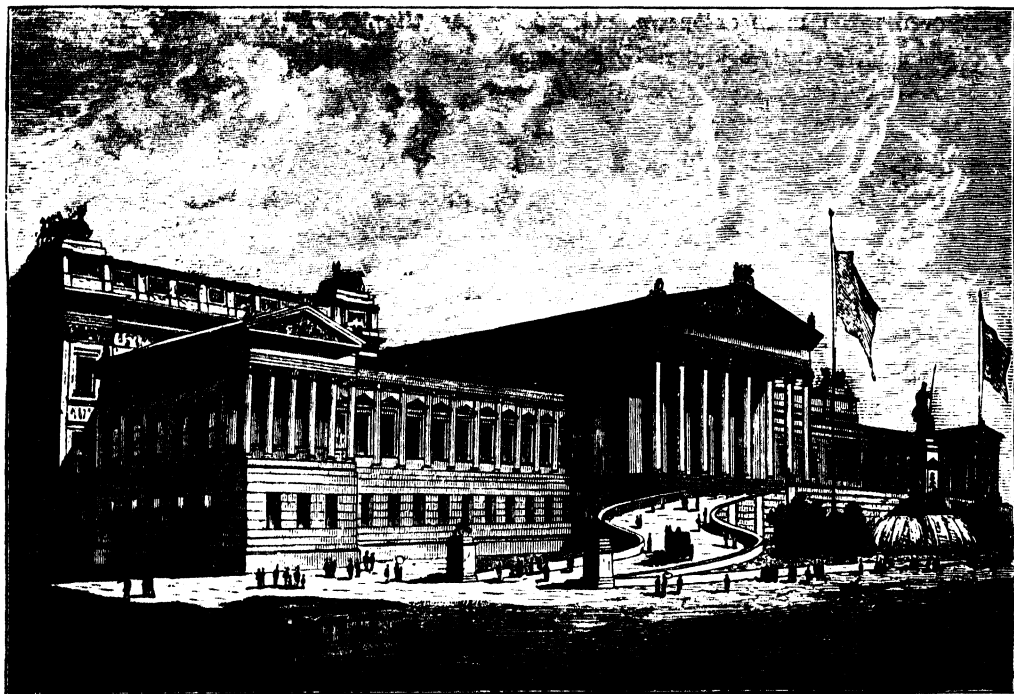
The suburbs—thirty-four in number—surrounding the city of Vienna are very pleasant as places of residence, and in point of beauty are hardly excelled by those of any other capital in the world. The streets are wide, and well planted with trees, the houses are of convenient size, and were it not that fashion dictates otherwise, the suburbs would be greatly preferred to the city as places of residence for the aristocracy. In the matter of population, the suburbs have long out-numbered the city; at the close of the last century the number of buildings in the city proper was under 1,400, while those in the suburbs exceeded 5,000, and since that time they have grown at a great rate, and are now proportionately even much more extensive. Gradually, too, they are embracing within themselves many objects of interest, bidding fair in time to rival the old city in the value and extent of their art and literary collections.

In the suburb of Wilden is the Church of St. Carlo Borromeo, of which the Viennese are almost as proud as of their Cathedral of St. Stephen. It is a large massive structure, surmounted by an oval dome, cased in bright, glittering copper; in the front there is a handsome portico, supported by six Corinthian columns, and two magnificent Doric columns, each thirteen feet in diameter, the shafts of which are adorned with a spiral band of bas-reliefs representing the life and death of the saint. The church is comparatively modern, having been built by the Emperor Charles VI. between 1715 and 1737.

At Schönbrunn, the most fashionable of the suburbs, is the summer Imperial Palace, a magnificent residence, containing close upon 1,500 apartments. It was built in 1744 by the Empress Maria Theresa, and has ever since been a favourite residence of the reigning family. It was at Schönbrunn that the musician Haydn took up his residence in his declining years, and it was here that he died in his seventy-eighth year. The year before that event he was present at a performance of the "Creation," given at the palace of the Prince Lobkowitz, and at its conclusion the old man, surrounded by his friends, the nobility of Vienna, and many of the greatest musicians of the day, bade adieu to public life. The last days of the great composer were troubled by the war which had broken out between France and Austria. He was constantly inquiring the news of the Austrian armies, and when he learned of the approach of the French on his beloved Vienna his strength began to give way. Nevertheless, it was his habit to crawl to the piano, and in his feeble voice to sing "God save the Emperor." On the night of the 10th May, 1809, the French armies reached Schönbrunn, and encamped about half a league from Haydn's villa—though it must be mentioned to the honour of Napoleon that he had issued the most strict orders that the abode of Haydn should be respected, and when the troops entered the city a special guard of French soldiers was placed at his door to protect him from every kind of injury. The morning after the entry, 1,500 cannon-shots were fired from a spot not more than a hundred yards from his house upon the city in which he had spent the best of his life and strength. The old man pictured to himself that city destroyed, and exhausted his remaining strength in his painful anxiety. At this crisis, some bombs exploded close to his house, when one of his servants, with terror depicted on every feature, ran to his master, who with a great effort rose from his

chair, and in a dignified manner exclaimed, "Why such alarm? Know that where Haydn is no harm can come." The exertion, however, had been too much for him; convulsive shudderings prevented him from further speech, and he was conveyed to his bed forthwith. A few days afterwards, when life was ebbing away, he had his piano moved towards him, and three times he sang as loudly as he could, "God save the Emperor;" it was his last song, those were his last words, and on the 31st May, 1809, the great musician peacefully fell into his long sleep.

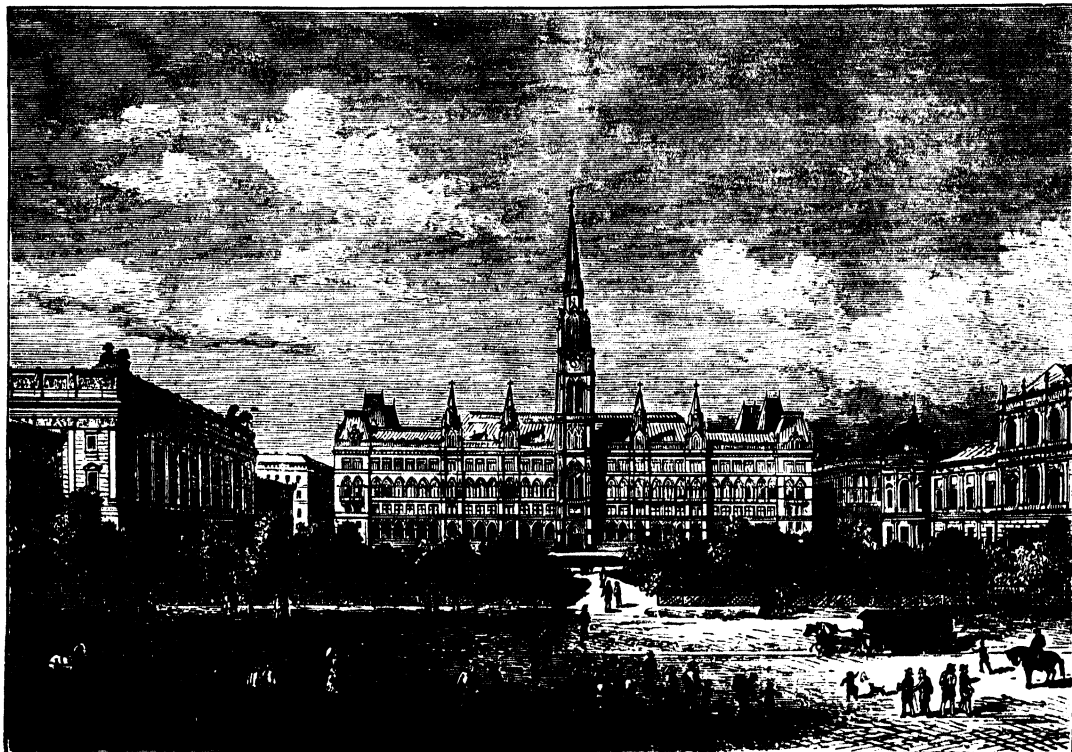
Not only Schönbrunn, but the whole of the city of Vienna and the suburbs take pride in having been the home for many years of the world's greatest musicians, Haydn,



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Mozart, and Beethoven, and the fact of the residence of these three having been so nearly cotemporaneous has no doubt largely fostered that love of music for which the Viennese are distinguished. Only a few of the leading events in the lives of these great artists can be given here. Haydn was born in 1732, at a small village about fifteen leagues from Vienna. When quite a boy his rich and pleasing voice attracted attention, and at the early age of eight years he was placed in the choir of St. Stephen's Cathedral. When he left the choir at the age of thirteen with a yet unformed voice, and with his serious musical education barely commenced, he found himself almost destitute. By dint of hard work he managed to scrape a little money together, which he spent either in taking lessons from some Viennese music-master, or in buying books on music, and so prosecuting a theoretical study of his art. After a few years he managed to obtain a little instruction

from the Neapolitan Porpora, from whom he acquired an Italian style of singing, and was subsequently, at the age of nineteen, again attached to the choir of St. Stephen's as a tenor singer. By this time he had composed some sonatas and serenades as well as his first opera, "The Devil on Two Sticks." From this time onward he never wanted for fame, although he was sorely in need of money. For six years he was housed, first by one Keller, a barber, to whom, as a recompense, he gave a promise to marry his daughter, which promise was fulfilled so soon as means permitted, but the results were not happy; and secondly by one Martiney, who was paid by receiving from Haydn instruction for



THE RATH-HAUS PLATZ.

his two daughters on the pianoforte. In 1790 and again in 1794, Haydn visited London, where he was a great favourite with George III., and the distinction of Doctor of Music was conferred on him by the University of Oxford, a distinction which at that time had only been conferred on four persons since 1400. It is very gratifying to Englishmen to know it was with the proceeds of the concerts he gave in London (£2,400) that he purchased his dearly-loved villa at Schönbrunn, where, as we have seen, he spent his last days. In fifty years he produced close upon 600 instrumental compositions, and although in dramatic music he was excelled by Mozart and others, his name has come down to us, and will go down to posterity, as that of the greatest symphonist in the world. The one great work, "The Creation," on which perhaps more than on any

other single work his fame may be said to depend, was commenced in 1795 and completed in 1798. It was performed for the first time at Easter, 1799, in Vienna, and was at once recognised as a master-composition. During his later years his great powers failed him, but for a time he amused himself by writing accompaniments to some ancient Scottish melodies for a London publisher at two guineas a song; and in 1805, five years before his death, he entirely gave up work.

Mozart was born at Salzburg, in January, 1756. Unlike Haydn, Mozart had every encouragement, and the most careful training in early youth. His father was a great musician, and undertook the instruction of his son. From the early age of three he began to display his extraordinary abilities, and his original compositions date from his fifth year. He was as astonishingly precocious in classical literature as he was in music. At the age of seven the fame of the young musician had spread throughout Europe, and in 1763 his first published work was given to the world from Paris. In 1764, at the age of eight, he visited England, and there published six sonatas, which were dedicated to the Queen. He then made the tour of the great cities of Europe, and at the age of twelve performed at Vienna in the presence of the Emperor Joseph II. He made a somewhat lengthened stay in Vienna, and received the command of the Emperor to compose the music of the opera known as "*La Finta Semplice*." At the consecration of the Orphans' Home in the same year he composed the music of the Mass, and though then only twelve years of age, conducted in person the musical solemnity in the presence of the Emperor and of the Imperial Court. During the Passion week of 1769, Mozart was in Rome, and on the Wednesday evening he went to the Sistine Chapel to hear Gregorio Allegri's celebrated *Miserere*, a composition which hitherto had been prohibited, under pain of excommunication, from being given or copied except with the consent of the Pope. Being aware of this fact, the boy listened with such attention, that upon leaving the chapel and reaching his home he noted down the whole piece, and subsequently sang it correctly at a concert. At the age of nineteen, Mozart had attained the highest perfection in his art, and then, after having again made the tour of Europe, he settled in Vienna, and entered the service of the Emperor, to whom he remained attached for the remainder of his life. He received repeated offers to change his master, notably from the King of Prussia, and on one occasion, when offered a salary of 3,000 crowns to remain at Berlin and superintend the King's orchestra, Mozart, although not receiving any salary at Vienna, replied, "No, I could not leave my Emperor, I love to live at Vienna, the Emperor is fond of me, and I don't value money." Mozart's opera of "*Don Giovanni*" was first represented at Prague, but it was not well received, and upon its merits being discussed at an assembly where most of the musical connoisseurs of Vienna, together with Haydn, were present, it was considered on all sides to be a work of merit, possessing richness and brilliancy of imagination, but each one present except Haydn found some fault with it. Haydn had not spoken, and when asked for his opinion is reported to have said, "I am not capable of judging in this dispute; all that I know is that Mozart is certainly the greatest composer now in existence." And it is to be remarked that Mozart always acted towards Haydn with similar generosity. A composer of some note was very fond of coming to Mozart to point out so-called negligences

in Haydn's style, and defects in his compositions. Mozart always did his best to turn the conversation, but on one occasion his patience was quite gone, and he exclaimed, "Sir, if you and I were melted down together, we should not even then make one Haydn." Mozart's "Requiem" was his last great work, and soon after its completion he died, on December 5th, 1791, at the early age of thirty-five. No musician ever took a wider range in his art than Mozart; he excelled in all styles from symphony to dance, from opera to simple ballad music, and in addition he was one of the finest pianists in Europe.

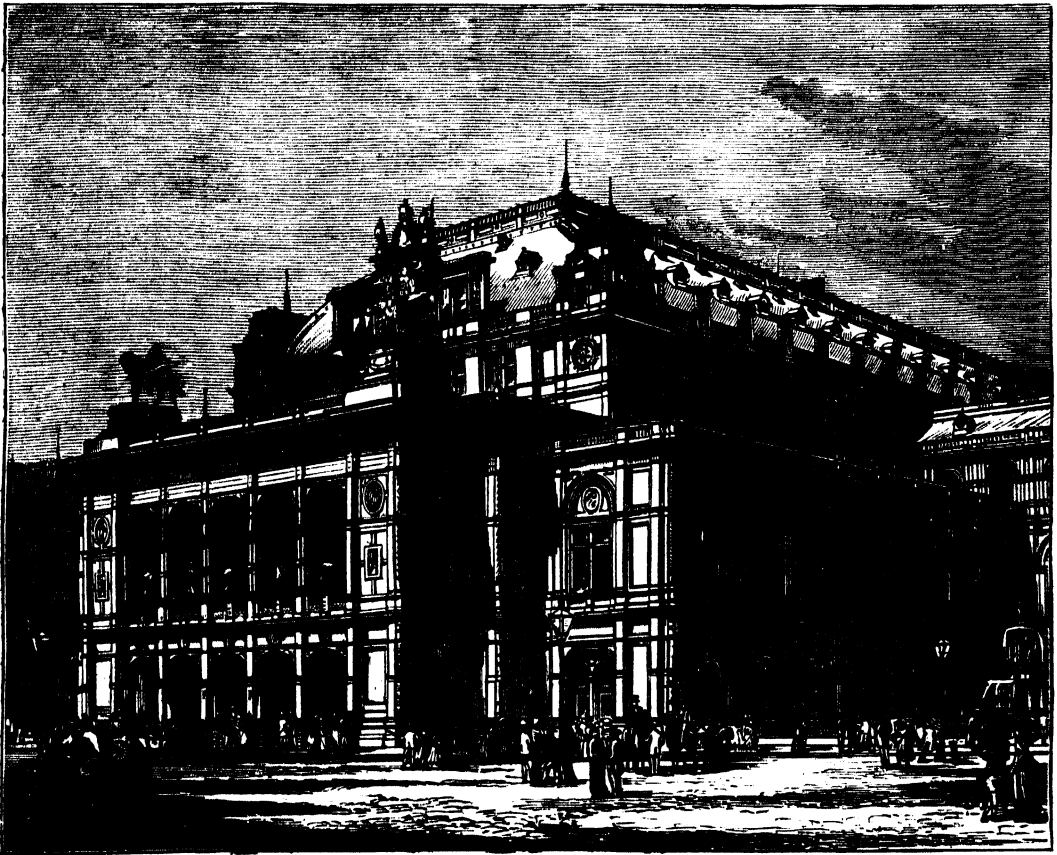
Beethoven, the son and grandson of professional musicians, was born at Bonn in 1770. His training and early publications took place in Northern Germany, and it was not until after 1790 (the exact date seems uncertain) that he took up his residence in Vienna, a city he never afterwards deserted. Although a great musician—one of the greatest—he lacked the supreme genius of Mozart and the industry and application of Haydn. The grandeur of Beethoven's conceptions and his marvellous skill in development are most manifest in his orchestral works, overtures and symphonies. He held an undivided sway over his Vienna audiences, and this power is the more remarkable when we consider the position already taken by Haydn and Mozart. At an early age he was afflicted with deafness, and this calamity resulted in a habit of gloomy anxious distrust, and a morbid desire for solitude. To read and to stroll into the country became his sole delight and chief occupation, a small and select circle of friends forming his only social enjoyment. By slow degrees, from irritation, and the maladies incident thereto, his life wore away, and he died in 1827 in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

The city and suburbs of Vienna are full of reminiscences of those three famous men. In every direction around the city pretty walks are to be found—one of almost surpassing beauty is to be found northwards in the neighbourhood of Döbling, which is reached on foot in half an hour, and where the fresh country air may be breathed, and extensive views obtained of orchards, fields, and vineyards. A little beyond is a footpath running beside a winding rivulet overgrown with shrubs. Beethoven loved and frequented this walk; every spot was dear to him, and it is to this day called "Beethoven's Walk." On one part of it a clearance has been made; a plot of ground laid out with trees, and on a pedestal in the centre is placed a bust of the musician. Just beyond this path, up among the vineyards, is a little promontory, from which the vines have been cleared, and a seat placed. This is "Beethoven's Seat," where the musician often sat watching with delight the dancing sunshine on the green hill-side, while the beauty of the scenery was impressing itself on his mind, to be reproduced in another form in his masterly compositions.

As a manufacturing centre Vienna is but of little importance. There is no staple industry for which it is famous. It is the centre of Austrian commerce, of its capital, and its enterprise, but as a commercial city it is devoted to distribution rather than to production. The principal manufactories are of arms and cannon belonging to the Government; of tobacco manufactured under a Government monopoly; silks, stuffs, gold and silver lace, ribbons, needles, philosophical instruments, carriages, paper, hardware and ironmongery, meerschaum pipes, and porcelain. The porcelain factory is probably the most interesting and attractive. It was originated in 1720, but does not appear to have been

very noteworthy until it received the patronage of Maria Theresa and of the Emperor Joseph. The porcelain of Vienna holds a lower rank than that of Dresden or Berlin, but it has real merit. Its chief feature is its raised and gilded work, and in recent years the application in relief of solid platinum and gold. At the present time the works are in private hands, and the chief markets to which the productions find their way are those of Turkey, Russia, and Italy.

In connection with the commercial aspect of the city may be mentioned the Great



THE OPERA HOUSE.

Exhibition of the Industries of all Nations held there in the year 1873, which year was also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the present Emperor's accession to the Imperial dignities, an event celebrated with great rejoicings. The Exhibition was opened on May 1st, and was closed on December 2nd, between which dates it was visited by 7,254,687 persons. The year 1873 was remarkable too for the occurrence of one of the most serious financial panics ever known in the city, and also for the completion of the great water-work system. These works occupied three and a half years in their construction, and involved a cost of twenty millions of florins; they are the largest water-works in the world, and convey, by means of tunnels and aqueducts, water from the Alps to Vienna,

a distance of fifty-four English miles. The new works were inaugurated in the presence of the Emperor and his Court at a giant fountain placed in the middle of the city, which throws water to the height of 180 feet.

The wars in which Vienna and the Empire have been engaged are very numerous; the city has suffered many sieges, and probably no State in modern times has sustained more terrible reverses. From the year 1283, when the Duchy of Austria was bestowed



THE VOLKSGARTEN.

by the Emperor Rudolph on his son Albert, the city and the State have been periodically in trouble and conflict. In 1291, the nobles rose in rebellion against Albert, and at the same time the people broke out into revolt. Albert retired to a strong position in the Kahlenberg, summoned troops from Suabia, invested the town, and reduced the inhabitants by famine to propose a surrender. The submission was accepted, but the principal inhabitants were commanded to repair to the camp of Albert with their charters, which he tore to pieces, and abrogated all the privileges he considered to be opposed to his authority.

Although during the fourteenth century the nobles were often in rebellion, and the Austrian dominions were the scene of many disastrous conflicts, Vienna during that



period was in comparative peace, and, while continuing to increase in size, had leisure to found those collections of art and literature which are now its boast. The military ambition and rapacity of its rulers were, however, sources of continual trouble to the Viennese. In 1477, an unsuccessful siege of the city was undertaken by the Hungarians, but eight years later the attempt was repeated under Matthias, King of Hungary, who was this time successful, and the city was for a time under the rule of the Hungarian monarch.

Less than half a century later than this, Vienna was again called upon to sustain the horrors of a siege, this time by the Turks under Soliman the Magnificent. In 1562, having defeated and slain the King of Hungary, he immediately marched to the attack of Vienna, but after a protracted siege, was defeated, and his army routed with the loss of 80,000 men. The Turks again in 1683 were casting covetous eyes on Vienna and the Austrian dominion, and being tempted by the unsettled state of Hungary, Mohammed IV. was induced to make war with Austria. An army was accordingly despatched under the Grand Vizier Caza Mustapha, which penetrated to Vienna, and besieged that city, having first defeated the Austrians, under the Duke of Lorraine, before Neuhäusel, and compelled them to retire upon the capital. The night before Lorraine's arrival at Vienna, the Emperor and his Court had fled, amid the clamours and execrations of the people. Lorraine therefore, on his arrival, found the inhabitants in a state of extreme confusion and alarm; he heard on all sides nothing but reproaches against the Emperor and his ministers, whose conduct was by all attributed to the baneful influence of the Jesuits, a party which had for a long time been prominent in the Councils of the Court. Lorraine found the city entirely unprepared for resistance, surrounded by extensive and rapidly-growing suburbs, and in addition such fortifications as the city then possessed were in an utterly dilapidated condition. The energy and renown of the Duke, however, somewhat calmed the general apprehension. He with Starensberg, the governor left behind by the Emperor, promptly destroyed some of the more outlying suburbs, put the fortifications as far as possible in a state of repair, and so placed the city in a condition to offer some resistance to the approaching and victorious Turks. Lorraine left a reinforcement of 8,000 infantry in the city, and fell back with his cavalry beyond the Danube, with the view of harassing the movements and interrupting the communication of the Vizier's army, which, notwithstanding, arrived before Vienna on July 14th, 1683. In a very few days the investment of the city was completed. Frequent attacks were made on its walls; the inhabitants were reduced to the last extremities for want of provisions, their numbers were sorely thinned both by sickness and in combat, the enemy became possessed of the principal outworks, and the governor was in constant dread lest the city should be taken by storm and sacked by the merciless Ottomans. In the meantime the Duke of Lorraine had been by no means idle, and the skill and promptitude of his deeds deserve the highest admiration. Having done all that lay in his power to delay and interrupt the operations of the siege, he at length reached the King of Poland, and persuaded him to lend his assistance and push forward with his army to the aid of the Emperor's subjects, to which he was bound by promise to the Emperor. Contingents arrived at about the same time from Germany and Saxony, so that Sobieski and Lorraine were enabled to march to the relief of Vienna as joint

leaders of an army of 60,000 men, and on the 12th of September, to the unspeakable joy of the citizens, the Christian standard was seen by the beleaguered city floating on the Kahlenberg. The resistance of the garrison, although apparently to themselves so nearly unsuccessful, had made considerable inroads in the ranks of Caza Mustapha's army, which became entirely disconcerted on the unexpected approach of the army of relief. Just before the arrival of Sobieski and Lorraine on the Kahlenberg, an attempt to storm the town had been repulsed with considerable slaughter, and the confusion and consternation incidental to this movement were taken advantage of by the returning force, which at once vigorously attacked the Turks. In this onslaught the Polish monarch and the Imperial general vied with each other in skill and bravery, while for coolness and intrepidity the action of the combined troops was above all praise. At nightfall, the Turkish leader, fearing the worst for his army, held a hasty consultation with his generals, and it was decided to retreat during the night. The withdrawal of the Turks was more than a retreat, for they became panic-stricken and left enormous booty behind, consisting, among other material and effects, of 180 pieces of artillery, several of which were adapted for heavy siege work; tents, ammunition, provisions, and many luxuries of the East. Even the ensign of the Vizier's authority was left behind, together with a standard supposed to be the sacred banner of Mohammed.

The entry of the King of Poland and the Duke of Lorraine into Vienna was welcomed with the wildest acclamation; the inhabitants testified to the King especially their gratitude by marks of affection that amounted almost to adoration; they hailed him as Father and Defender, and struggled among themselves to touch his garments or to kiss his feet.

The enthusiasm of the welcome accorded to Sobieski was in marked contrast with that accorded to the Emperor upon his return to his capital. Feeling deeply the humiliation that accompanied his hasty departure in the time of their approaching trial, the inhabitants offered to him neither honours nor welcome on his passage into the city.

The importance of this defeat of the Turks before Vienna cannot be dwelt upon with too much stress; it was one of the great decisive battles of the world, for the raising of the siege of Vienna in 1683 was the first decisive symptom of Turkish decline—a decline that has been continuing from then until the present day.

The troubles of Vienna did not cease with the repulse of the Turks, for, fifty years later, the city fell into the hands of the French and Bavarians, and Maria Theresa had to fly into Hungary. Again, in 1757, Frederick the Great led an army almost up to the walls of the city, and in 1797 Napoleon's forces were within sight from the heights of the Simmering. During the Revolutionary War the defeats sustained by the Imperial arms were very terrible and frequent, and twice during that war Vienna was in the hands of the French. In 1805 the city was taken by Lannes and Murat, to whom Napoleon had given orders to endeavour by all means to gain possession of the bridge which led across the river, and thus obtain access to the northern provinces of the then so-called German Empire—orders which were carried out by means of what a recent historian has called a "disgraceful stratagem."

Vienna was again the object of Napoleon's attack in 1809. On the 26th of April of that year, a hundred thousand men were in full march for the city, which was reached

on the 18th of May with Napoleon himself at the head of the besieging force, and the city capitulated three days later. In October of the same year the "Peace of Vienna" was concluded in a treaty—the last that Napoleon signed as a conqueror—and by it 50,000 square miles of territory were taken away from Austria, and more than 4,000,000 of inhabitants. It was during the French attack of that year that the great soldier's first addresses were paid to the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The young Princess lay sick in her father's palace within the city, against which the French batteries were being directed, and was too ill to bear the fatigue of removal to any place of safety. This fact was communicated to Napoleon, who at once ordered the direction of the firing to be altered, and so the future consort of the French Emperor remained unharmed in her palace. To the disgust of the Austrian nobility and aristocracy, the marriage was celebrated in the following year, and when Napoleon had crowned his new bride, the Corsican adventurer felt himself at length the equal of the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons.

From 1809 Vienna progressed in the arts of peace and commerce, and was not again disturbed by war until 1848, a time when all the States of Europe were more or less convulsed by uprisings of the people, and the city then fell for a short time into the hands of the revolutionary party. In 1857 the fortifications were destroyed, and Vienna has since been treated as an open city.

During the short but sharp war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, the Prussian army was almost within sight of Vienna, and the inhabitants then feared a bombardment, but were quieted and reassured by the statement that the Emperor and his army would retire were the Prussians to make a further advance. Peace, however, was signed, and the capital was not occupied by the enemy.

Notwithstanding many disadvantages of climate and situation, few cities possess such ample resources, and general means of enjoyment, intellectual and physical, as the Austrian capital. Its magnificent libraries, museums, and public galleries, are all perfect as regards arrangements and accommodation for practical use; its streets are crowded with a lively, active, and busy population; nothing occurs to annoy or molest the visitor; in no other city in Europe does the traveller, whose passports are regular, and whose conduct is orderly, feel or see so little of the interference and regulations of the authorities; no beggars are seen, and no abject poverty is allowed to meet the eye; the Viennese are a happy and enjoying people, frugal, cheerful, and contented, knowing nothing of their Government, except that its influence is mild and paternal; they see their princes and nobles mixing amongst them with all the simplicity and kindness of private citizens, and they love them with an affection they believe to be reciprocal; their general tone of character fits them for quiet enjoyment in themselves, and for promoting it in others, the lower classes as well as the higher being found to be kind and obliging.





